by habu
Cruising Through
History

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Preface

Since the beginning of man, the unfolding of history has been dominated by the forces of conquest, seduction, and lust. And the pursuit of man by man, although mostly carried out in whispers and in the shadows, is as ancient and constant as history itself. This is a cruise through history in twenty-two short stories, careening from a brash assault on the gates of a Chinese brothel by an adventuring, demanding West to the shores of Tripoli, from an American Revolutionary War colonel's tent to the brutal dawn ravishment at Pearl Harbor—and even on to alien visitation and into outer space itself. Herein you will discover a fast and furious journey of varied and unique tales, touching down capriciously here and there in unexpected places and events in time where men seek out other men for conquest and pleasure. You will be entertained and heated up to the fantasy and treachery and the triumph and glory of the passion one man can have for another—and the sometimes dire, sometimes fully satisfying consequences, that can have in the pursuit of that passion—down through the ages.

Out of the Sun

(Crack of dawn)

I was happy that Ti had withered away within the last moon death, because there were now only eight elders in the village of the gatherers. But eight was more than enough. I was already bruised and sore as never before when Ai, the great chief, had taken his staff out of me that first time, having spilled the first of the seedings of the night before I was to die for the village. I did not care. Let the pain and the filling come, I thought. The danger for all of the people was near at hand. An offering to appease the mountain was needed. Once chosen, I did not care what happened to me on the night before the appeasement.

It was an honorable death. And death was ever present here on the more fertile side of the island, in the very lee of the thunder mountain. If scarce harvest did not take us, it was either the body weakening and sufferings, or it was the meat people from the other end of the island—constantly attacking us and taking, taking, taking. They were much larger and more robust than we were; we were like the sand before their crashing waves.

Ai was withdrawing and Ga had moved into his place. Ga looked almost sad. He had favored me for many moon dyings. I had found him enthralling and, as he favored me with extra food he had gathered and the murmurings of his longings and wishes, I had begun to mold to his desires. Now, as he gently turned me on my back and raised my hips with folded palm-leaf matting, he whispered to me of his regret and sorrow. Regret that he had not taken me sooner, because if he had, that would have made me

unfit to be selected for the appeasement offering. Sorrow that now this would be our only coupling, because on the morrow, I and the seeding of the strength of the village would go into the burning mouth of the thunder mountain.

Ga came in between my legs, and I arched back and cried out as he entered me. Ga was younger, more virile, and both thicker and longer of staff than the elderly, withering Ai, and for the first time my channel walls were being stretched to the limit and tested for their flexibility. I, also out of regret of what now would never be with Ga, held him inside me and stretched out the taking for as long as possible before his seed joined and mingled with that of Ai deep inside me. It was with a sigh and a groan that he gave up his essence inside me, and it was with a sob of loss that he withdrew his staff and turned from me, not being able to see what my eyes had to tell him.

The mean and vindictive Fre was next. He had wanted me when Ga was showing me favor, but there was nothing about him that I had found endurable. He wanted to own and turn everything to his pleasure, and he was not at all picky about what he would do to own it. Until Ga invited me to gather with him, once I had reached my season, I had to hide from Fre during the gathering. I had heard the stories of young men who did not elude him during the gatherings, most barely into their season, and how he had trapped and ruined them.

Now he was doing all he could to ruin me. I was bent over on my belly on the palm-leaf matting, and he was thrusting into me from the rear. Long, hard, rough thrustings. And he had fisted the hair on my head in one hand and was cruelly arching my torso back to him. And he was slapping me on my sitter cheeks hard as he rode me. The other elders were muttering and telling him to be more gentle, and I was pleading

with him to slow and give me more time to take him. But he just laughed and continued on. He spilled his seed, but did not declare it, as ceremony required him to do. He wanted to enjoy me longer, so he kept on thrusting even as his staff was growing smaller inside me.

He could not fool the thunder mountain, though. The mountain knew he had seeded already, and the mountain showed its displeasure at his breach of ceremony. The ground underneath us began to move and groan, and the thunder mountain began to rumble its complaint that ceremony wasn't being followed. There were flashes of daylight outside the open doorway to the hut, as the mountain attempted to move the ceremony straight into the next sun birth—before all of the preparations had been made and all of the requirements meant. The wailing in the village at the verge of the beach conveyed the fear of the community of gatherers. They had been sad when I had been chosen, but this was our lot since the dawn of time. We merely served at the pleasure of the gods of the underworld, and we were privileged to live at their entrance at the top of the thunder mountain. It was a melancholy honor to be the sacrifice for my people. I could hardly bear to withstand their fear and wailing at thunder mountains display of its displeasure.

For me, this anger from the mountain meant the elders had to shorten my ordeal, and they clutched at Fre. Knowing of his guilt, knowing that he could not fool the thunder mountain as he fooled his fellow elders, Fre pulled away in fear, and the next of the elders quickly took his place and built up and spilled his seed as fast as he could.

The mountain quieted then, and the elders returned to a more decorous, leisurely fulfilling of their ceremonial duties—filling me with their seed throughout the night so that

their authority and strength would go into the maw of the mountain with me and thus placate the gods of the underworld.

An hour before dawn, I was awakened, with an elder still crouched between my legs and mingling seed with seed as an offering to the gods. And I was guided, my knees almost unable to bear me out of the hut and toward the surf, now angry as well, coming hard upon the beach and crashing up in big fountains of spray. The sea felt the rumbling of the ground underneath our feet and joined in the angry demand that we atone—for what, we knew not. Had Fre done something else unspeakable before we became aware that the thunder mountain was demanding an offering to bring balance back into our world? I could only regret that Fre was not eligible to be sacrificed, although I was sure that the mountain would not accept him even if he had been untouched and pure before the ceremony began. I'm sure it would have just spit him back out.

I was dragged, more than guided, out to the beach, where the sand stopped and the sea grasses and the base of the palm trees started. There was a large crossing of two palm trees there that were bent together and lashed to form an X. There I was lashed as well, arms and legs spread wide, the meeting of the palms in the small of my back, open and naked to the sea.

My first duty was to try to calm the sea as I hung there open to it, awaiting the dawn of the sun cycle. If the sea calmed, I would be spared for another sun cycle to discern whether thunder mountain calmed as well. If it did, I would be free and we would be saved. If the sea didn't calm—and it never had before when a ceremony was required as long as any of the villagers still with memory could recollect—I would be

carried to the top of thunder mountain and thrown into the burning maw of the mouth of the gods with the hope that this would be the gatherers' deliverance.

I hung there in what I knew were to be my last hours, welcoming the rebirth of the sun, hoping for it, as all of the villagers did as well. Sometimes, legend told us, the sun had not been reborn on the sun cycle of the thunder mountain celebration—the sky had remained as black as the sun death cycle. On these occasions, custom required that all of the unseasoned boy children in addition to the newly seasoned offering were to be given to the thunder mountain.

We had lost too many of our boy children this season cycle already—to a wasting away and to a raid from the meat eaters from the dark forest that separated our two peoples on the island.

But as hoped for, at the moment expected, a glint of reddish-yellow light appeared across the horizon out into the sea, and a cheer of relief and joy went up from the gatherers assembled between where I was hung and the village. The sun was being reborn. And gloriously so. The reds and yellows and oranges and purples as the sliver became a line and then a widening band, were heartening to all. Only I would need to be given to the gods. And, as afflicted and sore and bruised as I was, I rejoiced with all of my people.

The sun rose from the water to greet us and to promise life and sustenance, and the people continued their rejoicing.

My rejoicing abated, however, and slowly dawned into a new fear, a new concern of imbalance and danger. I waited as long as I could, willing myself not to see what I was growing to know was a reality.

When I could contain myself no longer, I bellowed out a warning, sending my clarion call above the cheering and rejoicing of the gatherers. “Warrior canoes! The meat eaters! Coming out of the sun in abundance. Run, run for your lives.”

It took several moments for the gatherers all to hear me, but no one here was too old not to know what the war canoes of the meat eaters boiling out of the sun in the morning meant.

Shortly I was alone, tied to the crossed palms. A lone offering now to the wrath of the meat eaters, as my people melted into the forest beyond the village.

What had we done so wrong as to bring this upon ourselves, I wondered, as I strained against my bonds, trying to break loose and escape. Thunder mountain was adding its displeasure; it had resumed its rumbling, and the ground was moving in waves again—and the waves were crashing more heavily on the beach, sending curtains of foam into the a sky that was darkening. The sun was dimming, perhaps having decided to leave us to our fate.

And then they appeared, as of ghosts, through the curtain of sea spray. Big, bulky men, heavy of muscle, tall of stature, larger and more robust than any of the gatherers. Naked and their staffs thick and long, swaying heavily between their legs as they strode out of the spray. Their eggs bigger than bird’s eggs and hanging low. I moaned at the thought of the stories I’d heard of youths who had been captured by them and had escaped back to the gatherers—but not until after they had been sorely used and stretched and split by the meat-eater monsters.

They were all carrying clubs, ready to raid our stores after a good harvest. Striding in front was a particularly large and muscle-bulging warrior, painted for conquest, and obviously the leader of the raiding party.

He strode up close to me, blocking the light from the saving sun, as I writhed on the crossed palms, still trying to free myself. A nearly equally gigantic meat eater moved to stand beside him. The leader waved for the other raiders to continue on into the village, in search of grain and conquest.

The leader of the band laughed at my feeble attempt to escape. He backhanded me once across the mouth, which sent my head snapping to one side. And, as I was trying to bring my vision back into focus, he leaned down, and cut away the bonds at my ankles, grabbed the backs of my thighs in his big, strong hands, and lifted and spread my legs.

I screamed to the gods of thunder mountain for relief and release as he crouched under my raised hips and thrust his splitting staff up into my already beleaguered channel. All I wanted to do at that moment was to die, and the staff of the leader of the raiders was so long and thick and was being thrust so hard inside me that I thought I was soon to have my deliverance.

But the dark period of taking and the flooding of my insides with the seed fluid of the village elders gave me enough protection to stave off death, although it also denied me the relief of unconsciousness. I found that even when the other meat eater who had stopped before me with the band’s leader moved to behind me, grabbed my hips with his big, calloused hands, and set his staff to working inside me in countermotion to his leader, I still could not drift away from this ordeal.

All I could think was that I would not reach the fiery mouth of the gods alive, and even if that were possible, I now was defiled, because the leader of the meat eaters was already jerking and grunting and flowing his accursed seed inside me. As he did so, his hand left my thigh and he grabbed up his club, and I knew my time had come.

But just as he was about to strike and the second man was pumping his seed deep inside me, the rumbling of the thunder mountain turned into true thunder, and the sky blackened. And then it was replaced by brilliant light. And from out of the sun, straight down from out of what was now revealed to be the risen sun, came balls of fire. Hitting the ground and hissing. Hitting the thatched roofs of the village huts and setting them afire. Setting the very palm leaves over our heads afire.

Pandemonium suddenly reigned among the raider band of the meat eaters, and they were running back out of the village, almost entirely empty-handed, and dashing for the canoes through the stormy surf. My assaulters were among the first to reach the canoes and to start paddling them hard back out to sea.

Almost as soon as the mountain's anger had started, it ceased. Totally. Although the balls of fire still hissed in the sand, they were quickly turning from bright red and yellow to a grayish black. The earth no longer was moving; the mountain no longer was rumbling. The sea had calmed. The raiders, however, could not see this. They were far down the island coast and out to sea now, racing back to their own people. Not looking back at what would now be seen as a formidable defense of the gatherers against raids.

It was all becoming quite clear to me now. The thunder mountain wasn't angry with the gatherers. The thunder mountain was pleased with us. So pleased that it wanted to protect us from the meat eaters. We were blessed.

As the villagers returned, tentatively, led by the eight elders, I was testifying in loud voice to how the mountain had saved us and prophesying that it would protect us from raids from the meat eaters as long as their warriors could speak of the events of this sun cycle.

Ai approached me, perplexed, and Fre immediately started nay saying me, saying that I was only trying to escape the ceremony. But Ga interceded, declaring in commanding, reasoned tones that all that I had said had come to pass had, indeed, come to pass. He challenged Fre to pick up and hold one of the mysterious, still smoking stones that had appeared in profusion on our beach if he spoke the truth. Or to explain what limited amount they had all seen and heard while they were hiding in the forest. The sky *had* darkened. The sea *had* been angry when they ran away and was calm now. The mountain no longer was speaking to them in its anger; the earth was not trembling its ire beneath our feet.

Fre leaned down to take up a hissing stone, but as he drew near, a grimace set on his face and he snatched his hand up and turned and walked quickly into the now-smoldering village.

If I was lying, Ga went on, pulling the attention of all from the retreating Fre, what explained this calm that had fallen on them without the completion of the ceremony? No, Ga, proclaimed, the gods had accepted me as an offering as I was. I had given the prophesy of long relief from the raiding meat eaters—who everyone here had seen with their own eyes—but who now had disappeared. I therefore was a true prophet of the gods of the underworld, fit to sit with elders.

All were silent, and then Ga became bolder. He took the knife accorded to him by his position in the village, and carefully freed me from the tree. All the time he was speaking in commanding tones to all who were gathered about. As the presumed elder who was to replace Ai when his time with the gods came, Ga said, he had much to learn from their new prophet. We would draw rations for three days and withdraw to the sacred ledge half way up to the mouth of thunder mountain, and he would commune with me.

Ga and I ultimately found the perfect position for communing, with him sitting on a moss-covered stone and me sitting in his lap, facing the great sea below and using the heels of my feet on the ground as leverage to rise and lower my now well-opened channel on his powerful staff as he stroked my staff with one hand and pinched my nipples with the long, elegant fingers of the other.

Dagger Through the Moon

(Crusader Fantasy)

I am Darien, magician to the D'Ibelins; son of Jared, magician to the D'Ibelins before me; and grandson of Deter, magician to the kings of the Aquitaine. Can anyone deny my powers after the Horns of Hattin? But, no, no one but me knows of what really happened there in miracle of the stronghold of Belvoir. And that, perhaps, is as it should be. But as I glide across the sky, I look at that brand on my belly of the dagger through the moon and I wonder if the sacrifice was worth the victory.

My master, Hugh d'Ibelin, had been reluctant to include me in the company of horsemen who rode out to parley with the great Saracen chieftain, Umar ibn al-Hakam, almost the peer of the incredible Saladin. But, thanks to my visions, I knew better than Hugh what was at stake. And I had to be there to make eye contact for the magic to work—and I had to be riding the great white steed. The lives of all of those under siege within the walls of Belvoir depended on that, although none but I knew that, or would ever know that.

Weeks before there had been another such parley, one that didn't go nearly as well as this one must if we were to survive. Umar, astride his legendary white stallion, had demanded our unconditional surrender. And Hugh d'Ibelin, desperately counting on relief led by his suzerain, Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, the Levant, and Cyprus, was trying to play for as much time as possible. He tried to negotiate terms, but, with a laugh, the magnificent beast of a man, Umar, standing head and shoulders above all of

his retinue, swept his beefy, hairy arms out wide to bring our attention to the many thousands of Saracen soldiers investing our redoubt on the Horns of Hattin—as if we were not aware of the sea of hateful unbelieving faces ourselves—and boomed out in a commanding and fearful voice that he saw no reason why he need negotiate at all, that he could sweep us away as quickly as a wave from the nearby Mediterranean could sweep away a grain of sand. Hugh huffed that, in that case, why were we even parleying—that both he and Umar knew that many of his forces would be needlessly sacrificed in any attack on the imposing stronghold of Belvoir. Hugh did say, however, that he would contemplate Umar's terms, but that he was wary of Umar's reputation for great treachery and cruelty.

While Hugh was making this blustery speech, Umar's eyes had roamed about those Hugh had brought with him, and they had fallen on me—and I knew, without using any of my magician powers, that he fancied me. That was the way that Hugh himself had looked at me when he took me into his retinue.

"Perhaps then, you will be comforted enough to consider the terms wisely and quickly, if we exchange pledges of safety—temporary safety," the Saracen chieftain offered.

"What pledges might you have in mind," Hugh asked, trying to keep the triumph out of his voice. He had no illusions that Umar's forces couldn't easily take Belvoir in it's present condition. But Umar obviously didn't know how dire conditions were in Belvoir now. And any time given to Hugh to stave off attack was time well invested in seeing the lances of Guy de Lusignan's forces appear over the sand hills to the south."

“I would suggest mutual hostages. Nay, honored guests. Say my second son, Ahmad, for that young man over there? We exchange our pledges briefly for you to come to your senses on surrendering unconditionally.” The great and terrible Umar had singled me out. This, much to Hugh’s relief, because he had thoughtlessly included his own first-born son in our retinue.

“Done,” Hugh declared and hurriedly pushed me forward lest Umar think twice of the true situation.

As I was being led away astride my horse into the far-flung Saracen encampment and Hugh and his new charge, Ahmad, were racing back to the false safety of Belvoir, I soon saw why Umar had struck this improbable bargain. As we breached the first hill beyond the valley surrounding the Horns of Hattin, I saw that massive structures the Saracens could use to easily mount the walls of Belvoir were being constructed just out of sight of the crusaders’ stronghold. Perhaps no more than a week’s time and these structures, which would tower over the walls of Belvoir and allow Saracen archers to rain death down into the stronghold from relative safety, would be completed and ready to be rolled into place. Umar also was buying time to conserve his forces. And it was possible that Umar had better intelligence on the nearness and intentions of the Lusignan reinforcements than Hugh did.

My worst fears of Umar’s intentions and appetites were realized that night, when all considerations of my status as an honored pledge of safety were thrown to the wind. Not long after dark I was brought to the tent of the great Umar and stripped and left there standing in the intoxicating smoke from bronze incense burners on thick oriental carpets at the foot of his silk- and fur-covered massive bed. The half-drunk hulk of a

Saracen chieftain waved a flock of comely women from his bed and rose off the divan, his manhood huge and throbbing, and took hold of me and knew me as no man other than Hugh d'Ibelin had known me in hours of vigorous and deep-plowing ravishment. The man was insatiable and ever ready. Thrice he entered me in the first hour alone—once in a gagging attack deep down my throat with that monster tool of his, once like a bull on heat from the rear on the carpet beside the brazier, and finally, in a slow, languid discovery and mining of every nook and cranny of my passage as I lay on my back on the rich trappings of his bed with my legs thrust wide to accommodate his rock-solid weapon.

My greatest fear was that I would be put to the sword immediately thereafter if I didn't perish first from the thrusting of that broadsword between his legs. So, for self-preservation, I feigned deep passion for him almost from the beginning of his onslaught. And, if truth be known, after the first moments of the pain of never having been known in such thickness and depth before, I was able to take pleasure in what he could do to me with that magnificent body of his. Hugh's tastes had been highly refined and expansive, and I had learned much of the art of pleasing a man with my body already. I must admit, though, that the Saracens had refined these techniques much farther, and that Umar had me in positions and within waves of moaning pleasure that I had never known before. At one moment he was making exquisite love to my body in positions I had never even imagined in my most debauched wantonness, and at the next moment he was brutally possessing me like a rutting animal.

I must have pleased him greatly, because, except for that one brief period that will forever be branded in my soul as it was branded on my belly, he kept me in his tent and in his bed and belabored and possessed by his huge cock for the next three days.

The one instance of terror and excruciating pain was when he called for burly guards who dragged me away and branded me on the belly with Umar's own signature, a crescent moon being pierced by a Saracen dagger. I was marked now as his. And not only as his property, but also as his sex slave, someone he had fully known and possessed. Everyone in the Crusader world as well as the Saracen world would know and understand what this meant whenever they saw that mark.

By the early hours of the fourth day, my youth and inventiveness in matching his love making, much to his surprise and delight, had ascended over him, and he slept the sleep of the drunken drugged and sexually exhausted. All this time the guards at the door had stood there, silent, watching every thrust of Umar between my buttocks cheeks and into my mouth, every cry of his enjoyment of me. They were forced to stand there, stolid and silent, but I could tell by the rising of their cocks that they were no less aroused by me than Umar had been.

So, pretending to be the lustful wanton, after Umar had been satiated into unconsciousness, I swung my hips saucily over to the guards of the entrance curtain and enticed them into feeding their lust on my body in a shared fuck on the oriental carpets at the foot of the bed, taking me in turn, one from the front and the other from the rear. Out of panic and determination, I outlasted both of these as well, and when they had nodded off, their thirst for my body satisfied and slackened, I stole out of the tent and, as an intended message and as was necessary for the foretelling, boldly made

off with Umar's white stallion and galloped through the sleep-laden Saracen camp, across the valley, and into the arms of my Crusader comrades.

I was not to fall into the arms of my erstwhile lover, however. Once Hugh d'Ibelin had seen the brand on my belly, he never again would touch me. He didn't blame me and he didn't mistreat me—if denying me the plowing of my passage when I was in heat couldn't be called mistreatment—but I had become an untouchable, spoiled goods. In a fury, he dispatched Umar's second son to his treasured paradise forthwith—or at least after he has satiated his own revengeful lust on the youth. But I had no illusions that Umar had not expected that this young man would be sacrificed—or that, indeed, the lad really had been Umar's son at all. And even if so, I had experienced enough of Umar's virility and of the fullness and strength of his flow to know that he had sons to spare.

Umar no doubt was more vexed that I had made off with his white stallion.

From that moment, I heeded the visions I had been given of the white stallion and started planning the deliverance of my comrades in Belvoir and my revenge on Umar for his branding of me as his sex slave.

All of that day I conjured up my most powerful spell in the highest room of the highest tower of Belvoir. That night I summoned the moon, and a full, brilliant, yellow moon answered my call. I removed myself to the open platform above the tower, disrobed, spread my arms wide to the heavens, and cried out passionately to the moon.

My passionate cries awakened Umar, as I knew they would—as I had planned for them to do. He stirred in his sleep, alone in his bed, distraught into impotence since I had escaped him—that the first lover to ever fully satisfy his needs had flown from him

and had insulted him by stealing his white stallion as well. I summoned up for him a vision of my youthful, naked body, well-muscled legs in wide stance on the stone roof atop the highest tower of Belvoir, arms lifted up and out to the heavens, muscles rolling and rippling, and young, strong cock and balls swinging heavily below that brand on my belly.

His member stirred for the first time since I had left him, and he could hardly contain it with his hands in its rising at the vision of me. I disassembled in the smoke from his braziers, and he moaned at the loss of me. He looked up, without opening his eyes, and found that his tent had dissolved and that his field of vision was dominated by a full, brilliant, yellow moon, a moon that seemed to be moving closer to him.

Knowing that I had captured Umar's attention from across the crumbling walls of Belvoir, the empty valley between the warring factions, and the endless tent city of the Saracen forces, I waved my arms and was taken up into the air. As I floated toward the all-encompassing moon, my body was changing into that of a magnificent white stallion—Umar's white stallion.

Umar saw his white stallion racing across the moon, and he raised his arm and tried to grasp his beloved steed with his clawing fists. It was almost as if he could touch the apparition, but that it hovered just outside his grasp, its sweat glistening in the moonlight. He stretched out his arm, and his arm moved toward the moon steed, his naked body floating behind.

He was astride me now, his strong naked thighs encasing my white silky flanks. I could feel his giant tool thicken and lengthen and slide back and forth on my trembling back as we rode the moonbeams across the scuttling clouds. Umar was groaning and

moaning for me, wanting to take me, crying of his need to be inside me, to fuck me. I was revealed to him now; I was both white stallion and Darien, the lover, to him now—and he needed me in both my forms. He cried of his need to ride the white stallion and to ride his lover simultaneously but in ever different ways, together.

But I would give him nothing until and unless he promised, upon pain of being denied paradise, to give safe passage to boats on the sea to the defenders of Belvoir, every man, woman, and child of them. He tried to overpower me, but I remained the white stallion, beyond reach of his insistent cock until he promised. He wheedled and tried to seduce me with the retelling of how masterfully he had fucked me and how much he knew I genuinely had enjoyed him.

I could not deny to myself that what he said was true, but I remained strong against his entreaties by touching the raw edges of the dagger through the moon brand on my belly, the symbol of his arrogance and cruelty. But in the end, he kept some of his own; he offered to let all go except one. And the feel of his strong thighs encasing my flanks and the sliding of that monster cock of his on my back as we dashed across the sky tore at my defenses and I agreed to that condition, knowing I was at my limits of resisting my lust for him.

The deal struck, I turned from white stallion fully into young lover Darien and rolled onto my back under him as we glided across the sky. I spread my legs wide for him, and, with a shout of victory and joy, he thrust his mighty sword up into my encasing and welcoming passage and thrust and thrust and thrust. I met him thrust for thrust, and we entwined and writhed against each other as we became a piercing dagger careening toward the surface of the moon. We both came in a shower of heavily seeded semen

that watered the fertile valley between the Horns of Hattin and the Saracen camp, giving new life to the denuded cedar forests there, just as we pierced the moon and sent it shattering in pieces across the sky, dispelling night into day.

When Umar awoke, he knew what he had to do. He summoned Hugh d'Ibelin to another parley, and to the astonishment of Hugh and his retinue, announced that the holders of Belvoir need not surrender or give up their arms as long as they were prepared to march down to the sea under safe passage through the Saracen ranks and embark on boats and leave the Levant forever. The only conditions were that they had to return Umar's prized white stallion to him and that the magician, Darien, had to remain in Belvoir.

Before Hugh could even consider refusing, I nuzzled the white stallion over to his side and whispered in his ear that I was willing to accept this fate but to trust me that all would be well. Then I told him what he needed to offer.

Hugh then agreed to Umar's terms, saying that I would be locked in the high tower of Belvoir and was to remain there until all of his people had been put to sea.

I was duly locked in the tower, under guard by the Saracens' strongest set of eunuchs, Umar no longer trusting me to the care of any man with balls and a seeking cock. And then the defenders of Belvoir started to straggle out of the stronghold gates and down the Horns and Hattin and to the sea. The Saracens honored their pledge of safe conduct, if only because I had declared that I would be watching and would take my own life if Umar showed any sign of treachery. I had charmed Umar so fully that he almost burst into tears at the thought of losing me.

And I didn't dishonor any pledge, either, as I hadn't personally made any in this regard. What I did do, however, was to slip out of the secret passage in the high tower, dressed as an old hag, and merge with the last of the refugees leaving Belvoir. When we were all on boats, I turned my eyes on Umar, sitting with his strong thighs pressing firmly into the flanks of his beloved white stallion, and made sure that he made eye contact with me. When he did so, he let loose with a strangled cry of fury and loss and raced the white stallion down to the sand. But the white stallion would not enter the water and reared up and unseated the great Umar, who fell back on the ground and hit his head on the rocks. As our boats plowed into the waves of the Mediterranean, I watched the great chieftain's retainers gently lift his body and carry him toward the tents.

That night, when we had gained the safety of the Cypriot shores and found Guy de Lusignan comfortably ensconced in his harbor castle at Larnaka rather than leading a relief force across the Levant toward the Horns of Hattin, I separated myself from those celebrating their deliverance by forces they did not know or fully appreciate and stole to the top of the castle's highest tower.

There I once more rendered myself naked and summoned the full, yellow moon to my bidding. As before I rose in the air and floated over the tent of the semiconscious and barely breathing Saracen chieftain, laid out uncovered on the silks and furs of his enormous bed, luxury that he no longer was able to appreciate. He opened his eyes to me without opening his eyes, and his body floated up to mine. I encased his broken body in my arms, and we soared up toward the yellow moon. I took his hand in mine

and made him trace the ragged outline of the dagger through the moon brand on my belly.

And then I whispered in his ear. “Remember me. When you mourn the loss of your paradise, remember me.”

As we careened up toward the surface of the moon, I pulled his back to me and thrust my cock up inside him, showing him a virility, vigor, and filling possession that no man had dared attempt with him before. Once, twice, three times I buried my cock deep inside him. And he screamed in pain and passion with each gut-depth thrust. With a cry of ecstasy, our arms and legs intertwined and, me holding deep inside him, we pierced the moon, which, as in the previous night, shattered in a million pieces to mark the advent of a new day. This time, however, I pushed the bucking body of the great Umar away from me and he plunged, alone, crying of being held short of releasing ejaculation and clutching for me with his fists, back to earth.

All of the attendants at his bedside heard his death rattle and were perplexed, as they could swear that he had clearly screamed the name of Darien with his last gasping breath. And then with a cry of sheer joy, he shot off a shower of ejaculate at the point of death that covered all in the room and that was the source of many legends of the extraordinarily virile Umar ibn al-Hakam for generations to come.

But I, Darien, was no longer there, nor did I return to the castle in Larnaka or to the side of my now-unwelcoming master-lover. When I released Umar to his fate for his multitude of sins, I once more reformed into the guise of a great white stallion and rode the rays of the sun beyond the moon. And I am still racing across the night skies today in the form of a constellation spied as the form of a galloping stallion with a dagger

through a crescent on its belly and named many centuries ago as St. Darien for no reason that anyone but me can now recall.

Tea of the Full Moon

(Feudal Japan)

“My, look how big and strong you’ve grown, my son,” Arata’s mamasan said with pride as she folded his kimono just so over his powerful, straight body. “The time is near for you to enter Lord Oraruto’s service.”

Both mother and son turned at the sound of the wheezing and hacking cough of the old one. Something they were saying had awoken her and set her off.

“Beware,” she cackled, shuffling up to mother and son. “Don’t listen to this woman, my grandson. And beware of the tea of the full moon.”

“This ‘woman’ is your daughter, old one,” Papasan exploded in anger from across the tatami mat. “You will speak of her with respect. She has the family interests ever before her.”

“Family interests?” the old one spat out in derision. “What are Yamashita family interests to me and my blood? You were ever the climbers. You would do anything to be in Lord Oraruto’s good graces.”

“And perhaps the disgrace of your family has its origins in not pleasing our daimyo,” Papasan spat back. “Now be gone, you old crone. Your advice is not needed here.”

The old woman shuffled across the mat and disappeared behind a bamboo screen, but not before turning and pointing to her grandson and declaring once again, “Remember what I said of the tea of the full moon. Beware.”

When she was gone, Papasan looked over his handsome, strapping son. “Yes, I think your mother is quite right, Arata. I think it is time. Go to the family chest, Susumu, and help Arata pick out the finest of the family kimonos. And thank your mother, Arata, for thinking of and planning for your future and ours. I will climb the mountain to the castle and offer your services to our lord.”

“Arigato, Mamasan,” Arata murmured, not fully understanding why, only knowing that the Yamashitas had always served the daimyo of the Tokushima on the island of Shikoku—and always would.

A few short weeks later, Arata was called for. He went around to his family members, saying his good-byes and gathering their best wishes. His mamasan’s eyes were watery with the momentousness of the occasion, and his papasan’s demeanor showed him that this was a time for steely resolve.

There was no old woman to see him off though.

“Where is she?” Arata asked with concern. “Is she not well? I cannot believe she would not be here to wish me good journey.”

“She has gone to visit her family,” Papasan said with a set mouth. “There was no need for her to be here.”

The fine silks of Arata’s many-layered kimono rustled in harmony with the sighing of the swaying pines as he mounted the stone steps to the castle. He was a fine, well-muscled young man, and he moved quickly and with grace. He required no light, as the moon was full, beckoning him to the top of the mountain, to the daimyo’s castle in the rustling pine forest.

Soon he was standing at the lowered drawbridge over a dry moat surrounding a high stone wall. The large wooden gates closed with a sense of finality after he had passed through them and was searched for weapons in a small courtyard just beyond. The grinding of the gates shut seemed to mark the separation of early life working in the fields, teasing the difficult land to yield succulent rice, and a life of privilege and opulence inside these walls. The plans and maneuverings of his clan, the Yamashitas, to have him accepted into the service of the daimyo had been intricate and delicate. Only the best-formed sons of the most worthy families were accorded this honor.

Arata was brimming with pride and curiosity and anticipation as he was led down the courtyard and entered yet another heavily gated entrance set at a right angle to the first at the outer end of the courtyard and entered into a wondrous world of delicate wooden pavilions interlocked and rambling across and melding with a fairytale landscape of gardens and groves of trees and rippling brooks and moonlit ponds.

He was guided through a progression of pavilions along a wooden walkway and into the center of a small grove in which old-growth bamboo shoots grew close together around a wooden platform jutting over a small, exquisitely designed pond. This obviously was a very private place. A tiered roof on slim wooden posts provided a covering for the platform, although there was an opening in the middle of the roof through which moonlight streamed down and concentrated on a single squat table between two billowy silken pillows. The hint of another pavilion nearby was the source of quiet, lilting music from a lute, which harmonized well with the sound of water gently cascading into and out of the pond at some unseen source.

Seated on one of the cushions in a billowing pile if rich silk was the daimyo himself, Lord Oraruto. Arata recognized him from seeing the lord's lavish parades up and down the mountain whenever he traveled to the faraway court in Kyoto.

Lord Oraruto was a magnificent sight. Towering head and shoulders over anyone else in his retinue, he had a strong, stern face and was reputed to be perfectly formed. He certainly was battle tested; a warrior among warriors.

Now, however, he was alone on the tatami mat laid over the richly polished wood of the platform and seemed to be lost deep in contemplation. No one else was there, and when the escort had motioned Arata to the other cushion at the table, the two seemly were entirely alone, although Arata could sense lurking eyes of those ready to respond to the daimyo's every wish.

Arata had just arrived to take up service with his lord and he already was alone with the great daimyo. He was almost overcome with the honor of the occasion and the privilege that was being bestowed on him by a private audience.

The table was bare except for an exquisite tea set. Two squat tea pots and two cups, matched and intricately carved.

The daimyo said nothing. He just poured tea from one pot in a cup for himself and tea from the other pot into a cup set in front of his young visitor. A beam from the strong full moon poured through the opening in the pavilion roof and spotlighted the tea set.

Arata felt overwhelmed. His lord was offering him tea by his own hand. The tea of the full moon. There was little in life more significant than this. This was nothing less

than a marriage contract. Through this ceremony, Lord Oraruto was accepting the Yamashita clan's offering of their fairest son to the service of their lord.

Lord Oraruto motioned for Arata to take up the tea cup and to drink, and Arata did so with trembling hands. In turn, Lord Oraruto took up his own cup and drank deeply from it. He was watching Arata carefully, though, as he drank his tea. And when the young man had finished, Lord Oraruto immediately poured him another cup and bade, with hand signals, for the young man to drink up, which he did.

The tea was sweet and intoxicating on Arata's tongue. He wondered where such a wonderful drink came from. It was putting him into a dreamy state, and he felt his senses sharpening. He felt almost as if he could rise and float over the fairyland set inside the daimyo's far-flung castle.

Lord Oraruto was smiling at him now, and Arata began to hear a slow, dull drum beat mixed in with the lute music from across the pond—or was that just the pounding in his ears or of his heart?

The tea in the pot set aside for Arata was drained into the cup, and Arata drank the last of it, hungrily. Servants rushed in and swept away the table and tea set, but Arata hardly noticed their coming and going. His mind was dissembling, and his thoughts were fleeting. He was floating above all this and briefly hoped that his altered state of mind wasn't being noticed by his lord. He was slightly embarrassed, not being able to hold his tea. He had grown up on much stronger drink than this. He had no idea that tea could be so intoxicating.

Lord Oraruto had moved his cushion quite closely in front of Arata now, so that it was positioned where the tea table had been.

From the folds in his heavily layered kimono, the daimyo produced brush paintings on rice paper and turned them for Arata to examine. Arata blushed at what was being depicted in these paintings, but he was involuntarily aroused as well. That tea and its effect on his senses had dulled his natural aversion to what he had seen. He had seen such drawings before, but they had been very crude, not beautifully brushed as these were.

His eyes drank in the exotic couplings being presented on the rice paper, and he felt his body stirring as it did when he watched the young women of his village bathe themselves from the secret observation posts that he and the other young men had developed over generations of village life. But there were no young women in these delicate, yet explicit brush paintings.

He heard more than felt at first the rustling of the silks. Those of the daimyo as his hands drew out of the folds of his kimono and then of the silk of his own kimono, as the daimyo pulled away the folds—just enough for his hands to slip in.

More rustling and Arata felt strong hands on his body inside the billowing layers of silk. He felt he should be doing something in response, in defense, but the drugged tea possessed his mind and opened his sensitivity to the pleasure of touch, and his eyes could not tear themselves from the erotic paintings that had been placed before him. And arching over all of that was his sense of history, of the many generations of Yamashitas, whose fortunes now rested on him. The Yamashitas were being honored and given good fortune. He was being honored and given good fortune.

He felt the silks being pulled gently apart across his chest, and a single puckered nipple was exposed to the evening breezes and then, just as quickly as it appeared, it was covered with the daimyo's lips.

At the same time, the daimyo's strong hands had parted Arata's inner thighs and were taking possession of the young man's hardening cock.

Arata let the erotic paintings slowly slide out of his hands, and he began to struggle mentally over what was happening, loving the touch on his cock and the sucking at his nipple, but knowing that this somehow shouldn't be happening. He was murmuring, thinking he was asking for this to stop, if only for the moment until he could adjust to what was to happen. But it came out more as sighs and moans. His mind was not yet fully lost, but his body was. He was responding to the daimyo's touch on his cock, rising to his touch and beginning to undulate at the hips. The beat of the drum seemed to meld with his responses to the touching. It increased the beat in both rhythm and intensity.

Lord Oraruto moved one of his hands away from Arata's member long enough to take his young "offering's" hands and guide them into the folds of his own kimono, placing them on his own strong, erect phallus, giving his young recruit a good notion of the power and strength and determination—and intention—of him.

More rustling of silk and the kimonos became one pile of rich fabric now, patterns and colors melding together, still covering the two men fully except for that one nipple being brushed and suckled by searching lips.

But underneath, inside that merged collection of layers of silk, two bodies had come together. Arata was sitting in and straddling the daimyo's lap now and the daimyo

was holding their erect cocks together and stroking them in unison. The beat of the drum increased, overpowering the strains of the lute, becoming louder and more insistent in its beat.

From somewhere in the folds of his kimono, the daimyo produced a magic lotion, a lotion he was now rubbing into Arata's virgin, puckered hole, making it loosen and widen and become a bit more numb. He was biting Arata's nipple now and fingering the young man's hole, taking slow but steady and relentless possession of his new offering with searching fingers.

Arata gave a muted scream of pain and filling as the daimyo lifted his hips with both of his hands and skewered him firmly on his powerful cock and pulled the young man deeply into his lap.

The young offering arched his back and his face turned skyward and was bathed in the beam of the full moon streaming through the opening in the pavilion ceiling as he began to move his hips, meeting the natural rhythm of his lord with that of his own, his fears and concerns melting away in a natural, primeval motion tracing its way up through the ages.

Rustling silk. Thrust. Moan. Drum beat. "Beware the tea of the full moon." Thrust. Groan. Drum beat. "Beware the tea of the full moon." Thrust. M-o-a-n. Drum beat. "Beware . . . ." Aiyeeeeee.

Colonel's Treasure

(American Revolution)

Rob turned his head toward the open flap of the tent. He could see the tawny fringe of the Shewan subchief's buckskin jerkin at the fringe of the lamplight escaping the tent's doorway. And the two eagle's feathers sticking out to the side of the back of the native's head, up at the very top of the tent doorway. The savage must be at least six and a half feet tall, Rob thought. And he knows. How could he not know. The colonel was grunting that unmistakable sound of full rut.

Rob twitched and arched his back and stared straight up at the play of the shadows on the ceiling of the tent as the colonel nipped his belly button and stuck his tongue in it and then slurped out of the indention and ran a thick tongue down Rob's underbelly and into a fiery red thicket before tracing back up his engorged cock to the edge. Rob twitched again as his cock was possessed by the colonel's sucking lips. He sighed and rubbed his back on the bearskin rug thrown out over the rushes that served as the colonel's mattress. There was a faint rustling at the opening flap of the tent, and Rob knew that the savage was just beyond the opening, listening and silently observing. The colonel thought no more of an Indian, even a Shewan subchief, than he did of the stray dogs of the camp, though, so it bothered him not a twit if the Indian could see them.

The shadows on the ceiling showed the hulky colonel hunched over his diminutive, lithe aide. Rob was kneeling on his knees on the colonel's beefy thighs, with his back arched behind him, his shoulder blades touching the silky fur of the robe. The

colonel encased his young aide with an arm wrapped around the small of the younger man's back. His other hand was cupping Rob's small, but firm ball sacs and the small finger of that hand already had purchase just inside the rim of Rob's ass. The golden crest ring on that finger was rubbing roughly on Rob's rim, a familiar feel for Rob after four months of service under the second in command of Brigadier General Nicholas Herkimer, commander of American forces in the Mohawk Valley.

Colonel Seth Hampton worked his young aide's cock hard with his mouth. He'd already been sucked into arousal himself. His evening invigoration had been interrupted by the announcement that one of his spies in the English forces, the subchieftain Otetiani of the Shewan minor tribe of the Iroquois nation, had arrived and awaited his pleasure. Hampton had irritably commanded that the savage stand outside the tent until it was his pleasure to receive him—his pleasure obviously was focused elsewhere at the moment.

Hampton having had enough of his young man's cock, the young aide watched the shadows on the ceiling swirl into a new pattern, as the colonel wrapped large, callused hands around Rob's ankles and forced his legs up the length of his body. In the process, Rob was rolled up onto his shoulder blades. The colonel held Rob's legs to his body with hands pressing in under the crook of his knees, as the older man savaged the younger man's entrance with tongue and teeth and a heavy helping of saliva.

Then the colonel was up on his knees, crouching over the young man and thrusting inside him. Rob arched his back and spread his arms wide, digging his fists into the soft, grass-covered ground of the New York valley and took what the colonel was giving him, like a good soldier. And the colonel, mad and worried about the

positioning of his forces and the rumors of the gathering British attack in superior force, put all of his frustration and fury into plowing his flaming-red headed subordinate hard and fast and deep.

The colonel was grunting and groaning and voicing his pleasure in tones that could be heard all over camp, without the possibility of misinterpretation. All of the soldiers knew their colonel fucked men. But he was a damn good soldier and a brilliant strategist, and if anyone was going to conceive how to push the British out of the Mohawk Valley and back to London, it was probably going to be him. So there were few to deny him his release.

Rob had been sent from the brothels of that pagan city of Savannah precisely to be the tension reliever to the colonel that he needed. The young man had been trained to this, so there were no regrets or concern to be expended in that direction.

Rob held off on his vocalizing at first, because he knew the savage was out there, just beyond the open flap. He'd only caught a glimpse of the man, but he had frightened Rob. He was so tall and large, a man and a half. Rob had never been comfortable around the savages. He felt something primeval in them. They frightened and fascinated and aroused him all at the same time. He had known—biblically—all of the types of colonists who had washed up on the American shores. They no longer meant anything to him. No, that wasn't true. He had come to really like the colonel, to want to give him any relief possible for the responsibilities he had to bear.

It was strange to think about liking the man at this moment, when the colonel was driving his cock so hard inside Rob, making his legs ache and his back rub raw as it was jerked back and forth on the bearskin under the thrusting of the colonel's manhood.

But the colonel was usually gentle with him. It was only now when the colonel was so worried about how badly the campaign and positioning was going and so worked up and frustrated that he was taking Rob like a frenzied bull.

Rob had to do what he could to help the colonel. He knew the colonel liked it when he groaned and moaned and said the colonel was spitting him and was too big for him. So that's what he did, ignoring the unsettling presence of the Shewan warrior. And it worked. In a cry of ecstasy, the colonel shot off inside him in one, two, three lurchings and then, without extracting his cock, pulled Rob's legs down alongside his and began to kiss him on the nipples, neck, and lips. Rob wrapped his arms around the thin waist of the well-fit military officer and returned the kisses enthusiastically.

He had done his duty. Now it was time to ask for his favor.

"No, Rob, we've discussed this. I can't let you stay." The colonel had pulled back on his rump and brought the younger, smaller man with him. Hampton now was sitting on the bearskin rug, his legs stretched out in front of him. His aide was in his lap, sitting on the colonel's half tumescent cock, his legs encircling his master's thin waist, the two chests against each other, beating hearts competing, throbbing in the temporary quietude. Hampton had his lips buried in the aide's throbbing neck, and Rob was staring across the light of the candle, watching the hint of the savage's persistent presence. Rob knew there would be another fucking. The colonel almost always wanted another one, and the second one would not have the fire of the first. The second one was the one that told Rob the colonel really cared for him. And this was the colonel's most vulnerable time.

"But, I don't want to leave you. I—"

“And I don’t want you to go. But you’re no solider, Rob. We will, almost inevitably, be in the thick of fighting within the week. Burgoyne is gathering forces up on Lake Champlain, more than 10,000 English, Canadians, and Indian forces, including the Iroquois and the Huron. They’ll be streaming down here, joined by Howe’s forces from the Coast. They are more than we can handle. It will be a bloodbath if I cannot come up with a miracle. No, you cannot stay. You are no soldier. This is all you are good for to me. This release of my tension in the field.”

Rob lowered his head onto the colonel’s shoulder, and Hampton could feel the wetness of his tears.

“Nay, lad, I didn’t mean it harsh like that. You are a treasure. You are my treasure. There is no way you can help me other than to leave for Albany tonight and not come back until it is safer.”

“I know I can do more. I know—” Rob snuffled.

“This is enough, dearheart, this is enough.” And with that, the colonel moved his encasing, heavily muscled arms down to the small of Rob’s back, and Rob leaned back, as Hampton’s lips and teeth went to the younger man’s nipples. Rob sighed for him and felt the strong cock of his master coming back to life. Rob began to move his hips, and the colonel started to breath heavily. Hampton turned Rob onto his side and came down with him, leaving his cock encased. They kissed and Hampton continued worrying the younger man’s nipples with his fingers while he side split him in long, languid glides to mutual ejaculation.

Afterward the colonel rose, wrapped himself in a fur-lined deer-skinned robe, and sat down at his field desk, looking very official. He called the patiently waiting Shewan

subchieftain, Otetiani, in. The chieftain entered the tent, all dignity and towering strength and handsome savage splendor, and stood in front of the colonel. Despite the unusual heat in the Mohawk valley in July of 1777, the Indian chieftain was wearing the same attire his tribe wore year round—side-fringed buckskin breeches with a bearskin codpiece, and a buckskin jerkin with fringed arms. His moccasins were of some sort of finely cleaned leather and he had two feathers attached to the base of whatever was holding his long black ponytail at the back of his head—two feathers to denote his somewhat exalted rank. He turned his head briefly to Rob, lying, still naked on his back on the bearskin rug, and Rob saw the Indian's eyes go wide with surprise. Rob couldn't imagine why the savage would be surprised. He had heard them fuck twice and had no doubt gotten an eyeful already as well.

Otetiani inexplicably bowed low to the young aide and said something in his own language that Rob couldn't even begin to fathom. And then he turned his full attention to the colonel.

"Is it true?" asked the colonel. "What I sent you to find out, is it true?"

"True," the Indian said, in quite good English. "Iroquois have called all of its nation—all minor tribes—to join with the Huron and serve the English in the coming fight."

"The Iroquois and the English? I'd never thought it would come to that. Damn. Isn't there anything you can do to split them? Your people hate the Huron."

"True. The Iroquois hate the Huron, and none more than my own Shewan. But the English are strong. And the Huron are strong. The Iroquois are not strong enough to resist. And the Shewan feel weak too."

“The Shewan feel weak? You are the most ferocious warriors of the Iroquois nation. How can you feel weak?”

“The signs have not been good. The Shewan wait for a sign. We need strength; the Shewan warriors need to feel the strength.”

“Well, try to think of something.” the colonel said. “Do whatever you can do to drive a wedge between the Indian forces. We have to try to do something to weaken St. John’s forces up at Fort Oswego.”

“I will try. There may be something.” Otetiani sounded somewhat reassuring. Hampton knew that Otetiani was smart as a whip as well as being the bravest and studliest of the Shewan tribe. The colonel had often thought he’d like to get his cock inside him, but he knew Otetiani was too strong for him. Two determined tops did not make a promising match.

He was finished with the Indian. He dismissed him with a wave of his hand. He didn’t bother to look up, so he missed the contemplative look the Indian subchief was giving Rob.

After Otetiani left, the colonel dismissed Rob as well. He didn’t want to reveal how hard it was for him to let his young lover go, so he just gruffly told him to pull his breeches and jerkin on and to be on his way to Albany before the break of day.

When Rob left the colonel’s tent and started moving toward his own, he heard the slight rustle of the bushes at the edge of the encampment clearing. He hoped it wasn’t the sergeant sniffing around to claim his seconds. The sergeant was thicker and crueler than the colonel was.

But it wasn't the sergeant. Otetiani, the savage subchieftain, was beckoning him the edge of the light from the encampment's fires.

"You want to help your colonel?" Otetiani said to him in a hoarse whisper. "I heard you say that."

"Yes, but I don't know what I can do. If I only could get to Fort Oswego and see the English colonel, St. John, there may be some way I can help. I have heard that men please him. Surely there's something I can do there to find information that will help our forces. The colonel's right, I'm no fighting soldier. But I have my own means of fighting."

"I could take you to St. John," Otetiani said. "I could deliver you to him as a prisoner; say you are Colonel Hampton's aide. You would have value to St. John then, wouldn't you?"

"You would do that?" Rob asked, suddenly excited about the possibilities.

"Yes. But I have orders too. You could help me with my orders. If you really, truly want to help your colonel and are truly brave. But it would not be easy, what I have to propose. Most men could not endure it."

In short order Otetiani had told Rob what he could do and Rob had agreed. It wasn't anything less than he knew what to do.

While they talked, Otetiani was fingering Rob's flaming-red hair gingerly, and when Rob agreed to the plan, Otetiani spoke.

"To do what I need to do, I need much power. I need to gather strength and power. Before I take you there, you need to give me that power."

“Yes,” Rob said, although he felt his heart stop and his breath escape him. He was trembling. He’d already agreed, though, so both now and then, it didn’t make any difference.

Otetiani took Rob by the arm and led him into the fringe of bushes at the edge of the encampment, past the horses staked out on a rope. The horses whinnied slightly and shifted nervously away from them as they passed. The Indian was an imposing, troubling figure. A man and a half.

Otetiani stopped in front of a smooth-barked tree of middling girth with two sturdy branches at equal heights jutting out at the side a foot above the level of Rob’s head. He maneuvered Rob to where his back was against the tree. The towering Indian faced the young man with the flaming-red hair closely and pushed him gently down on his haunches with one hand while releasing his own codpiece with his other hand and letting it drop.

He was already half ready, at the very thought of what he was going to do.

The thick cock was larger than Rob had ever managed before, but he worked expertly on it with his lips and mouth as he had been trained to do at the Savannah brothel. It was mere minutes before Otetiani pulled Rob up and turned him toward the tree. Rob grabbed up for handholds on the jutting branches, while Otetiani spit on his hands and added that to the spit Rob had already lathered the huge tool with. The Indian savage lifted Rob by his hips with his hands, spreading the young man’s buttocks cheeks with his strong thumbs, set Rob’s hole on the bulbous head of his cock, and started working his way in.

Fearing raising an alarm in the camp, Rob stifled the scream he wanted to let loose as well as his gulps and gasps and groans as he slowly stretched inside to accommodate the digging tool. The Indian was so tall that Rob's feet were off the ground and the only leverage he had was the handholds on the tree branches.

When Otetiani had bottomed inside Rob's ass canal, he moved one hand to palm the young man's belly and the other one to cap the flaming-red hair of his head and began chanting in his native tongue. He was using the strong palm of his hand on Rob's belly to move the young man's channel up and down on his skewering member, and Rob was pulling up and releasing on the branches to try to match the rhythm.

Rob came first in a shooting against the tree trunk. Otetiani stopped his fucking and chanting long enough to bend his knees and set Rob's feet on the ground. He used the fingers of the hand he had been palming Rob's belly with to capture globs of Rob's cum, which he dabbed on his own cheeks in streaks going from ear to upper lip.

Then he palmed Rob's belly again and picked him up and resumed stroking the young man's ass up and down on his cock until he spasmed four, five times, shooting great spurts of man juice up into Rob's intestines.

The chanting stopped and the hand came off the head. But the hand remained on the belly, and Rob remained trapped against the tree trunk, while the Indian pulled a hunting knife from a sheath at his side.

Rob felt a brief stab of fear that the savage had tricked him; that he didn't intend to help the colonel's cause at all and only wanted to fuck Rob before collecting his scalp. But Otetiani just used the knife to cut a lock of Rob's flaming-red hair and tuck it into the band holding his ponytail in place.

“Is good. Is true. You are a gift from the gods. I can feel the new power. We go now.” After declaring that, Otetiani just let Rob slump to the ground and readjusted his codpiece and turned to stride back to the encampment to prepare to leave.

It was several minutes before Rob was able to rise and hobble after him. He’d never been fucked like that before.

* * * *

The sun was going down as the ceremony in the Shewan longhouse deep in the Mohawk Valley began. It was announced with the beating of drums that required all woman and children of the tribe to leave the village clearing in the flattened hillock accessible by a secret cliffside trail and gather at the life-giving stream below to sing praises to the gods until they heard the end to the drum beats.

All was as prescribed by the chieftain, Nadie, as given on his deathbed following the previous spring’s battle with the Huron. He had counseled that the Shewan were to retreat to a minor role in Iroquois affairs, subordinating themselves to the other tribes when they normally would take a lead in matters of warfare, until they had regained their strength and power, and, most important, the blessings of the gods that they had forfeited by losing to the Huron.

As he had neared death, Nadie told his warriors to look for a sign from the gods—a being with fire coming out of his head who possessed power and would transfer power to warriors who were worthy through ritual congress. In his dying breaths, he had related in detail the requirements of the ceremony.

When assurances were given that all of the woman and children had departed the village circle, the torches were lit in the longhouse of the chieftain.

The flaming-haired Rob Winston was led, a willing participant, into one end of the longhouse. He was nude except for a tight, strong leather belt around his belly of the brightest crimson that had dyed-red feathers and strong rings of gold attached to the belt at the side of his waist, fine red-dyed moccasins, and thick, red-dyed leather bands at his wrists, also with rings of gold attached to them.

He stumbled into the tent and would have fallen if he had not been supported by two young, strong, muscular braves who were helping him to walk. These braves were costumed in the identical minimal dress Winston had, except that they both also had long, sharp hunting knives in sheaths tied to their thighs by leather straps.

Winston had spent much of the afternoon drinking ceremonial cups of a potion that largely consisted of alcohol and herbs from the forest collected for their propensity to numb and block pain. The day before he had been plied with purgatives that emptied and purified his internal systems and had his channel packed with concoctions of the numbing potions that had been withdrawn mere hours before the ceremony.

Winston and his escorts approached the center of the longhouse, where an altar had been placed and covered with a blanket made of laced-together red fox pelts.

All of the adult men of the tribe were gathered in a circle around the altar, At the outer edge of the circle were the elders and the older unselected warriors, dressed in their usual leather breeches and jerkins. The only difference in their dress on this special ceremonial day from any other day was their long, black hair. Whereas a Shewan tribesman’s hair customarily was tied back in a ponytail, with a feather in the

band, now every man's hair was hanging loose below his shoulders. The torches lighting the ceremony were lodged in the ground behind this outer circle of men, which included much the greater number of the men of the tribe. At the four geographic points of this circle sat a set of two drummers each, maintaining a steady, slow beat to mark the duration of the ceremony.

Inside the greater circle of older tribesmen were twelve of the youngest, most fit brave candidates of the tribe, young men who had achieved their manhood only since the defeat at the hands of the Huron in the spring, newly minted men eligible to be fully blooded warriors but not yet initiated.

And standing next to each of ten of these young warriors was an older, fully blooded, peak-condition warrior. When Winston's two escorts had led him to the altar and lifted him on top, they went to take their places next to the remaining two novitiates.

The twelve most worthy warriors, identically attired to Winston save for the sheathed knives, were the twelve selected to carry out Otetiani's plan to aid Colonel Hampton—and not only to aid the plans of Colonel Hampton as promised but also to return the Shewan to the full favor of the gods of war.

Standing at the base of the altar, facing it, standing taller than any other, legs spread wide, looking stern and magnificent, was the subchieftain Otetiani, the tribe's war leader. Attired like the twelve of the chosen, he stood with arms crossed and leather hand whips, with multiple leads, dyed crimson red, held tightly in each fist.

At a signal from Otetiani, the two warriors who had escorted Winston into the longhouse vaulted gracefully onto the altar. They raised Rob to a standing position and moved him to the center of the altar. On either side of the altar here, strong tree-trunk

poles rose from the ground up to the top of the barrel-roofed longhouse, serving as part of the frame of the structure. Each of these poles had a chain wrapped around it at the height of Winston's shoulders. The warrior on each side of Winston attached the end of the chain on each side to the ring in the leather band at his wrist and pulled it taut, so that Rob's arms were stretched out fully to his sides. There were chains lower on the poles that they similarly attached to the rings at the side of his leather belt. Winston now was held in a standing position at the center of the altar with little give of movement in either direction. The two escort warriors hopped back off the altar and took up their station beside their designated novitiate.

At a signal from Otetiani, the drums changed their beat; the warriors began a chant, one that had been prescribed for this phase of the ceremony by the dying chieftain, Nadie; and clouds of incense rose from the fires set under open vents in the sections at either end of the longhouse.

Otetiani opened his arms wide.

Swish. The leather strips of the hand whips lashed out in succession. Winston raised his head in drunken, nearly numb recognition of the start of the purifying scourging. Swish. Swish. Otetiani circled the altar, scourging Rob's flesh, arms, legs, back, belly, chest, buttocks, from each side in light strokes that didn't cut deeply but that cut deeply enough to raise welts and rivulets of blood.

Winston remained stoic throughout. The ceremony had been explained in detail to him. This was all necessary to Otetiani's plan. Winston couldn't be a soldier for the colonel, but there were things he could do, perhaps things that had a greater impact than a single foot soldier could contribute. Rob was determined to do what he could.

And he had been prepared well for the ordeal. He would be in great pain later, when the alcohol and drugs wore off, than he would be during the ceremony.

The ceremony of the purifying blooding was complete. Upon another signal from Otetiani, the ceremony of the congress, the actual transferring of the power from the gods through the vessel with the flaming head, began.

The two escorts vaulted back up on the altar, released the chains at Winston's side, and loosened the chains at his wrists. He was still tied to the altar poles, but each chain now had considerable give to it.

One of the warriors jumped down from the altar. The other one remained. The first to receive the power. The twelve chosen warriors, in succession, and, by prescription in different positions, and on the rhythm of the beating of the drums, consummated a congress with the flaming-haired gift of the gods. The first simply went down on his knees behind Winston's crumpled, scoured figure and pulled the young man into his lap and onto his hard cock and fucked him until the warrior's seed had been planted and the power of the war gods had been transmitted back into his body from the channel of the gift.

The fucking had somewhat revived Winston, and the second warrior lay flat on his back and made Winston hover over him, feet and hands flat on the altar cloth and slide up and down on the warrior's pole. The third made Winston stand, folded over at the waist, the warrior supporting him with arms locked around his belly, and plowing him from the rear. The next warrior pushed Winston up on his knees and took him like a dog. With Winston collapsed on his belly from this taking, the next merely straddled his

hips as he lay there and rode him like a horse, stroking hard between the young man's tightly closed butt cheeks.

The sixth turned him on his back and mimicked the White missionaries. Then he was pulled back up onto his feet and made to stand facing a warrior with a long, curved cock, who raised one of Winston's legs up the line of his torso and thrust up into him in a standing position. He was taken one of the poles with his legs wrapped around a warrior's waist, and the most solid, shortest of the warriors made Winston wrap his legs around his waist and his arms around his neck, and he walked up and down the center line of the altar carrying Winston like a young child and thrusting up into him from below. He was side split from both sides, and the most acrobatic of the warriors made Winston stand on his hands and held his thighs as he fucked down into his hole, the blood rushing to Winston's head and momentarily making him faint.

With each congress, the powers was passed through Winston to the chosen warrior, and each warrior was smeared in the blood of the gift that had been raised by scourging. At the end of each congress, Winston sank to the ground in gathering exhaustion while the blessed and empowered warrior unsheathed his sharp knife and took two locks of hair from the flaming head.

Three of the warriors were especially blessed and, by being so were designated by the gods to be the subleaders of the raid they had been chosen to undertake. This designation came with the three ejaculations of Winston during the ceremony. The warrior rewarded with this sign of the gods' approval while they were in congress with the flaming-haired gift captured what ejaculate they could and smeared it on their cheeks as a special sign of favor.

After each warrior had received the power, he jumped off the altar and went and stood beside his designated novitiate.

When the twelfth had completed his part of the ceremony, Otetiani himself leapt up on the altar. At a signal to Winston's two original escorts, the chains at Winston's arms were pulled taut around the tree-trunk pillar once more, bringing Winston to a staggering standing position.

The drums beat louder as Otetiani bowed in front of Winston and then took the young man's cock in his mouth and just continued giving it suck until Winston had his fourth ejaculation and Otetiani had received the full force of the gods' approving nectar. Then Otetiani stood and moved behind Winston and pulled the young man's suspended body into him. He lifted Winston straight up with hands on his waist, crouched a bit to get under him and lowered Winston on his gigantic, throbbing tool for the transferring of the gods' power. As he did that, the two escorts stepped up to the side of the altar. Each took one of Winston's ankles in his hand and pulled Winston's legs back, around Otetiani's heavily muscled calves. Otetiani held Winston's torso close to his with one palm on his belly and one on his breast and took Winston in long deep glides, the rapidity and depth of the thrusts increasing with the increase in the tempo of the drums.

After Otetiani has spouted forth once, he had the escorts release Winston's ankles and then the chains on his wrists, and Otetiani gently let Winston down on the red fox pelting on his belly, without withdrawing his embedded cock. He covered Winston's body closely and gently rocked on top of him until once more aroused and then he took one last extract of power in a gentle fucking through thighs tightly encased in his own.

While Otetiani was completing the ceremony and taking his lock of the flaming hair, the short, secret segment of the ceremony was performed. Only Otetiani and the twelve chosen warriors had been told of this, concluding part, the initiation of the novitiates. As Otetiani was lowering Winston to the ground for his second taking, he signaled to the twelve, each of whom turned to the designated novitiate beside them, knocked him to ground and overpowered him.

Each blooded warrior then passed on part of the power of the war gods he had acquired by taking the novitiate's virginity by force, but, more important, lifting him up to full warrior status, and, in the end rewarding him with one of the flaming locks of hair they had taken from the gift of the gods. A privilege of this magnitude came only once in several generations. But for many drum beats, the confused, surprised, and initially angry strugglings of the prideful young men, heretofore not told that no warrior in the tribe reached full status with his virginity intact, reached a decibel level that surely could be heard down at the stream, as hard tools relentlessly dug out the last vestige of their innocence. What they were yet to find out was that they would be mastered again and again for the next three nights as part of the chosen warriors strength preparation for their mission.

The drums suddenly stopped. Loud trilling could be heard from the banks of the stream below, and the ceremony was complete.

Winston spent the next three days in a separate longhouse, recovery from the ordeal he had agreed to undertake to serve his struggling revolutionary forces, while Otetiani and his twelve chosen, now anointed and empowered warriors, prepared to go

on the warpath—and the twelve newly deflowered initiates recovered from their manning into the tribe.

* * * *

“Here, I have a present for you.” The senior English Indian scout, Otetiani, lifted the bundle off of the back of the pack horse like it was a peddler’s sack and dropped it on the ground just inside the doorway into the log shed Colonel Reginald St. John was using as his temporary office and bedroom while the stockade and permanent buildings of Fort Oswego were under a quick reconstruction. General John Burgoyne, St. John’s superior officer and the strategist for the coming British Canada arm of the Central Campaign, had ordered the Oswego fort to be fortified better before it was left on minimum garrison.

All eyes had been on Otetiani as, unimpeded, he walked the horse by the Huron chief’s encampment just outside the stockade wall, through the central gates, and up to St. John’s quarters. The missing sections of stockade fencing here and there didn’t escape Otetiani’s attention, and he permitted himself a private smile at his good fortune. The ceremony had worked; the gods of war were with them.

St. John, stripped down to his breeches and having been in the process of shaving himself, toed the bundle on the floor hard. The bundle rewarded him with a grunt of pain.

“What do we have here, then?” St. John said, the tone of disdain clear in his voice. “And why do you bother me with this?”

“I thought you would want to be the first to interrogate the aide to the American colonel, Seth Hampton.”

St. John’s interest was piqued by that news, and he put his razor down on the wash basin on the stool and wiped the remaining lather off his face with the cotton towel that had been hanging around his neck.

“Let’s get him up, then.”

Otetiani crouched down and undid the canvas sacking around his prize, revealing a much-bedraggled Rob Winston, tied roughly with rope at wrists and ankles.

“Hang him up on the hook on the center pole,” St. John directed.

Otetiani did so. The hook was high enough to cause Winston to have to stretch his arms high up along the pole. He was facing the pole, his back to the two men. Otetiani untied the young man’s ankles in the same movement he used to push Winston against the pole, hoping, with success, that St. John either wouldn’t notice or didn’t see any reason to comment on it.

“And you found him where? You just snatched him out from under Hampton’s nose?”

“I found him in the forest, outside the Americans’ camp. He said he was escaping, that he wanted to turn himself over to the English, that he had things he could tell your forces about the Americans’ troop strengths and locations.”

“And does he speak? Do you speak, young man?”

“Yes . . . Yes, I speak, M’Lord,” Rob answered, although he barely whispered.

“You say you were coming over to the British to help us? And why should I believe that?”

“He mistreated me, M’Lord. He treated me cruelly. I had to leave. I hate him; I hate them all.”

“And why is that I should believe that, my little friend?”

“Look at my back and my legs. All over, M’Lord. There’s proof enough.”

“Likely story,” St. John said with a sniff.

“That part seems true, My Lord,” Otetiani said. “I’ve seen the marks myself.”

“The marks?” St. John pulled up the back of Winston’s jerkin, to reveal the welts and cuts across his back.

That’s when St. John’s cock started to take interest. He’d heard that the American colonel, Hampton, liked his young men. He hadn’t heard he liked to treat them this way. St. John, on the other hand, very much liked to treat young men this way. His urges in this direction, in fact, were almost uncontrollable.

“That will be all, Otetiani. I think you can find the mess tent. And you can tell my clerk that you are to receive the usual amount.”

“Yes, My Lord,” Otetiani murmured, and he backed out of the hut and left the camp directly, visiting neither the mess tent nor the colonel’s clerk. He had preparations to make and plans to change. His plans could be simpler now, because of the construction under way on the fort and the missing sections of stockade fencing. As he left, he cursed the prick of an English colonel under his breath. Otetiani hadn’t anticipated that he would be thanked or rewarded for bringing him this treasure from the American camps. And he hadn’t been wrong.

Inside the hut, St. John's hands were trembling. He could hardly keep his hands off this one. And there was no reason why he should have to. He could use him, interrogate him, and then dispose of him.

"You say Hampton did this to you all over?" St. John asked, coming up very close to Winston's back.

"Yes. If you don't believe me, see for yourself."

He hadn't really needed the invitation. St. John shucked Rob's breeches down his legs to the ground and pulled the young man's moccasined feet out of the breeches. It was true. There were welts and cut marks on the young man's flanks and his buttocks and thighs and legs.

St. John couldn't resist. This was this colonel's weakness. He touched his fingers to the line of welting on the young man's flanks. He was breathing heavily, and his cock had gone rock hard almost instantaneously.

"M'Lord?" It was almost a whimper.

"Shut up," St. John commanded in a harsh, husky whisper. St. John ran one hand down a flank and the other up Winston's back under his jerkin, following welt lines.

"M'Lord!" Rob said more sharply.

"I said shut up. You are in no position to object. I own you now. I can decide whether you live or die." The breathing was very heavy. St. John was beyond control now. The welting was just too delicious. The young man's body just too desirable. He took his hands away from Winston's body but only so that he could unbutton his breeches with one hand and lean over and scoop soapy lather out of his shaving mug with the other.

“Not a word,” he hissed as he started to rub lather into the crack between the young man’s butt cheeks.

“Ohhh,” Rob murmured in low tones.

St. John moved the bulb of his hard cock into Winston’s crack, through the gobs of lather, and the young man went tense and moaned.

The colonel prepared to thrust past the young man’s defenses, but he gulped in air in surprise when, as his bulb breached Winston’s sphincter muscle, the young man’s channel tightened around it and drew his cock inside the warm, moist channel. Using every trick he’d learned in the Savannah brothel, Rob set his ass channel walls rippling over the colonel’s cock, pulling it deep inside him and making love to it with the muscles inside him.

“Ahhhh,” St. John murmured, his fingers not being able to resist continuing to track those lash marks on the young man’s body. “You are a catamite, aren’t you? You’re no casual lay. You were Hampton’s prostitute. You have experience.”

“I was his pleasure man, yes, that’s right, M’Lord. But no catamite. I’m a full grown man. And I was his to release his tension, by arrangement with my master in Savannah, yes. But there was no agreement for him to treat me this foully, sir.”

St. John was moaning louder than Winston was. He’d never had his cock massaged like this inside a man before, and those lovely welts on his flanks and thighs and back and belly and chest. The colonel’s hands were moving everywhere, finding lovely ridges to follow everywhere.

“M’Lord, I’ve come to you of free will. I have information I can give you. And if it’s a proper fucking you want, you only need release me. You have a bed over there. I can

please you as you've never been pleased before. You couldn't be fucked better in London."

Colonel St. John was lost.

St. John laid on his back on his bed, Winston straddling him above and reversed. Winston gave St. John's cock a sucking like he'd never had before, while St. John dug at the cut lines on the proffered buttocks cheeks in rotating motion right before his eyes, smeared rivulets of blood across the luscious orbs, and rubbed fingers across loosening rim and into the channel of rippling muscles. After a tantalizing eternity of this, Winston turned and lowered his hole onto St. John's erect phallus and started the drawing in, sphincter clutch, and massaging wall treatment all over again as he rotated his hips around and around, and St. John moaned and groaned and cried out in ejaculation.

The colonel held Winston prisoner in his quarters and mostly in his bed for the next three days and nights. The young man was chained to the bed, which, fortunately for him, was still within reach of the colonel's camp desk, during the day. At various times during the day, St. John questioned the young man on the disposition and strengths of the American troops in the Mohawk Valley, and Winston told him what he thought St. John would believe and would be dismayed by if he tried to take advantage of. And at night, the colonel would bind Rob's wrists and hang them high on the center pole and lash his back and buttocks with a riding crop until the colonel's cock was rock hard and then either fuck the young man there or drag him back to the bed.

Rob was picking up some useful information during the colonel's absences to check on the stockade construction, but he hit paradise on the third day when a messenger from General Sir William Howe, commander of the eastern army of the

British Central Campaign forces, both arrived with a message to be sent on to General Burgoyne and left before the colonel even knew he'd been there.

Rob identified himself as St. John's aide and said he'd give the message straight away to the colonel unopened. He'd managed all of this with his arm behind his back and not revealing that he was chained to the bedstead.

He opened the dispatch to discover that it announced a change of plans in the campaign. Philadelphia, the rebel's capitol, lay defenseless before General Howe's forces in New Jersey. Howe believed that was a larger prize than what they hoped to gain in New York with a pincher maneuver of his forces from the east and Burgoyne's forces from the north. He was willing to continue with the set plan, as it had been blessed by London, but, unless Burgoyne sent a request to this effect back to him within a week, Howe would take and occupy Philadelphia instead.

Burgoyne could be waiting for half the army to join him, not knowing it would never come, Winston realized. He rejoiced in the thought. By keeping this message from reaching Burgoyne, he, Rob Winston, could be of more service to his beloved Colonel Hampton and the colonists' cause than any soldier could.

The dispatch was quickly consigned to the fire in the hearth.

That night, after St. John had beat Rob with the riding crop, fucked him against the pole, and then dragged him back into the bed and fucked him again, like a dog, digging his fingernails into the newly opened cuts, all hell broke out in the fort.

They heard the most ungodly savage sounds from beyond the stockade walls to the west, and the sky lit up like it was day. The Huron camp was ablaze.

St. John struggled out of the bed and pulled on his breeches. He took up his long rifle propped up by the door and ran for the stockade gate.

As soon as he was gone, Otetiani climbed in the window at the back of the hut. Rob pointed to his chains in despair, but with a mighty heave, Otetiani pulled the bed frame asunder and Rob was free. Rob was naked, but Otetiani gave him no time to find his breeches and pull them on. They escaped through one of the open sections in the stockade fencing.

They reached the fringe of trees at the opposite side of the fort from the burning Huron encampment without any of the British soldiers seeing them. Eight of Otetiani's handpicked braves he'd taken on the raid were waiting for them there. A loss of four, but several fewer than Otetiani had calculated would be killed in the raid. There were ten of them, including Rob, and only nine horses. Without a moment's hesitation, Otetiani took Rob up on his horse with him and snuggled the young man into his lap. He barked orders to his braves and they all started to file quietly away from the area of the fort. When they'd forded a river, Otetiani barked again and his braves took off in a gallop in three different directions.

None of them were with Otetiani and Rob now, though. The two rode on through the night. Rob gradually became aware that Otetiani was getting hard. And the savage's tool was free of his codpiece. That monster cock of his was rising up the small of Rob's back, and they were losing speed. The Indian warrior's palm had been on Rob's belly for many miles, helping to hold the young man steady on the horse, but now it was wrapped around Rob's cock and the young man was being stroked off has they cantered across the meadows.

Winston was trembling and becoming fully aroused. The horse was still cantering along in a rolling motion, but Otetiani raised Rob's hips, and when he brought them back down, Rob's ass channel was sinking onto that huge, thick cock. The cock was moving inside Rob's channel to the rhythm of the horse's gait. It was all too much for the young red head. He ejaculated onto the silky mane of the horse's lower neck. Otetiani stopped the horse at that point and slid off. He pulled Rob off and laid him down on the soft ground in a field of clover on his back. He unstrapped a rolled-up blanket that had been on the horse's rump and wedged it under Rob's buttocks so that his hips were raised, his legs were spread, and his back was flat on the ground. The Indian chieftain knelt between Rob's legs; he propped a heavily muscled arm on the ground on each side of Rob's torso and his face hovered over Rob's. His hair was loose and cascaded down onto Rob's chest in long strands. Otetiani leaned down and kissed each of Rob's nipples in turn and then he looked directly into Rob's eyes.

This was no ceremony or necessary action. Otetiani wanted him. And he wanted to know if Rob would receive him with the same need. Rob reached down between them and took Otetiani's hard cock in both hands and guided it inside his channel. He closed his sphincter muscle over the base of the huge bulb when it had moved inside him and then drew the cock in slowly with his channel muscles, causing the walls to ripple over the throbbing cylinder. Otetiani's eyes opened wide and a big smile spread across his face, and then he lowered his face to Rob's and, for the first time, they kissed deeply, while Otetiani began to stroke hard and deep inside the young man.

Waves of pleasurable sensation rolled through Rob's body. He was fucked often and had more or less become numb to it, but no one had the length and thickness and

strength of this man and a half. Or the staying power, as Rob learned when he was ridden and ridden and ridden while he writhed and bucked against the master fuck. Nor had any previous lover had the recovery power, when after multiple spoutings inside him, the Indian chief returned almost instantaneously to the saddle and rode him some more. The twelve fuckings of Otetiani's virile warriors hadn't left Rob this exhausted or satiated.

* * * *

The Shewan raid on the Huron chief's camp was fully accepted as an act of war by the Iroquois nation itself, and a third of Burgoyne's forces that he'd been welding together to wipe out the revolutionary forces in the Mohawk Valley evaporated into internecine warfare. The failure of half of the total forces of the campaign—General Howe's troops that now were occupying Philadelphia—to materialize at all put an end to any hopes of a knockout invasion from Canada. Weeks later Burgoyne surrendered his troops upon taking too few men into battle at the Battle of Saratoga, and the bottom had dropped out of Britain's strategy to hold on to its American colonies.

Rob Winston went on to Albany, where Colonel Hampton thought he'd been all along, and when he was fully healed and returned to Hampton's camp to take up his duties as Hampton's aide and lover once more, he was all congratulations on the miracles from heaven Hampton described to him that had made the British forces evaporate before the American forces in the Mohawk Valley.

“Yes, yes, the gods have been good to us,” Rob whispered. He moaned as the colonel’s tongue moved up his inner thigh and his lips closed over the young man’s cock. Rob began to rotate his hips and murmured his pleasure at the fingers invading his entrance, preparing him for the second fucking of the night, the love fucking, given almost apologetically for the brutality of the earlier tension-release fucking.

Rob glanced over toward the entrance of the tent, hoping to be able to see the hint of leather fringe and feathers there. Otetiani had been here earlier in the evening, and Hampton was making him wait to give his report until after his had taken his evening pleasure with his aide.

Rob spread his legs and arched his back and wrapped his arms around his lover’s shoulders, as Hampton’s hard dick started its slide into Rob’s hole. Rob cried out and moaned for the colonel’s invasion, knowing this would please his colonel.

He looked back through the shadows to the tent opening. Yes, Otetiani was still there.

Later, after Otetiani had given his report and when a satiated Colonel Hamilton was snoring on his camp bed, Rob stole out into the night, beyond the staked horses, to the special tree to the waiting arms and the hours of riding the wave of ecstasy on the monster cock of his savage master.

Clouds and Rain

(Opening of China to the West)

I didn't believe the Chujen, and I was confused. I was being trained for clouds and rain at the spring festival, as was Bao. My training and preparation had been exacting, and I had already pleasured with the kiss of the yangchu act most of the important and famous men who would be bidding at the seed sowing ceremony to take me into my first clouds and rain. But all contact with these jen had been under the watchful eyes of the master of the House of the Green Dragon, the Chujen, to ensure that I remained pure of the clouds and rain and did not lose my chenchieh, my chastity, until the ceremony. The Chujen had said I had done admirably well with the wiles and enticements that had been taught me and that the bidding and the bidders themselves were in a frenzy of anticipation.

But one night, weeks before the spring festival, the Chujen said my time had come early—and that of Bao as well—and I had been roused before dawn the next day and bathed and shaved clean of everything but a silken skein of pigtailed hair at the back of my head. I had also been perfumed, powdered with the enticement powder, and—when what I thought was just one of Chujen's cruel training exercises and teases turned to the horror of possibility—shown that I would be clothed in the shimmering red brocaded robes of my cloud and rains ceremony.

Chujen had told me of the Kueilo, the foreign ghosts, who had appeared off Haikou inside a monstrous chu'an, floating beneath a billowing cloud. But I didn't believe him or understand what this had to do with me and Bao.

“This is far greater than the spring festival, Gaopu,” he had said. “This spreads the renown of the House of the Green Dragon all the way to the feet of the Shengchang of Hainan.”

I knew nothing of the governor of our island province and cared even less, but the Chujen slapped me for my pouting insolence and continued.

“The Shengchang has been put into a quandary, and he has come to me for a solution. This is an opportunity of generations. And you could not be more honored if your chenchieh could be renewed every spring for the highest bidder. In fact, with the favoring of the Shengchang, the bidding on you should go up now, although I will have to do some fast training and preparation of another for the spring festival.”

I opened my newly rouged lips to speak, but, seeing the expression on my face, the Chujen slapped me again, sending clouds of white powder into the air and a flurry of house servants scurrying about to repair the damage so quickly done to their hours of work on my face. As luck had it, I still was naked in the wake of the powdering. I would have had better luck if I already had been wound into my red robes. Chujen wouldn’t have dared ruin those with the spray of white powder. As it was, he was wasting a fortune. The intoxicating, yangchu-hardening powder was a dear commodity.

“If you are successful, I may send you to Haikou, to the Shengchang, who has made certain requests. He is the one who selected you for this assignation. If you fail the House of the Green Dragon, I will turn you out into the streets of Xinzhou, where the fishermen of the town will know what to do with you.”

I remained unimpressed. He often threatened me with the randy fisherman of the town below our cliff. He had invested too much in me for that to be a real threat. At the

worst, he would sell me to some dried-up ancient with no seed, flatulence, and a limp yangchu.

"We are to provide delay," Chujen informed me. "You are to make the Kueilo who appears for you to dally as long as possible. the Shengchang does not know if the vessel is a shangchu'an or a chunch'an, a merchant ship or a war ship. There have been rumors of these Kueilo appearing at the fringes of the Central Kingdom, but never here. In either case, they must be made to turn away or go down to the depths of the sea. The Shengchang has sent queries to the emperor, but the situation is momentous; he must know if he can simply kill them or not."

I adopted my humblest look and kowtowed at the Chujen's feet. "But I don't understand, Chujen. Why are they coming here to Xinzhou? We are simply the pleasure resort for Haikou. What do we have to do with such momentous affairs?"

The Chujen patiently tried to explain, which in itself made me worry. Such reasonableness was not in keeping with the Chujen's nature. "Panicked for delaying tactics, the Shengchang saw the eyes of the Kueilo's Ch'uanchu, ship's captain, light up at the offer of a respite of clouds and rain. And he chose the House of the Green Dragon over other pleasures. And the Shengchang insisted on purity—in short, our spring offerings for the seed sowing ceremony—you and Bao."

Still I did not believe the Chujen. Still I thought this was some sort of conditioning joke he was having. That it was all part of the ritual. What did the outer world have to do with our small pleasure house high on the cliffs over the Xinzhou lagoon?

But later that afternoon, as I reclined on pillows on the veranda of the Vermilion Pavilion overlooking the sea, trying my best not to transfer any of the enticement

powder to the red brocade of my ceremonial robes, I began to believe. I could not believe what I was seeing at first. A giant sea bird slowly appeared from around the eastern point of rocks and glided toward the lagoon, guided in by a red barge of the Shengchang that I recognized from his earlier visits to the House of the Green Dragon. A towering, black-wood vessel driven by billowing clouds of white gossamer.

Bao was by my side, in robes of darkest emerald blue. He shrank from the sight of the giant, floating bird and began to breathe heavily. But I was mesmerized by the sight. And aroused. I had always been scolded for my fantasies and attraction to danger, but these were the same traits that had me here, at the pinnacle of empowerment. There was no more luxurious life or power over powerful men than the life of a clouds and rain master.

As Bao's nervousness grew with the far-off vision of figures in strange, black, close-fitting clothing roping down into the House of the Green Dragon launch that had been sent out to their vessel to fetch them, my interest and curiosity grew.

For what seemed to be hours but was only a short time, we could hear the Kueilo being ceremoniously welcomed in the reception rooms below us. We heard the wheedling, smooth tones of the Chujen, covered by a raucous cacophony of hard, guttural sounds from the Kueilo. It was obvious that neither understood the other, but as the voices of the foreign ghosts grew louder and their speech slurred, we understood that the Chujen had managed to place them under the spell of our special wine, spiced to loosen nerves and cares and enervate the yangchu.

And then two of them were there in the entrance to the Vermilion Pavilion, one on each side of the Chujen, and with a semicircle of slack-jawed and murmuring tunic-clad house servants behind them.

They were both monstrous. The taller of the two, quite evidently the Chu'anchu, was a Hungmao, a red-haired devil. I had read of such in the classics, but they were monsters from beyond the pale. He stood there, a full head taller than the Chujen. And such a head it was. Fully encircled with bright red, curly hair—on top and down the sides and under his chin and his nose. Broad shouldered and thin waisted, he was swathed in clinging sweat-soaked, rough black coat, under coat, and leggings and heavy black, shiny boots, which were not merely exotic, but they also must be stifling in the heat of our subtropical island province. I could smell him from here. A meat eater. Underneath the hair and clothing, I could see that the man was of palest hue, the source of the name that had been given to these recent interlopers on our world—THE world: ghost.

The other man, not much taller than the Chujen, but much thicker, all hard muscle, in the body and similarly clothed to the other Kueilo, stood beside and slightly back from the Hungmao, another signal of who was the most important. This second foreign ghost had hair of the tawniest gold, not an auspicious color. We had legends of other such golden-haired men visiting from the outside, beyond the edge of the civilized world, across the deserts to the west, in times past. But they had been famous for their cruelty, and we had absorbed and destroyed them as they deserved. This Kueilo standing before us, one step back from his Chu'anchu, exuded this sense of cruelty. He

had a gold ring in one ear and a black patch over one eye, and a leering stare that bore right through Bao and me.

Bao shrank against me, but I looked out at the Kueilo with disdain and with a haughtiness that I had been taught drove some men wild with wanting. I felt all tingly, ready for the challenge of my Shengchang. But the men smelled to high heaven. Before I could stomach even pleasuring either one of them in a kiss of the yangchu act, they would have to be cleaned. And I told the Chujen so in no uncertain terms. His eyes flashed, but he realized, I am sure, that there were limits to what I could do with an unwashed meat eater. Besides, as I was soon to find out, he had already anticipated that need.

As soon as I had spoken, the eyes of both Kueilo focused on me and both smiled that smile I had already seen a hundred times at the House of the Green Dragon. They both wanted me. But it was the pale blue eyes of the Hungmao Ch'uanchu that I met with mine, and I knew in an instant the pairings were settled.

If I had known beforehand what happened then, I would have acted differently. But the future, even the immediate future, is not for solitary Chungkuojen—Chinese man—like me to know. This is knowledge reserved to the emperor or at least one of no lower in the order than the Shengchang.

The Chujen motioned for Bao and me to rise and part. I was waved toward the eastern chamber off the Vermilion Pavilion and Bao toward the western chamber. The Chujen nudged the Hungmao toward the east and the golden Kueilo toward the west, which they both immediately acknowledged and acceded to. The house servants split

behind the Chujen, one half gliding toward the eastern chamber and the other half toward the western chamber.

I heard Bao mutter a cut-off exclamation as he and the golden Kueilo both reached the entrance to the western chamber. This was unheard of—for a clouds and rain master to say anything at this stage of the act—and my head snapped around at the sound. The golden Kueilo had already laid hands on Bao. When Bao involuntarily shrank away from him, the golden Kueilo backhanded him across the cheek with such a mighty blow that Bao was propelled through the entrance of the eastern chamber. The golden Kueilo turned and gave the house servants moving in his direction a menacing look that stopped them dead in their tracks, and they retreated, backing away from him and bowing low at the waist, their eyes wild with fear and surprise, but firmly cast to the their shuffling feet.

My eyes went to the Chujen for reaction. Under normal circumstances, he would have used his martial arts skills to neutralize such a crass and out-of-control patron. But, though I could see that Chujen's jaw was set and his body tensed on the edge, he did nothing. That's when I knew this was a reality. That all he had said about the directive from the Shengchang and the importance of delaying the Kueilo's return to Haikou was true. True and necessary. Important. Perhaps vital to maintaining civilization as we knew it.

The sounds from the western chamber were rending. The tearing of cloth—which I could see was tearing equally at the Chujen, something I could well understand, knowing the price of a spring ceremonial robe—the crude gruntings of the Kueilo in immediate and full rut, and the cries of Bao, cries that were unthinkable in the House of

the Green Dragon, told me in no uncertain terms that the clouds and rain had already started in the western chamber and that Bao' chenchieh—his chastity—was as good as undone already. I knew that any delay was now entirely mine to provide.

At the doorway to the eastern chamber, I turned and looked up into the pale blue eyes of the Hungmao and tried to convey with every fiber of my being that he would have me but not in the way and at the pace that the golden Kueilo was having Bao. He seemed to understand, and I was heartened to get the impression that he took his pleasures at a much more easy pace than his compatriot did.

At the interior end of the eastern chamber was a bathing tub with steaming water in it. At the open end overlooking the Xinzhou lagoon was a pallet of red silk with mountains of red silk pillow cushions, the home of the clouds and rain, where I would lose my chenchieh.

The Hungmao stood in the center of the room, an amused look on his face, and his arms outstretched and legs in a wide stance, as the house servants slowly but methodically figured out how to unclothe him. The Chujen stood in the doorway from the Vermilion Pavilion, watching the Hungmao being disrobed. He would stand there and observe until the completion of the first clouds and rain. It was his duty to do so—to observe and record the time and place of my loss of chenchieh. It would be marked in vermilion ink, the highest honor—at the pleasure of the Shengchang. Even higher than a link to the spring festival seed sowing ceremony would have been. It added stacks of hsienchien, cash, to my worth for each subsequent clouds and rain assignation.

The Chujen obviously could not observe the moment for Bao, which, from the sounds from the other chamber had already taken place and was moving into a second

taking, but the Chujen was a modern jen of practicality. He would simply record what he hadn't actually seen and he knew that I would not naysay him, even though it was my duty to do so; he knew that I would not subject Bao to that dishonor and loss of future status.

My eyes were also on those of the Hungmao. His eyes were focused on me. He wanted to see my reaction to his nakedness. And, trained as I was, I was already prepared to respond with embarrassment and awe. I was trained to do this for a eunuch or castrati, if faced with that in this situation and they had been given access to me by the Chujen. I needed no training to fall back on, though. The Hungmao was huge in ways I had never seen before. His body was well formed and hard and bulging in muscles, obviously from hard, honest work. He was covered in red, curly hair everywhere. And his yangchu was the heaviest and longest I'd ever seen.

I gulped and my eyes went wide open and my jaw slack—all movements I'd been trained in but movements that came naturally under these circumstances. And my reaction pleased the Hungmao, which I could readily see as his yangchu rose parallel with the matting under us and filled out impossibly larger.

He went into the bath with the help of the house servants. A couple of these carried off his clothing, undoubtedly to be double boiled, and the other house servants began scrubbing him in earnest. The past year's spring festival master, Wangan, glided into the room with willowy stride and knelt beside the tub. His hands went into the soapy water, and I watched the Hungmao's eyes slit and the pleasure fan out across his face as Wangan enclosed his hands around the Hungmao's yangchu and began to stroke.

It was my time then. I stood there, between the tub and the sea, between the Hungmao and the pallet of my chenchieh farewell and untied my obi and began to slowly unwind my red ceremonial robe and the deep purple under robe. I took a long time doing this, and the Hungmao's eyes were glued to my form the entire time. I could hear him sighing from where I stood from the ministrations of Wangan's delicate, expert hands and fingers on the Kueilo's yangchu. Almost as if not realizing what he was doing, the Hungmao had one hand searching inside the folds of Wangan's robes, where he obviously found what he was looking for and was stroking it. His other hand was lifted above his head and had snaked into the tunic of one of the house servants scrubbing at him and had exposed and was tweaking a nipple.

After a slow, orchestrated, long-practiced performance of revealing myself, I stood there before him, the folds of the red and purple robes swirling around my feet, my hands on my hips and swaying ever so imperceptively from side to side. I was perhaps half his size. Lithe and willowy, but muscle hard from years of ever-higher-level tai chi practice. Naked and completely shaved. The pert little yangchu and ball sac that Chungkuojen so highly prized in their clouds and rain masters. I worried briefly if this would please a Kueilo as well, but the look he cast on my revealed body left no doubt that he did. As was wanted in a spring festival master, I had the years of an adult but the body of a youth.

The Kueilo lost all interest in Wangan and the house servant and, indeed, in his bath, although, happily he had been scrubbed sufficiently already. He rose up and stepped out of the tub. Wangan had done well. That and the effect of my own disrobing

had caused the Hungmao's yangchu to rise and fill out to rival the most virile of the stud horses in the House of the Green Dragon's stables.

I moved breathlessly to him, kneeling before him and gently enclosing the base of his yangchu in my small fists, one above the other, and still leaving more than I thought my mouth could accommodate. In a rustle of naked feet and soft silk, I sensed more than heard Wangan and the house servants evaporate beyond the bamboo screens.

For the next several minutes, as the Hungmao sighed and growled and rocked back and forth on the pads of his gigantic feet and breathed heavily and noisily, he moved my head between his enormous paws while I entertained him with everything I had learned in the art of the kiss of the yangchu.

He was getting bigger and bigger and was pumping ever more rapidly with his yangchu inside my mouth. My hands went to his heavy orbs. I could hardly enclose them in my hands, they were so large and tightly balled. None that I had handled before now were anything like this size. The Kueilo was a monster of a man, and I was wondering if he was typical of his people or a monster among them as well as I felt his bulbous knob pressing against the back of my throat.

I lightly squeezed on the orbs, wanting him to drain himself now, before the clouds and rain, to delay that. Every moment of delay was precious time. I understood that now.

But, with a roar, the Hungmao, pulled me up and off his throbbing yangchu. He turned me and pushed me down on all fours, and I understood that he was going to invade me right there and then.

That could not be, though. Our customs rules were quite explicit. I must lose my chenchieh on the red pallet across the chamber. I heard Chujen quietly exclaim, obviously making the same point. But I didn't need him to remind me of the ceremony requirements. I had been studying these for four season cycles.

I broke free somehow and half crawled and half scuttled toward the red pallet. The Hungmao misinterpreted, assuming, I'm sure, that he had frightened me too much and that I was trying to escape. The renewed cries from the other chamber across the Vermilion Pavilion only added credence to this thought. Bao was being plowed hard and rough now, as he was loudly and plaintively complaining of—just like a stable boy, completely wiping away his dignity and social status. I could only hope that only the Chujen and I remained to hear of his dishonoring—that the house servants were well beyond hearing. But I knew that was hopeless thought. All that comforted me was knowing that any house servant heard gossiping about this night would lose his tongue—and maybe his yangchu as well.

The Hungmao reached me and toppled me down on my belly in a cloud of white powder as I reached the red silk pallet. I did, manage, however to pull up onto the pallet on my hands and knees as the Hungmao encased my hips between his strong knees.

I heard the rustle of the Chujen's robes as he decorously approached with a pot of scented clouds and rain ointment and calmed the Hungmao long enough to convey that he was trying to aid the inevitable act. The Hungmao held me down on all fours with one arm wrapped around my chest as he crouched over me and invaded my tight and virginal anus with lubricated fingers as the Chujen worked ointment on the Hungmao's prodigious, throbbing yangchu.

I had the sense then of being in the embrace of a silken-pelted bear as the Chujen faded back to the entrance of the chamber and the Hungmao held the bulbous head of his yangchu to my back entrance in an encasing, directing fist.

The Hungmao panted hard as he worked himself inside me, and I panted even harder and suppressed my groans and moans as best I could as he did so. The groaning and moaning was meant to be saved for later, when the patron was fully saddled and was stroking and needed to hear that he was the master of the Central Kingdom.

But I could not help it. I cried out in pain and invasion, nothing like this having been part of what I had learned over the last four season cycles. Although, to rights, no one involved in my training could have been known that I was destined to lose my chenchieh to a monster horse foreign ghost yangchu.

“I must not faint,” I kept repeating to myself. “I must pleasure him with my body for as long as possible.” I gritted my teeth and took him inside me and clenched my entrance muscles as I had been taught and listened in triumph to him gasp in pleasure at that. And then, as he sank in and in and in, I tried, through the wall of pain, to conjure up all of the exercises I had learned to control the muscles inside me. To make them ripple around and across his yangchu, to make internal love to his manhood as I had been taught to do. The clouds, the important clouds before the rain—the beating of one cloud against the other, the friction that brought on the rain, with the greater the cloud beating the greater the rain.

He groaned and gasped in pleasure and his lips went to the hollow of my neck, where they ingested the enticement powder. He murmured and sighed and moaned,

and I felt the powder working in the impossible reality that he grew even larger inside me.

His horse yangchu slid back and forth, shallow and then deep, to the surface and then diving down, down, down and holding as my muscles contracted around him and worked on his yangchu.

I could hear Bao screaming out that he was being split asunder and that his insides were being flooded—again—from the other chamber, and I began to wiggle my hips, no longer in as much pain as at the beginning. Something else was moving inside me now. Wanting. Actually wanting this clouds and rain. I was working the clouds—the touching and the sighing and the moaning and the movement under him and back against him as he thrust, meeting him thrust for thrust now. Listening to his ragged breathing. Giving him the best clouds he had ever received. Living up to the reputation of the House of the Green Dragon.

Then the rains came. The Hungmao cried out in ecstasy and the rains came. Deep inside me. He collapsed on top of me, pushing me down on my belly on the red silk pallet, and I heard the rustling of the Chujen's robes as he left us, his official duties finished—back to his dark room and his vermilion ink and his triumphant collection of a favor from the Shengchang, a favor that could sustain the House of the Green Dragon for generations to come.

I heard Bao crying out from the other chamber. That his wrists had been tied and he was doubled over the rim of the unused tub and was being roughly entered again and again and again. That the golden Kueilo smelled vile and cruelly bit and had a yangchu thicker than the pillars in the Vermilion Pavilion. That his rains were a flood.

But there was nothing I could do for Bao now. I had to delay the departure of the vessel. And I knew it would not leave without its captain. Perhaps if I could detain him even for a night.

The Hungmao rolled off me and he lay on his back, still panting. Gathering all of the resolve and resources I could, I sat up and moved my head over his heaving chest and started to lick his nipples and set his red chest hair a swirl. My hands danced over his torso and down to his yangchu, still huge but now in repose. I needed to coax him into clouds and rain again. I needed him to believe that only with me could he accomplish rapid recovery and multiple clouds and rain. Wanting to stay with me as long as possible. I knew this was vital to the pride of any man, Chungkuojen or Kueilo. All the same in the vanity realm. Entice three clouds and rain in an assignation, and the man is yours forever.

I put an arm around his neck and lifted his mouth to my nipple. He sucked and licked while I worked my other hand across his cheek. I moved his mouth around the nipple, coaxing him to ingest more of the enticement powder, which he did. This had the desired effect, in consort with my stroking, on his yangchu. He was regaining virility. I stroked the slit in the head of his yangchu with the tip of my finger and he gasped and began to writhe in pleasure, his life’s fluid beginning to bubble up onto my finger. I would feel him trembling at the knowledge that there would be a second clouds and rain so soon after the first. He already was nearly mine.

After I’d heard the last gurgling cry from Bao from across the Vermilion Pavilion, followed by an ominous silence, I felt more than saw the presence of the golden Kueilo

at the entrance to the eastern chamber. I could hear his ragged breathing. I knew he was watching the Hungmao and me deeply entering our second clouds and rain.

The Hungmao was kneeling, sitting back on his calves and facing out toward the sunset over the Xinzhou lagoon. He was holding me, like a small doll, in front of him, me facing the lagoon as well, my knees leveraging off the surface of the red-silk pallet, body arched out, and my anus sliding up and down on the Hungmao's rejuvenated yangchu. Up and down, endlessly. I no longer was in pain. I was enjoying the taking. I wondered if I would ever be swallowing a member this large ever again. Stretching for him. Perfecting the skills of internal muscle massage of a throbbing horse yangchu of impossible size and strength.

The Hungmao was sighing and groaning contentedly.

A shadow fell on me, and I no longer could see the lagoon. What I saw now was a short, thick yangchu jutting out of a thick thatch of golden hair. I almost gagged at the thickness and smelliness of the second Kueilo's yangchu as he pushed it between my lips. But this was no time for niceties. I gave him quite satisfactory kiss of the yangchu attention too. I was determined to keep them here as long as possible. If Bao had failed, I could only try to succeed.

The golden Kueilo grabbed my pigtail and forced my head back and he pushed hard down inside my mouth with his yangchu. The Hungmao, between pants of his own, spoke sharply at the golden one in that ugly guttural language of theirs, though, and the golden Kueilo released my pigtail.

The virile Hungmao was still sliding me up and down on his yangchu when the golden one released his seed inside my mouth. He brought his mouth down to mine and

sucked his fluid from inside my mouth in a lips-on-lips invasion that we almost never performed between men at the House of the Green Dragon. But if it delayed their parting for even a moment, I would do it. I returned his kiss and stifled my surprise and pain when he bit me on the lip.

The golden one knelt down before me, and I felt his fingers forcing their way inside my anus alongside the sliding yangchu of the Hungmao. He was stroking his own yangchu back to thickness with his other hand, and for a brief moment I panicked at the sure knowledge that he intended his yangchu to join that of the Hungmao's inside me.

But the Hungmao spoke gruffly to the golden one, and he pulled his fingers from me and stood and moved toward the door. Then he turned and spoke to his master. I knew from what he was saying that he was telling the Hungmao it was time for them to return to the vessel in the lagoon.

I tightened my internal muscles on the Hungmao's yangchu inside me and turned his lips to mine and gave him lip-to-lip attention for the first time in our clouds and rain. He reacted with surprise and pleasure, and then I took his head and buried his lips into my shoulder, where there still was some enticement powder lingering, and which he tasted. He was lost to me then.

He and the golden Kueilo exchanged hurried and angry words. As they spoke, I performed the fan movement of the clouds and rain. In one deft, lithe movement, I turned on the Hungmao's yangchu to where I was facing him and, at the same time, pushed him down onto his back, with his muscle-bulging hairy legs now stretched out toward the lagoon.

With the golden Kueilo still angrily talking and gesturing and the Hungmao groaning loudly in ecstasy and his pale-blue eyes revolving wildly in their sockets, I began to ride his yangchu hard with revolving hips and rippling internal muscles. The golden one gave up in disgust and departed, while his captain writhed in deep lust under me. The Hungmao flooded me once more with his essence soon thereafter.

He drifted off to sleep hours later after the third clouds and rain, in which I lay on my back, my hips raised by red silk pillows, my legs flared out wide, and the Hungmao on his knees on the red pallet between my legs, looking out at the now-furled sails of his vessel riding quietly in the lagoon and moving his hips back and forth, rhythmically and forever while I sighed and moaned for him, letting him know he was the most masterful jen in the Central Kingdom. Holding him enthralled with every trick I had learned.

I performed clouds and rain, each time in a different position and ever more intricately, holding the Hungmao's total attention between replenishment meals supplied by a delighted Chujen, for the next three days and nights.

When the Hungmao finally descended to his vessel, stiff legged and humming, on the fourth day, I was at the edge of the veranda of the Vermilion Pavilion, only slightly happy to see him go. He had a yangchu such as I would never again ride, a yangchu that the Chujen would have expertly measured in length and thickness in his mind and in his handling during the clouds and rain ointment application and would record on my record of capability. But it wasn't just the size of him that enhanced my value to the House of the Green Dragon; as my clouds and rain became more inventive, he had become more and more gentle and lost to me. If the Shengchang had instructed

that he be held here forever, I could have managed that—and would have been content doing it.

I could part from him with the knowledge that my fortune and legend was now made, not just in the house of the Green Dragon, but beyond the pleasure resort of Xinzhou—perhaps even beyond the province of Hainan. I could dream of being lionized to the emperor himself. Perhaps I could dream of serving the yangchu needs and desires of the son of heaven himself.

But as much as I had come to enjoy the Hungmao's horse yangchu churning inside me, I was Chungkuojen to the very fiber of me. I sensed that these Kueilo, these foreign ghosts, were devils to be avoided and kept away from the purity of my land. At least I could rest in the knowledge that my four days of delay had given the Shengchang the time he needed to devise plans to eradicate this threat—to ensure that no Kueilo ghost ships would enter Xinzhou's lagoon or the bays of any other city in the Central Kingdom ever again.

Pirated

(From the shores of Tripoli)

I had thought we were well away, safely bound for Boston through the gate of Gibraltar at last from taking on a precious load of ivory from the Barbary Coast, and that I could now entrust the helm to Nelson and go below for some long-overdue randy business. And I was also just about home free with the tasty wench the lads had brought on board for me from Tripoli when the attack started.

After some mouth play, the wench hadn't objected in the least when I'd unlaced her bodice and started giving her ripe melons the attention they deserved. We were entwined together in the window seat of my vessel's fantail, and, forward lass that she was, she had unbuttoned my codpiece herself, fished out my Johnny, and was making it thick and hard with her stroking hands. I bunched up her crinolines, was delighted to find she was wearing no undergarments, and dove to her luscious pink clit with my lips.

When she was wet and wild, I stood away from her and stripped off my breeches. I was now standing completely naked before her except for my black leather boots, and she was admiring my manhood. She entreated me to come into her quickly and deeply, and I was making my final approach when all hell broke loose on the deck above me. It was clear that we were being boarded in the night, and it seemed equally clear that my men were outnumbered. We had been warned of that the Barbary pirating was on the upswing, and I knew that our new nation was on the point of taking up arms with the North African chieftains responsible for this outrage. But right that this moment, that gave me no solace.

I had no time to do more than grab up my short sword and turn to the door, when that same door burst open and Black Ned, my Nubian cook and valet, spun into the room. My slight but well-formed and flinty Nubian companion was being closely engaged in hand-to-hand sword combat by a swarthy pirate twice his size. Spinning in behind Black Ned's assailant was one for me too, a muscle-bound Scandinavian giant twice the size of Black Ned's opponent, stripped to the waist and covered in tattoos. A black giant of a man tried to swarm in behind him, but was stopped in the doorway because the cabin was hardly big enough to hold the combatants and petrified lady already in attendance.

Black Ned ran his opponent through the gut with his sword, leaving no doubt that the man had been dispatched. At the same time, my sword tip found a soft spot near the abdomen of the Scandinavian. As both men fell, the black giant found room to enter and pierced Black Ned's side with his sword. I pulled my own sword out of the Scandinavian and sliced at the black giant's sword arm just as he was preparing to finish Black Ned. This assailant turned to me with a look of surprise and malevolence in his eyes, and I was about to run him through when the doorway was filled with yet another figure.

We now were joined in company by the apparent pirate band leader, a magnificent figure of a man, dressed fancier and more ruffled than his compatriots and honored with the benefit of two flintlock pistols rather than cutlery. I heard a loud noise and saw a puff of smoke enveloping the visage of this late-arriving figure, and all went black.

When I became half conscious again, my first sensation was of a burning sensation in my scalp above my ear, where the ball had grazed my head and laid me out cold. My next memory was of the screaming from the adjacent cabin of the wench I'd nearly won. Clearly someone else was reaping what I had carefully sown. My third memory was the most painful of all. My hands were tied off with rope above my head around a leg of my captain's desk in the center of the cabin, and I was stretched out on the desk, belly to wood. I felt an excruciating pain in my intestines and soon became aware that the fancy pirate chief had his cock up my ass and was churning away inside me.

He and his men had caught me in a distinct disadvantage of total nakedness other than my leather boots when they had penetrated my cabin, and the pirate chief must have taken a instant liking to what he saw, obviously preferring me to the woman other members of his crew were playing with in the adjacent cabin. Now he was penetrating me deeply, and I was not at all accustomed to being used in this way. He pulled my head back toward him with a grip on the hair I had tied off in a tail, arching my back. With his other hand, he brutally turned my head to him and possessed my mouth with his churning and searching tongue until I was near unto gagging. He continued to pump away madly at my ass. At length, he let loose of my head and moved his hands down to my pecs on either side, and dug long fingernails into the aureoles surrounding my nipples.

To try to block out the pain from my brutal taking, I looked into the corner of the cabin, where the black giant, a rough bandage around his sliced arm the only clothes he now was wearing, was force-feeding a long and hard, but not terribly thick cock into

Black Ned's mouth. Black Ned was on his knees, his chest was covered in blood from his own wound, and the black giant was holding a knife under his chin to encourage Black Ned to give him good suck.

I screamed and writhed back and forth, successfully causing the pirate chief's long and thick cock to dislodge from my ass, but the struggling served me not. The pirate chief turned me onto my back on the table and rendered me unconscious again with two heavy fist blows to the face. When I regained consciousness, he was fucking me in the ass again, but this time I was below him on my back and he was wish-boning my legs out and up from my body. When he saw that I was conscious, he pushed my legs down along my body, my toes point toward my head, and brought his own torso down on top of mine and attacked my nipples and my mouth with his teeth. He was looking into my eyes and grinning a silly grin and clearly enjoying the yelp I gave with every deep thrust he made with his cock.

All I could hear from the other cabin was weak sobbing and boisterous laughter from more than one male voice. But then I heard a piercing scream cut off at its apex, and I started to struggle once more to get out of the clutches of the pirate chief and to do whatever I could, albeit belatedly, to right this wrong being done to the woman I'd been dallying with.

The pirate chief's fist went to the wound in my head, and I saw fireworks, felt maddening pain, and fainted once more.

This time when I awoke, I was out on the open deck, strung up with rope around both wrists, which were tied off on the rigging of a mast overhead. Black Ned was similarly tied off, facing me, not more than twenty feet away. The pirate chief stood

between us, at a right angle to us, his legs splayed out a wide stance, a satisfied smirk on his face, and his arms crossed on his chest, a flintlock in each hand. He was stripped to the waist, showing a magnificent barrel chest, and his horse-hung cock still dangled from his open codpiece. I wondered that all of that had been stuffed up me, but the searing pain in my ass canal left me little doubt that it had been.

I watched in horror and fascination as the black giant fucked the slight Nubian, Black Ned, from behind with his long, long cock. With their disparity of size, I thought that surely the cock was making its way into Ned's stomach. The black giant was bent at the knees and was swinging Black Ned's butt back onto his battering ram of a cock with beefy hands lodged unto the smaller man's thighs. Black Ned obviously wasn't enjoying this treatment nearly as much as the black giant was.

Seeing that I was awake again, the pirate chief came around behind me and entered me again with his cock, sliding in to the hilt and sending ripples of pain—and, yes, of pleasure too—around my ass walls. Two of his men held my legs out while the pirate chief plowed me yet again. The pirate chief wrapped his arms around me, buried his lips and teeth into the side of my neck, and his hands, now bereft of his flintlocks, locked onto my manhood. I was greatly embarrassed that my cock hardened up for him and that I spilt my seed on the rough planks of the vessel's deck.

The black giant grew bored with his fucking of Black Ned and pulled away from him. The pirate chief suddenly tensed and bathed my insides with his cum. He then pulled out of me as well and returned to his stance between us. Waving a reacquired flintlock in Black Ned's direction, the pirate chief declared that Black Ned had killed one

of his best men. “What then,” he asked his assembled men, “should we do with him?” The word “death” rang around the deck.

“How about death by belaying pin?” the pirate chief asked in a ringing voice, and boisterous assents were given all around. At a signal, one of the other pirates brought out a belaying pin that was well over a foot long and several inches thick, which I watched only so far in his journey to Black Ned’s passage, and then I had to look away.

After Black Ned had been dispatched, the pirate chief’s flintlock then turned to me, and he told the two men I had wounded and who now were naked except for the dressings on their wounds that they could have at me together if they liked in compensation for their wounds. They obviously liked, because the Scandinavian approached me from the rear, with his long, thick manhood at attention, and the black giant, with his longer but thinner cock, also at attention, approached me from the front. Other ruffians lifted and spread my legs wide apart, and two assailants I had supposedly wronged both entered my ass with their ram rods and began fluttering their hands all over my body and each other. The cocks of the two pumped me in counter piston action until both pirates had come, almost simultaneously.

I thought I had been stretched and filled to the limit, but when the two were finished with me and had pulled their dicks out of me with a sucking sound, the pirate chief asked his crew what should be done with the captain of the ship they had just taken. I once more heard the sickening word “death” being proclaimed to the winds.

The pirate chief looked around the deck, obviously searching for something, and then all eyes, including mine, went to the railing around the bridge over my cabin. Each separate section of the railing was topped off by a newel post. Each post was topped

with a round, wooden ball of some four inches in diameter that was commonly used to contain tie offs of ropes from the rigging.

“Death by post ball,” the pirate chief declared in a ringing voice, and all voices but mine agreed with a great deal of mirth. I had no illusion how they planned to use one of those four-inch post balls, and I began to jabber and sob.

“Or perhaps you would prefer this,” the pirate chief announced with a laugh. He then walked back over to me and slid the cold barrel of one of his flintlocks up my ass. With a sickening sensation, I heard him pull the trigger, which was followed by a dull click. The pirate’s crew roared with laughter at this excellent joke, and my knees gave way and I almost fainted again.

The black giant and the Scandinavian were untying my ropes from the rigging and starting to manhandle me up the stairs to the bridge, when there were new shouts heard at the far side of the ship, and we all turned to see yet more sailors, armed to the teeth, coming over the sides.

The harbor master must have noticed the earlier attack on my ship and sent out the small contingent of American marines, I reasoned, as I tore myself from my now-elsewise-occupied tormentors and backed to the far railing.

Looking down into the murky nighttime water, I saw that there where other small, open boats on this side of my vessel. Reinforcements were preparing to come up this side as well, I thought.

I climbed up on the rail and dove into the water, my presence now completely ignored by the pirate chief and crew who had ravished me and killed my companions. They had themselves been caught by surprise and were now fighting for their own lives.

The water was cold, and I was weak from the recent assaults on my body, but I managed to dogpaddle to one of the open boats, where strong arms pulled me up into the boat.

There was only one sailor in the boat. He must have let off his comrades on the other side of my vessel and been sent around on this side for safety and to pick off any of the pirates who had tried to escape this way. He was even bigger and more heavily muscled than the Scandinavian pirate had been. He didn't look the least bit like an American marine. He was stripped to the waist; was covered in tattoos, including a prominent death's head; had a big ring through one ear; and obviously was ready for action.

Boy, was he ever ready for action! It hit me instantly that this was yet another Barbary pirate, just one serving a different master than the one who had originally attacked my ship. He leered at me, and chortled a, "And what do we have here, my lovely?" as he quickly tied off the ropes still around my wrists on hooks at either side of the bow of his open boat. He pulled my pelvis up onto a wooden seat of the boat, allowing my shoulders to hit the bottom of the boat and my head to bounce off the bow's gunwale. Through the piercing pain this head bounce caused in my head wound, I saw him standing above me, unbuttoning his codpiece, and rolling out the longest, thickest cock I'd seen that night—already hardening fast. He knelt down below my buttocks, and I felt a thick finger roughly entering my ass.

The sailor grunted in surprise and pleasure. I needed no preparation for him; my ass was already swimming in the cum of several who had gone before him, and I was lathered up enough to accommodate him. He grabbed my legs in strong hands and

hung them over his shoulders, and I screamed in surprise and pain as he thrust himself into me, plowed his engorging dick to the depths of my ass canal, and started a relentless deep fuck that went on forever as the din of battle roared over our heads.

Bite of the Schlange

(French Revolution)

Jacques, the young comte de la Arbois, nearly fell off his horse, both steed and rider trembling from exhaustion, into the arms of the innkeeper of the small village of Saint-Avold, a hard half-day's ride west of Metz.

"A fresh horse," Jacques muttered feverishly through swollen lips.

"We have such a horse for you," the innkeeper exclaimed. "But you are in no condition to ride on, young sir. Come out of this rain and at least get some hot soup into you before you proceed. Where are you headed?"

"Koblenz. Must reach Koblenz. Family there." the young man answered, although he barely was able to get the words out.

A chill went down the innkeeper's spine. From the quality of the horse and of the young man's dress as well, the innkeeper had immediately formed a suspicion. But knowing the destination was Koblenz in the nearby region of the Germans, where many of the French aristocracy had retreated to escape an appointment with Madame Guillotine, his worse fears were realized. Madame didn't discriminate between the royals and those who aided them in these days of turmoil and revolution. But the man was so young and handsome, and the innkeeper had no intention of being the first in many generations of his family in Saint-Avold to deny a roof and a bit of food to a weary traveler.

"Here's a fresh horse now, sir. But do come inside first for a rest and some food. You look completely worn out."

“The road,” the young man asked with a whisper. “Which road to Koblenz?”

“That one over there, young sir. But you don’t want that one. Trier is closer and you’ll find supporters there as well as Koblenz. And there’s the high forest of Hunsrück in the Saarland between you and Koblenz. You don’t want to go through there.”

The young man stumbled toward the fresh horse.

“High forest? Saarland?” he was muttering as he wearily raised his hand to the saddle of the skittish, but stolid Camargue he had just purchased. Not as well bred as his own, which he was giving over to the innkeeper and which had carried him up the west bank of the Moselle barely ahead of his pursuers. But it nonetheless was a better steed than the innkeeper was likely to provide those who followed.

“The Schlange is reported to be about in that forest, sir. You don’t want to encounter the Schlange.”

The young count was about to ask for clarification, but just then both he and the innkeeper heard the hoof beats of several horses on the cobblestones at the edge of the village.

“Henri,” Jacques cried out in a weak wail. “Why must you pursue me to the ends of the earth?” he whispered in a husky voice toward the darkness. The world that was France was being turned on its head.

The innkeeper quickly helped to swing Jacques into the saddle of the Camargue and gave it a slap on the rump as he turned and ran for the inn, wanting to be innocently inside again before the nobleman’s pursuers appeared. He didn’t even look to see the youth dash off down the road to Koblenz.

Hours later a weary Camargue slowed its pace as it moved ever deeper into the high forest of the Saarland. The young count was slung low on the horse's back, his fever fighting his hunger for prominence of pain, but both being eclipsed by his weariness. He was aware that the horse was slowing down, but at least he was out of France now, and his pursuers, his own serfs who had faithfully served his family for generations and who now had lost their senses, would have stopped at the border.

He had cut his exit almost entirely too short, and he could almost feel the breeze of the falling guillotine blade he had barely escaped. The rest of his family had left weeks ago, but he had stayed to gather and hide as much of the chateau's valuables as he could in safekeeping in anticipation of a quick end of this revolutionary nonsense that surely couldn't last for more than another couple of weeks before the guillotine was satiated and his people realized the horror of mistake they were making. And Henri. Even Henri had lost his mind to this antiaristocracy fervor.

The rain had stopped, but the night was dark, and heavy mist swirled up from the puddles in the narrow dirt road that slithered between the close-knit trees of the Hunsrück.

Jacques couldn't keep his eyes open, and he was slowly losing his grip on the horse. The clop clopping of the bone-tired steed echoed off the tree trunks and droned in Jacques's head. Eventually, he just slipped off the horse onto the soft moss at the verge of the road and his horse kept on moving into the center of the forest.

Untold hours later Jacques barely heard the churning wheels of the black carriage that materialized out of the forest and stopped beside him, but he was aware of the sound of a command in an authoritative, rich voice and of the dark-clad liverymen

who came down from the driver's seat and gently lifted him up and placed him inside the carriage.

When the carriage was once more under way, the voice he had heard again emanated from the darkness of the bench on the other side of the carriage, and Jacques heard the rustling of a silky material. A hand, the arm covered in shiny black, emerged from the darkness. In the hand was a flagon.

"Here, son, drink this. It will sooth you. You look totally spent and in deep fever." The voice was melodious and had a sing song quality to it.

Jacques took the flagon and drank greedily. It was some sort of rich red wine. Delicious to the taste. He couldn't get enough of it.

"And bread. Eat a bit of bread." Once more the hand had appeared from the darkness, offering him a fine, thinly crusted roll that would not have been out of place at the banquet table at Jacques's chateau.

Jacque took the bread and tried to eat it slowly, in keeping with his noble training. But he was famished and it was delicious and he was quickly devouring it like a feral cat.

He would have thought that the bread and wine would give him strength, but they made him even more confused and weary than he had been before, and he found himself drifting off. But he didn't really feel like he was sleeping. It was more like he was numb. No, not numb, because his senses were heightened. But he felt he had little control over his arms and his legs.

The sound of rustling of material boomed through his brain, a heightened sound where it should be muted. And he felt the evening breeze caress his body, his naked

body. But that wasn't the only feeling. The palms and fingers of hands were also caressing his body. Dry, yet strong and sensuous hands moving across his skin, searching out and exploring every crevice and crease and curve of his body. He luxuriated in the touch. His mind was transported back to his furtive meetings and couplings with the chateau's huntsman, Henri, in the hayloft of the estate. And his senses were overtaken with the feeling of the sucking and nipping sensation at his nipples, just as Henri did in the heat of passion. The suckling at his breast turned to a salty taste in his mouth. Lips on his, a foreign tongue pushing his lips apart and exploring the inside of his mouth. The flicking of the tip of a tongue against his inner cheeks.

And the sense of smell heightened as well. The musky smell of desire. The smell of Henri, straight from honest, hard work in the forest. The exhilarating smell of tracking and bringing down a stag to be delivered to the young count with pride. And to be rewarded by Jacques by being led into privacy and having the young nobleman open his legs to his serf. The smell of rut, of straightforward, honest sex. The tang of the sweat of Henri's arm pits, of the first drops of dew on his mushroom cap as Jacques opened his lips to Henri's fine, strong cock. The zesty aroma of Henri's pubes as Jacques's lips reached the root of his manhood. The smell of excitement on Henri's breath as he entered Jacques's ass with his cock and the nobleman's mouth with his tongue.

The overreaching sound of rustling material changed to moaning. The moaning became louder in Jacques's ears. He recognized that sound, the timbre of the moaning.

It was his own. The same moaning he made when Henri entered him and caressed his passage walls with his throbbing member.

By habit Jacques reached out, felt a strong, heavily muscled belly, just like Henri's, and moved his hand across the navel and down. Henri liked for Jacques to take the measure of him and to run his finger around his tool's glans, to guide his cock in and then wrap fingers around its base as it dug into Jacques's passage.

Jacques was confused as he reached for Henri's piece, because he encountered only smooth skin where Henri was heavily thatched. But he was so thoroughly confused by the drugged wine and bread that it did not register that this wasn't Henri.

Jacques began to take the measure of his lover's cock, but this only added to his confusion. He kept moving his hand down the marble-hard shaft, but he couldn't reach the glans. The shock of this filled him with adrenalin, and for a brief moment the haze of the drugs and weariness were pushed aside. He sat straight up from where he had been draped on what was now a bench pulled lengthwise around in the center of the carriage and saw, for the first time, who—or what—had been making love to him.

It was both a monster and a man that materialized out of the darkness of the carriage. He had a magnificent man's physique of god-like proportions but in dim light that shone into the moving carriage, his skin had a green, scaly tinge to it. He had a face that was flat and handsome and ugly all at the same time—nostrils but practically no nose. And as he reared back from the unexpected, if temporary rousing of his prey, his almost-lipless mouth opened and a red, forked tongue darted out.

Jacques shrank back in horror, a horror that was only increased as his eyes descended down the creature's undulating, heavily muscled torso to what he had

between his legs. He had an appendage where a cock would be, but it descended to the floor of the carriage, and Jacques could not see where it stopped.

With a fear-boosted burst of adrenalin, Jacques lunged for the carriage door. He had it open and was poised to jump into what was still a dense and close wall of trees when he felt something like an extraordinarily thick rope wind its way around his chest from below his armpits and pull him back into the carriage.

He looked down as he was being drawn back and he saw, in the moonlight, that the monster's centered appendage, now wrapped around him in a strong grip, did, indeed, end. It unmistakably was a cock, as it ended in a bulbous mushroom cap, not unlike Henri's proud member. But from the piss slit of this mushroom cap flicked a red forked tongue.

Jacques tried to scream as he was drawn back into the carriage by this monstrously long penis wrapped around his chest, but no sound came out.

The monster-man was lying on his back on the bench as Jacques was drawn in and stretched out on top of him. The creature was murmuring to Jacques in that mesmerizing sing song voice now. It wrapped one strong arm around Jacques's back and took possession of Jacques's cock with its other hand and stroked him there.

The creature flicked Jacque's cheeks and the hollow of his neck with his forked tongue as the adrenalin flowed out of Jacques and the drugs, his weariness, and the creature's murmurings slowly lulled him into a state of surrender.

It was almost with a sense of detachment now that Jacques traced the journey of the head of the creature's cock down the small of his back, that flicking red nether tongue tickling supersensitive skin as it descended. The creature's mouth was on

Jacques's, his tongue flicking around on Jacques's inner cheeks when the head of the cock reached and slithered into his channel.

Jacques moaned and groaned as the cock-hose snaked up into him, the forked tongue flicking against his ass passage walls as it invaded and unreeled inside him. The realization of what was happening to him was horrible, but the pleasure of this intense fuck flowed over Jacques and obliterated anything else. He forgot he was weary and was being taken by such an alien being. All of his senses went to the slithering cock snaking up into him farther than Henri had ever reached.

The creature released his arm around Jacques, although the base section of the appendage was still wrapped around Jacques's chest and was contracting and expanding in a way that made Jacques pant in rhythm with the creature, becoming one with the monster. Jacques raised himself up and arched his back and cried out in delight as the head of the monster cock snaked farther into his intestines.

The creature placed a palm of his hand in the center of Jacques's sternum and gently pushed the young nobleman's torso back, so that Jacques was arched back toward the bouncing floor of the carriage, his hair barely touching the floor boards. And then the creature raised up and lowered his mouth onto Jacques's engorged cock and flicked his forked tongue around on the glans. The tongue found Jacques's piss slit and entered him there, flicking in and out, fucking Jacques's cock slit in rhythm with the fucking of his ass canal.

Jacques lost consciousness as he ejaculated into the creature's throat, and the creature, in turn, spit its venom of its cock-hose deep at the center of the young count.

When Jacques awoke from his fevered sleep, he was laying on a clean bed in a small bed chamber. Sunlight was streaming through the window, and two anxious, solid-looking middle-aged men were staring down into his face, their eyes full of concern.

“Ach, Gute, he awakes,” said one to the other.

“Sir, can you hear me? Does anything hurt?” the other said directly to Jacques.

“Where am I?” Jacques asked weakly.

“You are in Netunkirche, in the Saarland, at the edge of the Hunsrück forest,” one of the men answered in German. And then when he saw that Jacques was struggling with the language, he repeated this in broken French.

“Villagers found you at the edge of the forest, on the road from France,” the other said in better French. “A riderless horse had come into the village and we sent men out and you were found.”

“How long? Who? Where?” Jacques said as he unsuccessfully tried to move to a sitting position. He felt sore everywhere, even internally all the way up to his stomach.

“Nein, nicht. No, don’t try to sit up, young man. You’ve been in a high fever for three days. We weren’t sure what had happened to you.”

“Ich glaube yetz es wurde eine Schlange,” one said to the other with a determined, almost truculent tone.

“What? What did he say?” Jacques said to the other man, now suddenly more aware and pulling at his sleeve. “What did he say about a Schlange? Back in the French village the innkeeper had warned me about the forest, using that same word.”

“Schlange,” the second man repeated. “Snake. My friend here has been contending that you must have been bitten by a snake. There are many big and nasty snakes there in the Hunsrück forest. I think it was just a high fever and delirium myself. He and I have been arguing this point ever since you were brought here.”

Jacques wearily fell back onto the bed, more confused now than ever, although he knew that he neither would ever speak of this nor ever again ride through the Hunsrück forest.

Blue in Gray

(American Civil War)

Sergeant Able had been one of the last of the Union soldiers off the North River Bridge over the south fork of the Shenandoah River, where it was formed by the meeting of Broad Run and the South River. The Union troops under Brigadier General Erastus Tyler had made a stab across the middle of Virginia to try to trap the legendary Confederate general Stonewall Jackson and had only managed to back themselves up against the in-flood south fork of the Shenandoah. Tyler had counted on being joined by Fremont's army, which never appeared. Now Tyler's forces had to get across the one bridge on the Shenandoah at Port Republic to escape a pincher movement of southern troops coming up from the south and down from the north on the river's western bank.

Once across the river, Tyler's forces had to quickstep back to Harrisonburg to avoid being enveloped by Jackson's army. The pursued had become the pursuers.

Sergeant Able's problem was that he couldn't quickstep. He'd barely made it over the North River Bridge when the Southerners had reached the eastern end of the bridge. They had snipers set up on the eastern bank who were shooting anything that moved. A bullet had gone through another soldier running away from behind him and had grazed Able high on his thigh. The other soldier had been shot through and through, and had landed on top of Able, dead before they hit the ground.

Able heard the Southern troops running across the bridge and deploying themselves along the western bank. Then he heard the bridge blow. There'd be no regrouping by Tyler's troops for another go at Jackson in Port Republic.

Able wasn't dumb. He knew the blowing of the bridge would signal Tyler just not to stop his retreat to Harrisonburg. And Able couldn't walk that far in front of a Confederate advance, even if he dared rise from the scant cover he'd gained when he'd hit the ground. The wound in his leg wasn't fatal, but it would slow him down too much to make a run for it. And it might, indeed, be fatal if he didn't get the bleeding stanched soon.

The first wave of Confederate soldiers fanned out parallel to the river bank and moved toward where Able lay, prodding Union soldiers who had been felled by snipers and helping along those mortally wounded but not yet gone. Able played dead, his body pretty well covered by that of his dead compatriot, as a battle-worn Reb passed him by.

Able waited for as long as he felt he dared after the Rebs had passed and then he pulled himself along the ground to the only cover he could see, an old mill house not far to the south of the blown bridge. As he reached safety there, he could hear the second wave of the Confederate troops fanning out from the river bank across the fields to the west. Able pulled himself into the dark building and burrowed into some burlap sacking behind a stack of barrels.

* * * *

Able's wound was bleeding badly, and he couldn't suppress a moan when the young Union private, Josh, crept into the building in search for exactly what he found—a wounded Union soldier.

A very dangerous moment punctuated the scene when Josh first saw Able. He instinctive lifted his rifle, and he could have shot the enemy soldier right there and then and no one would be the wiser, in fact no one other than Able would care or, probably, ever know the circumstances of his death. It would be less of a hassle all around for the Southern forces. And Josh did raise his rifle, and Able did lift his hands in defense and supplication. But then Josh saw the sergeant's stripes on the arm of Able's blue Union jacket. Josh had been told that they wanted to capture anyone with any rank if they could in case they could find out more about Tyler's troop strengths and plans.

Josh lowered the barrel of the rifle, and at that point Able nearly swooned into a faint, both in shock for what had been narrowly avoided, at least for the moment, and from the loss of blood from the wound on his inner thigh.

Now focused on providing a captive for the revered General Jackson, Josh bustled into a preservation rather than a destruction mode. He propped his rifle against a nearby post and grabbed for his canteen and the pack on his back.

Josh stripped Able of his britches and tore strips of cloth off this to use as a tourniquet. He poured water from his canteen on Able's inner thigh wound and then doused it with the whiskey he kept in another small flask in his pack. The wound didn't look so bad now.

Able snorted back to full consciousness when the liquor hit his wound. And he was fully conscious as he watched Josh wind the strips of material around his inner thigh and tie them off snugly. While Josh did so, he couldn't help but brush the backs of his hands across Able's quite able cock, which had been exposed when he'd been stripped of his britches.

Able knew instantaneously from Josh's response what the young soldier's inclinations were and that he'd had some experience. Able also knew quite a bit about the strength and Shenandoah Valley Campaign plans of Tyler's forces, so he had a good idea what he faced if he was sent back to Jackson's camp. And he knew that there was little or no chance he could get out of this predicament, but that he had to try to do so anyway he could.

Josh was young and not that experienced as a soldier, Able could see, whereas he himself was not so young and was battle tested and resilient. He gauged the distance from where Josh was tending his thigh and where he had propped up the rifle.

Able had never fucked a man before, but if this Reb could be distract by that and if it required that to get at the rifle, it was something he'd try doing. There wasn't much other choice that he could see of getting out of here. In all likelihood getting to the rifle and killing this Reb would be the easiest part of his attempt to reach the Union lines.

The pursued turning into the pursuer.

The opening was right there beside Able, where it had fallen out of the Reb's pack when Josh had fished around for the flask of liquor.

"He's handsome," Able murmured, pretending now to be weaker than he really was, as he beckoned to the fading daguerreotype of the young man that had fallen out of the Reb's pack.

Josh's head snapped up in embarrassment and surprise. The Union soldier was conscious. Josh wondered, blushing at the thought, whether the Yankee had seen him dreamily eyeing that nice plump cock of his.

“Umm, yes. Ya’all shouldn’t try to speak now. I’se afraid I’ll have to find something to bind you with. But at least I stopped the bleeding now, so that’s to the good.”

“Kin of yours, is he?”

“Umm, no.”

“A special friend then?”

Josh blushed in embarrassment and lowered his eyes, unfortunately focusing on Able’s cock, which was harder now, Able having stroked on it while he was getting Josh’s attention moved to the daguerreotype.

“Uh, yes, you could say that.”

“A lover then?”

Josh melted in shock and confusion and in how easily and openly the Yankee had called him out. He tensed right up.

“Of course not,” he declared indignantly, too loud, and without a pinch of conviction as he sat up straight from where he had been hovering over the Yankee’s reclining figure.

“You needn’t be embarrassed at all,” Able countered, lifting an arm and wrapping a hand around the Reb’s neck. “I find you quite arousing myself. And I’m ever so grateful that you have bandaged my wound, and ever so ready to show my gratitude.”

Able could feel the young Confederate soldier trembling in indecision and disbelief at the forwardness of it all as well as the lack of breathing time and space to work out what was happening. Able brought the young private’s mouth down to his and took the soldier’s hand in his and placed it on his cock, Josh’s hand now wrapping

Able's engorging cock and Able holding it there with his own until Josh was lost to him and stroking the hard tool on his own.

When Able knew he'd won the battle with Josh's defenses, when Josh had opened his lips to Able's and was hungrily drinking him in, and when Josh's hand on Able's cock was moving on its own, Able moved his hands to unbuttoning the Reb's shirt and started rubbing the young soldier's nipples with his fingers.

Josh shuddered under the attention, and when Able broke away from the kiss and moved his lips down to Josh's nipples and his hands down to Josh's belt and buttoned fly, Josh, still crouching on his knees, sighed in resignation and need and arched his back toward the floor behind him. As he bent backward, Able's lips followed down the young Reb's sternum and across his belly and down, through his now-revealed bush, and opened up on and then closed over the young man's cock head.

Josh was moaning and staring up into the shadows of the eaves of the old mill and moving his pelvis ever so slowly as Able sucked away on his dick, taking more and more of it in with his stroking movement. All the time Able was playing Josh's tool, though, he himself was staring at the pole across the floor that the Reb's rifle was propped against. He was gauging distances, and time, and likelihood. Still too risky, he decided.

Able lifted his lips off Josh's cock, but he continued slowly stroking the base of the hard tool with his fist.

"Do you fuck him or does he fuck you?" It was a mere whisper, but the Reb heard him.

A rather long pause. "He does me."

At least there's that, Able thought to himself with a bit of relief—although he'd been prepared to do whatever it took. Able spit on his free hand and moved it under the Reb's ball sac and started working his moistened fingers around Josh's pulsating rim and into his hole. His lips opened up over the bulbous head of Josh's cock and he ran his tongue into the young man's piss slit before swallowing the cock almost down to the root, closing closely over the throbbing member, and moving his mouth up and down on the rod.

Josh groaned and moaned. He was panting and breathing heavily and making little mewing sounds. His hips were moving slowly, helping Able with the rhythm of the suck. There was a little lurch and groan each time Able pushed a finger, and then two, and then three, into his ass channel.

Able took his fingers out of Josh's ass and spit on it again a couple of times and moistened up his own cock. Then he lifted the young Reb, who was completely his now, bending readily to any position he moved him to, up to him, chest to chest.

Josh sighed and moaned and gulped as Able brought him into his lap, positioning the head of his cock on Josh's prepared hole and just pulling Josh's channel down the full length of his ramrod-straight cock.

Josh writhed and rolled against Able's chest in waves of passion as Able fucked up into him. Josh had his head buried in Able's shoulder and was whimpering at the deep taking. Able was looking over Josh's shoulder at the rifle propped up against the post across the room. A position change was required.

Able slowly turned his body over on his side, taking Josh with him. Josh looked into his eyes with an unspoken question. Able took the young man by the shoulders and

showed that he was to go down on his belly and raise his hips to Able's mastering cock, which he did without objection.

Able crouched over Josh's haunches, slowly glided back into him, and stroked him in long, slow, deep thrusts. He reached around Josh's belly and fisted his cock and began working it.

Josh threw back his head and howled again and again and again in ecstasy and Able picked up the rhythm and fucked with faster and faster and deeper and deeper thrusts.

And then it was over. Josh shot his load on the worn, uneven planks of mill room floor in response to Able's stroking fist and Able came inside the young Reb.

They collapsed on the floor, Able stretched out on top Josh, his cock still buried deep.

Josh was murmuring and sighing. Able was lost in the moment too.

"Incredible," Able whispered. "I never knew."

"What?" Josh murmured dreamily.

"Nothing. Never mind."

Able rolled off Josh and lay on his back next to the young man. He was breathing heavily, trying to regain his strength and regather his reflexes. Josh was lying there half asleep, well fucked.

Able sat up on his haunches. Josh sighed again, but didn't move.

Able was up on his knees, down near Josh's knees. Pretty much out of the young Reb's line of sight even if he lifted his head, which he didn't.

Slowly, softly, Able was up on the pads of his feet.

Josh felt the hard toeing of the calf of one of his legs, and, still groggy from the fucking, he rolled over on his back and looked up . . . into the barrel of his own rifle.

“What?” was all he could manage.

“Shut the fuck up,” Able growled. He reached over and took up Josh’s britches and pulled them on clumsily, needing to keep the rifle trained on the young Reb, now aghast at what had happened and fully returned to reality.

“You just wanted—” The voice sounded wounded, betrayed.

“Shut the fuck up,” Able repeated. He was trying to close the britches around his waist, but he was just bigger, more muscled there than the young man he’d just fucked. He managed to get a few of the lower buttons of the fly cinched up, though. That would just have to do for now. There might be time to pull an exchange with one of the bodies out in the fields between here and Harrisonburg. His own britches were too cut up for bandages to be of use now . . . for the bandage the young Reb had tied around his own bleeding thigh.

Dressed now, Able lifted the rifle and aimed down its barrel at the now-crying Reb, his arms thrust out in defense and supplication.

A long, dangerous moment.

“Fuck it,” Able burst out, with a disgust at something or other. He wasn’t sure himself. The rifle went to ready rest. It was up to the Reb now whether he wanted to live or die at this moment.

Able leaned down over Josh and lifted his chin and gave him a long, lingering kiss on the mouth.

At the door, he turned, and said, “I’ll drop your shirt outside here. I wouldn’t suggest raising an alarm or coming after me, or you’ll have more trouble than explaining where your britches and rifle ran off to.” Then he was gone, leaving the door swinging back and forth on its hinges.

Josh sat there in shock and surprise and gratitude for several minutes before he stirred. He picked up the image of his lover, took a look at it, and stuffed it back into the pack. Somehow it had lost its luster for him. He sighed as the feeling of double loss swept over him. The regret would always be there now. The Yankee had kissed and fucked better than his lover did.

Passion Is Blind

(American Antebellum South)

"They will allow it over my dead body!"

The ferocity of Beau LaConte's angry declaration, accompanied by flailing of arms that set the carriage to wobbling, made me take fright. The LaContes had been our Mississippi delta neighbors for more than a century, but I should have known better than accept his offer for transport to the Hallow's Eve masked ball at the Cabildo. It wasn't just that I couldn't fully trust myself around Beau. It also was because the LaContes were sadly inbred and had not taken to the recent shame at all well. In fact, all legitimate LaContes but Beau had promptly died from embarrassment upon hearing of General Lee's surrender at Appomatox. And Beau showed no signs of adjusting to the new realities of still being part of the United States either.

"Careful, neighbor," I said, laying a soothing hand on his arm. "You'll split that rich brocade of your French Court costume and be the talk of the town." Indeed, that might very well be true. In his vanity, Beau, must have literally been sewn into that costume of his. I could discern every curve and crevice of his finely sculpted body. I would be suspicious that he had invited me to share his carriage simply to make me pine for him—if I had any notion that he was aware of anyone but himself to the extent of realizing that I did, indeed, pine for him and had done so since we were lads.

"Anyway, it's inevitable, Beau. We lost, and they are in full control now. They have the government in their hands; there is no denying them entry to our masked balls. By the Christmas Ball they will be in control of the governing committee for that as well."

“Over my dead body,” Beau cried out again, setting the coach to a repeated rocking. In response to this careening of the carriage, he took his silver-headed cane and pounded on the roof of the carriage. “More care up there, I say. A smoother ride or you won’t be driving me ever again.”

I had a twinge of regret for poor little Dexter at the reins atop the carriage. He’d been out there in the elements for the two-hour unseasonably cold and clammy ride along the banks of the lower Mississippi to New Orleans. And I had seen how poorly clad he was from the beginning. He’d catch his death of cold, surely. But Beau wouldn’t care. He didn’t recognize the word “emancipation,” let alone accept that it had actually been put into force. And his people had no place else to go other than the plantation. It wasn’t as if they could suddenly learn new trades and how to meet life as free men. But here we were on Chartres St. and entering the Faubourg Marigny district. Within minutes we’d be pulling past St. Louis Cathedral on Jackson Square and arriving at the ball, one of the last vestiges of gaiety left in this city mourning the stripping away of its once-grand way of life.

I made one last stab. “We will not be alone at the ball, Beau. You must try not to make a scene. We must adjust. It’s only right.”

“Only right?” Beau blustered as the carriage drew up to the torchlit entry of the government building-turned ballroom for the evening. “I’ll never adjust to this. I’ll have nothing to do with them. Ever. My family has existed completely apart from them for a hundred and fifty years and will continue to do so.”

Apart from them, I thought bitterly. Everything your family has was built on their backs. And then, as the carriage door opened, Dexter was there, folding the steps down

and standing close by, hands at ready to help Beau out of the carriage. But he was brushed aside without a look from Beau, and I saw a grimace flash across Dexter's face. Beau had stepped on his foot—without realizing or caring that he had done so.

I couldn't help myself. I laughed. A laugh deep in my throat, more in bitterness than in mirth. But it wasn't because Beau had stepped on Dexter's foot. It was something entirely different.

"What's so funny?" Beau grumbled, pressing out the few creases in his tight, silken breeches that had the audacity to mar the perfection of his persona.

"Oh, nothing. It's nothing, Beau," I said, as I took his arm and mounted the stairs toward the flaming chandeliers and orchestra music beyond the thick stuccoed walls of the Cabildo. But it wasn't "nothing." It was sheer irony. Anyone seeing Beau and Dexter standing side by side at the carriage door could see it in an instant. But Beau would never see it, because he would never look straight at Dexter. Different colors and the heavily muscled Beau hulked over the slight, willowy Dexter. But anyone with eyes to see could see the close family resemblance—they were cousins if not brothers.

In the light of the main ballroom, Beau stood out in his magnificence. I stayed beside him as best I could. Trying not to be obvious, but aching for him. Now more than ever before; I could not tear my eyes away from the splendor of his body in that tight silken costume. But he was blind to my worship—which was just as well. I knew I never would have him.

As I gazed intently at him, I saw his eyes flash and his nostrils flare up. Following his line of sight, I saw her—and I drew in my breath. She had appeared at the top of the staircase and stood there, knowing that all eyes were slowly being drawn to her and the

cacophony of boisterous conversation throughout the room was bubbling down to gossipy whispers behind gloved hands and fans. The whiteness of her flowing, low-cut gown contrasted sharply with the milk-chocolate of her lustrous skin. She was so slight and willowy that she must not have been much over eighteen, but she held herself like a queen, and she obviously knew exactly what effect she was having on the room—both effects. The tone of her skin revealed that she was a mulatto, first generation of a mixed white and black coupling, and never before had a mulatto appeared at the Hallow's Eve Ball. Octorons, those with scant one-eighth black blood, yes, of course; the premier courtesans of the city were Octorons. But never a mulatto. But what also was having this breathtaking effect on all in attendance was her beauty and her carriage. She wasn't just attending the ball; she was reigning over the ball. She was making a statement—no doubt on purpose—that a new era had arrived.

Surely I knew who she was; even now the quickly evolving social center of the city wasn't that large that she should be a total cipher to me. But this was a masked ball, and she was wearing an elaborate white feathered mask that hid all features of her face except for those ruby-red lips and those incongruous hazel eyes.

I turned to see that another set of hazel eyes were flashing; Beau was about to explode. My concern for him, which was lodged in my aching love for him, screamed from within me, and I did all I could to pull his attention away from the apparition on the stairs, as she slowly descended, all eyes still enthralled by the beauty of her movement, and moved toward the French doors out into the rear garden. As she passed, a path opened for her through the still-awed and twittering social elite of the city, nonplused still by both her majesty and her bold audacity.

I couldn’t hold Beau back, though. As she disappeared into the murky light of the rear garden and the path she had traversed closed again with a great sigh from the crowd that, clutching at the last vestiges of tradition, renewed the gaiety and high decibel rate it had produced before the chocolate beauty had made her entrance, Beau slipped out of my concerned embrace and threaded his way toward those French doors.

I was jostled and delayed by the forming of a dance by invitation of the renewed musical efforts of the orchestra, and neither Beau nor the beauty could be seen when I reached the French doors. I feared for them both. I feared that Beau would make a spectacle of himself that would bring the focus of the authorities on him. He had walked a thin line these short months since the shaming at Appomatox. The new order had its clutching eyes on all of the plantation owners up and down the river, and Beau could lose his entire heritage at a flash of his temper that the new rulers decided convenient not to ignore.

But at the same time, I feared for the young woman. She looked so vulnerable and delicate as she floated down the staircase and across the ballroom floor. I felt certain that her appearance was a mere statement of what was to come and that forces beyond her were behind this bold move. I couldn’t let harm come to her if I could help it—especially from Beau. And in that, it was myself I was thinking of—of my passion for him despite his blindness, or perhaps because of his blindness, to my feelings.

I searched for several minutes before I found them. I heard them first, talking in low whispers, and thus I stealthily came closer to them, moving to where I could spy them through the foliage of a flame tree but that they couldn’t see me.

I huddled there, in shock. I had expected to come upon a scene of rage, but instead it was a scene of seduction. But who was seducing who? I had completely misjudged Beau's reaction to the woman when she first appeared in the ballroom. What I had taken for anger and disgust was interest and lust. Beau spoke of one reaction to her kind, but he was proving to be as vulnerable to the beauty of the mulatto as any of his kin ever had been.

They were sitting, or rather, nearly reclining on a stone bench. Beau had an arm around the beauty and was leaning into her, pressing his chest against her side. I arrived in time to see him make a move to unmask her, but she denied him that privilege, murmuring her demure to him and holding the mask to her face with a delicate white-gloved hand. She did not deny him her lips, however. I saw them kiss, tentatively at first, and then I saw Beau hungrily posses her lips when he discovered that they would not be denied him. The hand of the arm he was encircling her with went to her breast and cupped it through the white silk of her low-cut bodice. I could see her pert orb heave slightly as her breathing became more rapid at his touch. His other hand was gripping her thigh just above the knee and would have worked its way higher if she hadn't laid a gloved hand on it.

He pulled his face from hers and locked his eyes on hers. He was whispering to her in hurried, tense words. He obviously was asking her for permission to accelerate his attentions to her. She was smiling and whispering back, obviously not fully giving in to him but not pushing him away either. He took one of her hands and placed it on the tightness of the crotch of his silk breeches, making her feel the urgency that was all too obviously evident there. And she did not take her hand away from there.

My heart leapt as I realized she was toying with him. I could see it in her eyes behind that mask and I could see it in the curve of her lips. Why couldn't he see what I could see? She wasn't for him. I could be for him; I could give myself completely to him. But she couldn't; she had no intention to. I could see it in her eyes and in her smile. But Beau was blind in his passion for her. He would never see it; and he would not listen to me if I warned him.

I looked back and they were conversing intently now in low, hushed tones. It was as if they were negotiating. And that's exactly what they were doing; they were negotiating. The little vixen had her eye on Beau's ring. The family signet ring; the ring that passed from oldest son to oldest son. The symbol of the House of LaConte.

Surely Beau wasn't that blind in his passion. But then my heart took a lurch again as I realized that surely he was. The ring was coming off his finger and going onto her thumb.

And then her bodice was coming down and Beau's face was buried between her nubile, barely developed breasts and he was feasting on her nipples. His hand was pulling up the hem of her gown and was on her naked knee, above the top of a white stocking.

I couldn't help myself. I was overwhelmed with the loss. The too-easy loss to the House of LaConte; the too-easy loss of principles Beau claimed to possess, no matter how outdated they were; and the loss of all chances I might have ever had with him—all for a furtive tryst in the garden of the Hallow's Eve Ball—all at the design of a little vixen with debasing of a family and way of life on her mind. It would have been one thing if I'd thought she had any regard for Beau at all, but not this.

I cried out and stumbled into the clearing, no plan in mind whatsoever other than to break into this blind passion, this scene that was just so wrong in so many ways.

I, of course, completely unhinged both Beau and the mulatto beauty and, while both Beau and I froze there in shock, he in sudden recognition of my hopes and fears and I in utter misery of this recognition, the mulatto beauty gathered her gown about her and disappeared into the shadows of the garden.

Beau became stiff and formal, outwardly showing no sign of anything amiss, but he shrank from me as we slowly walked back toward the light and convivial noise of the ballroom. We walked with leaden, shuffling stride, him trying to regain his composure and me melting into abject despair, neither of us wanting to gain the light, not wanting the light to shine on our new knowledge and on what now could not be regained for either of us. He was fingering the empty place on his ring finger, but I had no idea what he regretted the most—the loss of the symbol of his birthright or of his conquest of the mulatto beauty.

By unspoken agreement, we turned away from the French doors that would take us back into the ballroom among all of “our kind,” who we both knew would be able to discern at a glance the strain between us and the unrecoverable change in both of us. We pressed on toward the carriage court. While Beau was calling in irritated tones for Dexter to bring up his carriage, I was suggesting in hushed tones that perhaps I would stay on at the ball for a short while longer and find transport home with someone else. And Beau rendered the last crushing blow to my spirit when he readily accepted my suggestion.

Dexter was standing there, smiling broadly at the carriage door. Ready to render help for Beau in entering the carriage—but of course Beau didn't even give him a look—and ready to close the door behind his privileged lookalike.

The first thing I noticed then was in the carriage itself as Dexter held the door open. There, just a slight fold of fabric peeking out below the bench lid, a fabric that caught the light of the carriage court torches—white silk. And then, wham, wham, wham, the other images assaulted my eyes. The smirk on Dexter's lips, a slight smear of ruby-red gloss at the corner of his lower lip, and the gleam of light reflecting off the gold signet ring he proudly held forth on the hand holding the door open for Beau.

But Beau saw none of this. Beau was blind. Beau was completely out of time and place. Blind to everything but fleeting passion—and a blind prejudice he would never be able to recover from.

Western Tail

((America's western expansion)

It had been a hot and dusty ride from Kansas into Colorado en route to my new posting as the postal agent and sutler at Fort Hayden. I'd ridden all day with the Rocky Mountains tantalizingly near without having reached the river they told me was still more than a day's ride out from the fort. I now saw the river ahead, cool and inviting, but I knew I wasn't going to make Fort Hayden today. So, I rode down the side of the river for a couple of hours, thinking about one more night on the trail and about how hot, dusty, and smelly I'd gotten.

The river beckoned to me—clean and clear and shallow enough to be safe. At last I gave in, deciding to camp out for the night at a place where the land gently slanted down to a quiet section of the river well away from the central current. There was a small grove of cottonwood trees to one side and smooth rock outcroppings to another side, where I could lay my clothes out to dry.

I tied my horse to a tree in the cottonwood grove and laid out some food and water for him. I set up camp at the edge of the grove and laid my rifle up against a tree there. My saddle had gotten pretty smelly, so I scrubbed that down good and dropped it in the sun between the rocks and the grove to dry. Next I stripped off all my clothes, scrubbed them real well, and stretched them out on the rock cropping to dry. After that, it was my turn. I dove into the river and luxuriated in the cool, clean water rolling over my body. I splashed around a good bit and did some hoopin and hollarin out here in the world all by myself and eventually stood and walked up out of the water until it just

reached my knees. It was time to get serious. I took up the bar of lye soap I'd used on the clothes and then soaped myself up real well. I felt so good when I got to my cock and balls that I did some extra soaping there and pulled on my rod for a few minutes, enjoying the moment of freedom after weeks in the saddle as well as surfacing fond memories of my romp in the sack with that cowboy in Abilene that night not long ago.

I heard an unfamiliar horse whinnying, and I froze solid. There, fanned out before me between the rocks and the cottonwood grove was a small band of Indians riding fine-looking horses bareback. I have no idea how long they'd been watching me, but they'd had the drop on me for some time.

There were five of them, all young bucks—any one of them with enough muscle to easily handle me. Besides that, the one who evidently was the leader, a particularly impressive looking bronzed specimen, was holding a bead on me with a rifle. The other four strapping bucks had bows and arrows at various stages of readiness.

They weren't wearing paint, so at least they didn't appear to be on the warpath about anything. In fact, they weren't wearing much of anything beyond loincloths, moccasins, and thin beaded bands with leather fringe at the top of their bulging biceps and calves. The apparent leader, though, was also wearing a breastplate made of feathers and turquoise beads held together with silver wire. My immediate assessment was that they were a hunting party that had been attracted by my foolish cavorting in the river. That didn't mean that they weren't hunting for me. I'd been told to be on the lookout for small bands of renegade Indians in these parts ready to pick off the lone white man. And there couldn't be a more lone and naked white man around than me at this moment.

I held my arms out wide in supplication (which may have been a mistake, considering what happened soon thereafter) and slowly walked up the shore, sidling a bit toward the cottonwood grove and my rifle.

The leader of the tribe raised his rifle a bit and gave me a look that told me in no uncertain terms that it wouldn't be a good idea to go for my gun. I was a little surprised that he was grinning at me, but then so were the other four. I soon found out why they were doing that.

The leader slipped off his horse and halved the distance between him and me in long, deliberate strides. One of the others in the band rode up close to him, and the leader handed off his rifle. Then he pulled strings at the hips of his loin cloth and the scanty covering fell to the ground. Oh God, was my first thought. It had just been my luck to have run across a band of Indians that swung in my direction. My second thought was that this Indian, at least, swung real well. He had a cock and set of balls that equaled or surpassed his other collection of well-tone muscles. And my third thought was that he must have really enjoyed my unintentioned performance with the soap, because his horse-hung cock was standing straight out.

Unfortunately for me, he was such a fine specimen of manflesh that my cock reacted in similar fashion to the situation.

Before I could have a fourth thought, the tribe leader was at me like a pouncing cat. While he moved, the other four Indians came off their horses and gathered around fairly close to us in a semicircle. The Indian leader wrapped a hand around my neck and brought my face to his in a liplock that showed me he did a lot of this. The other hand went to vice-like grip around my balls and the base of my cock that brought tears to my

eyes and me to my knees in front of him just as soon as his lips and tongue released mine. This put me at a convenient level for him to stuff his hard cock between my lips, which he proceeded to do.

He was face-fucking me real well, when I managed to look around and notice that the four others had paired off and were fingering each other in shared excitement. This meant no one had the drop on me with anything but a hard and pumping penis at the moment, and I realized I might have reached the closest point to escape and survival that I ever was going to get. I knew I couldn't get to my own rifle or horse in time, but the Indian leader's horse, a gorgeous big golden palomino stallion, was standing unattended within striking distance.

So, I seized the moment and made a break for the stallion. Miraculously, I was on the horse's back and getting him to start into a trot before the Indians recovered. But then my luck ended. The Indian leader merely whistled, and the horse stopped in its tracks. I thought I was dead now, that they'd just pull me off the horse and rip me to shreds. But the Indian leader did something completely unexpected. He leaped up on the horse behind me, yelled something the horse understood, and we were off, two naked men on the back of a quivering horse, thundering across the plain beside the river. The Indian was wedged behind me. He grabbed my wrists and forced my hands into the flowing mane of the horse, where I wrapped my fingers in the white mane and held on for dear life. The Indian's beaded breastplate was digging into my shoulder blades, and his raging hard was rubbing up and down the small of my back as we were tossed and turned in the charge across the rolling countryside.

I was scared, but that rubbing dick of his and the whole wildness of the situation was turning me on, too. We hadn't ridden far before he made his move. His thighs had been just behind mine, with both of us hanging on to the horse as best we could with them. But in one swift, dexterous move, he took those powerful thighs of his and lifted them around and in front of mine and flipped me forward onto the neck of the horse. This tilted my pelvis up as well, and I screamed in fear and then in surprise and pain as I felt his cock head slide down the small of my back. It held briefly at my asshole as a much too-large a peg came into a much too small a hole. And then the rough rolling of the horse's gait solved the Indian's problem, and with one excruciatingly painful lunge, he had breached my asshole and split me in two with his ramrod, which just kept on screwing up into me as the motion of the horse's gallop naturally stroked his cock and my ass canal together.

I screamed into the wind and struggled against the powerful embrace of the Indian chieftain as we thundered on. With the aid of the motion, he was pumping me deep with the natural interaction of our bodies and gait of the horse's forward motion.

I realized not only that I was aiding the wild fuck myself with my struggling but also, after the shock of being taken started to wear off, that I now was enjoying this incredible invasion of my body. In addition, I realized and that, once fucked, there wasn't much else for me to do but make the best of the situation. The trembling of my body started to decrease, I slowly stopped struggling against what was happening to me, and I started going with the motion of the horse's gallop and the rhythm of fuck it created.

This submission to the inevitable—and suddenly quite pleasurable—must have been what the bronze hunk had been waiting for, because as I quieted down and my

body started to go with the rhythm, the horse started to slow down, until we finally were standing still, beside the river, not that far from where we'd started. The Indian's body was covering mine closely from behind, and the pattern and depth of my breathing was beginning to come into synch with his. His cock was still buried deep inside me, but he slowly decreased the thrusting of his hips so that he wasn't pumping me anymore. He still held my wrists in his steeling grasp, and I still had my fingers wrapped in the white hair of the golden palomino stallion's mane. The horse was breathing hard from the wildness of the gallop, but it responded instantaneously to the Indian's indecipherable verbal commands. It now stood very still, it's strong legs rigid, and it remained so until the bronze stud commanded it to move again.

It dawned on me then and this was what this ride had been all about. The Indian chieftain was training me the same way he had trained his horse. He rode me until I got tired and acknowledged that he was in command. I wondered what was next, still afraid for my life, but I decided that my only chance was to calm down and go with his wishes and wants. I had to pretend that I enjoyed being fucked by him. I had to admit to myself, though, that I did enjoy being fucked by him, so it wasn't a case really of pretending. Not only did he have a fat, long cock, but he had a strong, virile thrust to his stroking, and there was nothing more exotic than being fucked by a hunky bronze savage. It was more a case of showing and convincing him that I had been successfully broken to his will.

His lips were in the hollow of my neck, and I turned my head and sought them out with my own lips. He smiled and looked very satisfied as he pushed my lips open with his and put his tongue to work. I responded fully.

I heard him give a sigh and then a grunt of approval, and he released my wrists and, quick as a cat, with the horse holding still and solid, he had changed his position on the horse in relationship to me. He now was in front of me, between me and the horse's neck, and had pushed my shoulders down onto the withers of the horse. We were pelvis to pelvis and dick to dick now. He took my hands and had me wrap them around both dicks and stroke them together. I complied, fully cooperating with him. He massaged my chest and pinched and gently twisted my nipples into full erection as I stroked us both. He was thicker and longer than I was, but we were both engorging further in response to my stroking.

When he was satisfied I was fully broken to his will, he pushed my hands away and started stroking me vigorously himself with one hand, while he fingered my asshole with his other one. When I shot my load, he cupped his hand over the head of my cock, capturing my amazingly prodigious production of cum, and I watched as he rubbed the cum over his cock and down into my hole. I found this an unbelievable turn-on, and when he then cupped his strong hands under my butt cheeks, lifted my hips off the horse, and looked at me expectedly, I correctly interpreted his unspoken command and took his cock in my hands and guided it into my asshole.

The ultimate surrender, and with a yell of joy that reverberated in the red-rock cliffs in the near distance, he crushed my hips into my pelvis, sending his cock deep inside me, and vigorously pumped my hips against him with his strong hands, fucking me deep and wildly. The horse held perfectly still, trembling ever so slightly under us, as I lifted my legs to the Indian hunk's shoulders and lowered my arms to the horse's side,

holding them close against the warm silky hair of the horse's hindquarters, holding myself as still and steady as possible.

The Indian's heavy spouting at the center of me was accompanied by another one of his healthy-lungs yells, which no doubt told the rest of his tribe nearby both that he had had his way with me and that we'd soon return to them.

And, indeed, soon thereafter, we were riding back into my impromptu camp, the bronze stud once again riding close behind me, his dong well up into my ass canal, making sure I wasn't planning yet another escape attempt.

He needn't have worried, because his vigorous fuck had worn me out, psychologically as well as physically. I still feared what the Indians were ultimately going to do with me, but I was so broken now that, whatever it was, I hoped they'd do it soon and get it over with.

The four remaining tribesmen had been entertaining themselves with themselves while we were gone and they were in quite a fucking frenzy. If I'd entertained any thought that I was going to be reserved goods for chieftain, I was quickly disabused of that notion. When we reached the encampment, I simply was pushed off the horse into the waiting arms of the tribesman who seemed to be the second in command. He was older than the youthful tribal chief, and thinner and more sinewy. But his cock was longer than that of the chief, which meant it was quite long indeed. He simply grabbed me by my upper arms and pushed me back against the slow-rising rock formation where my now-dry clothes were stretched out to dry. He grabbed me by the neck and banged my head down on the rock, the blow being cushioned by my dried shirt, but taking any fight I might have give out of me just the same. His other hand folded one of

my legs up against my body between my chest and his. He then positioned his cock, which he just slid up into me to the end, and fucked me vigorously to his ejaculation.

I was then handed off to the youngest and bulkiest of the tribesmen, who had the thickest cock of all. He pulled me off the rock and twirled me around to the area between the rocks and the grove. He pushed me down into the sand right beside and across my saddle. My pelvis was elevated on the saddle, with my cock rubbing into the leather. My butt was pointed at the sky. The young hulk then crouched down behind and above me, forced his thick dick into my hole, and fucked me in fast, hard downward strokes. I screamed for him, although I was feeling strangely quite fine to be stretched and pumped in this way, and the Indian chieftain put a stop to the noise by working his knees under my chest and pushing his cock back between my lips and making me deep throat him.

The young Indian was quite virile, because he loaded right up again after his first round of coming inside me and fucked me a second time, this time rotating his rod inside me with his hand to stretch me even wider the second time around.

The remaining two of the tribe were allowed to take me together. One laid flat on the ground and the second pushed my asshole down onto his rod, which, thankfully, was a normal size. Then the Indian chief stood and watched with a big grin on his face, while two braves got on each side of me, each with a grip on one of my wrists and ankles and spread-eagled me. The remaining tribesman, who also thankfully didn’t have a monster cock, then rolled my hips up and entered me, his cock running in along the top of the rod of the brave porking me from below. The two of them didn’t even bother to

coordinate their rhythm of the double fucking they were giving me, but they both were so excited about the exoticness of the scenario that they both came rather quickly.

When the tribe was finished with me, the Indian chief sat close to me astride his magnificent stallion and pointed his rifle at my bruised and collapsed body, as the rest of the tribe members milled around my meager goods, looking, quite unsuccessfully for any souvenir of their adventure that might interest them.

Very quickly, though, the chieftain issued a stern command and the braves donned their loincloths and jumped onto their horses.

I knew we were at the moment of decision. The rifle lowered, looking to my eyes, to be centering more on me. I closed my eyes and something hit me in the chest. But, when I opened my eyes, the tribe was galloping into the distance and I didn't think I had any bullet holes in me. I looked down and saw that the Indian leader had gifted me with his feather- and turquoise-beaded breastplate, which I'm sure was about the only thing he owned in the world other than his horse. I had been gang banged, but I couldn't say I hadn't enjoyed it. And the bronze hunk had obviously enjoyed me too. I had to admit that this was a welcome to the West that I hadn't exactly anticipated.

Priam's Belt

(Excavation of Troy, Turkey)

The Orient Express train had left Vienna Station at dusk, and there was no longer anything to see out of the coach window, the lights of the towns flashing by having been extinguished hours ago. Magnus the Authenticator was weary, and the clacking of the iron wheels on the iron rails as the train thundered toward Belgrade lulled him. But the unfamiliar noise of the speeding train and frequent lurch from side to side robbed him of sleep. He'd never ridden a train before; the Orient Express had only been in service for two years in its Paris-to-Istanbul route. Heretofore he'd always taken the sea route from London to Istanbul en route to Heinrich Schliemann's excavations at the ancient—mythical, it had been said, until Schliemann's finds—site of Troy near the Turkish coast.

This time Magnus was traveling alone—for Schliemann, but without Schliemann, his long-time employer having worked himself into a corner. He could not raise money for a fourth excavation attempt at Troy without substantiating in some why his previous claim of having uncovered a hoard of golden coins and artifacts, known throughout the world now as Priam's Treasure, in the Troy ruins; but yet he could not, himself, return to Turkey until he accounted for the treasure trove to the Turkish authorities. The rub was that what he had found had been stolen from him and still rested, so rumor had it, somewhere in Turkey. Magnus, Schliemann's authenticator, was his emissary in this delicate situation, rushing to Istanbul while Schliemann and his flashy wife, Sophia, played for time and support in Vienna.

Magnus laid his head back against the hard, leather-upholstered seat and willed himself to sleep. But although he was exhausted, sleep did not find him. He was waiting for something else too. He knew he was being followed. He'd sensed it on the platform at Vienna Station—in fact he had counted on it. All of Europe was abuzz with the newly coined legend of Priam's Treasure and the possibility that the Trojan War had not been myth; they all wanted something to keep their minds off the Serbo-Bulgarian war that threatened to spread wider in southeastern Europe. And then there was Turkey itself. Talks with Britain were not going at all well, and Schliemann was afraid that if he didn't make some headway on the Priam's Treasure issue quickly, hostilities between the Ottoman Turks and Europe would close down his access to Troy for years to come.

Maybe if he thought of something else he could drift off to sleep. Magnus thought hard, but what floated up in his mind was bittersweet—his parting from his Greek Adonis, Paulus. Magnus's weakness. Young, willowy Greek men—not young so much as small and vulnerable to his heft and strength. Spreading their legs for him, being overpowered by him in the taking.

Paulus had been his for the past three months in Vienna, as Magnus attended Schliemann in his attempt to wrest support for a new expedition to Troy from the German princes as soon as the Turks lifted their ban. There had been little for Magnus to do while waiting, so he had frequented the baths, fucking the young men who had congregated in Vienna from all parts of Europe—and finding the young Greeks most satisfying.

A mammoth Norwegian himself, of huge, but sturdy and well-muscled proportions in all respects, he delighted in splitting young men of slight, almost feminine

stature. The small, dark Paulus, of the heavy pant and little squeal in the taking, had been a treasure to Magnus. The Norwegian would have brought him on this journey if he could have. But a Greek would not last an hour in Turkey.

Magnus held his eyes tightly shut and conjured up the pouty lips of his Paulus, naked except for a golden vest, opening his mouth in a silent scream and throwing his head and arms back in surrender as Magnus lifted him up by his slim hips and slowly settled the panting Greek Adonis down on his prodigious phallus.

Magnus was licking his lips in lust and had his hands in his lap, unbuttoning and freeing his engorging cock and adjusting his cloak across his torso to hide what he was doing from anyone passing by the dimly lit train corridor beyond the window into his private sleeper compartment in the middle of the night.

In Magnus's imagining, Paulus was tight, as always, and was crying out at the taking, as Magnus's cock slowly ascended up his canal and the slim hips slowly descendent into Magnus's lap. The Greek was holding his legs high and spread up Magnus's beefy arms. And as Magnus relentlessly filled him, he responded as he knew Magnus liked. He lifted his arms and beat ineffectually against Magnus's bulging chest with his small fists and made moans and begging of involuntary taking, letting Magnus feel the full effect of the power he and his shaft had.

Magnus was breathing hard, lost in his imaginings, his fist picking up the beating of his meat. But still, he heard the click of the compartment door as it closed.

He looked up warily, his eyes blurry from the deeply felt masturbatory fantasy of his taking of Paulus to see, not Paulus. But as near to the ideal of all of the Paulus's

Magnus had sought out and fucked. No, if anything, an ideal he had not attained as yet in the Vienna baths.

Magnus watched, his eyes slitted, a fist still encasing his hard cock, as a slight, slim, young Greek god put his finger to his lips and then turned and closed the shade on the window onto the corridor and clicked the lock to the compartment door home.

Was Magnus dreaming this, he wondered. In his reverie of fucking Paulus, had he conjured up and even more tasty treat? A mere figment of his imagination and lust? Was the rhythmic clacking of iron wheels on iron rails lulling him into a hallucination?

But this could not be a hallucination. He felt the full, pouty lips of the handsome young man close around the bulb of his cock as the Greek god knelt between his legs. And then the younger, smaller man was taking him in, slowly but fully. More fully than Paulus had ever been able to do. He had one fist around the base of Magnus cock and his other hand was moving over Magnus's torso, pushing cloak aside, unbuttoning vest and billowy white shirt. And running small, soft hand all over the contours of Magnus's heaving torso—across his belly up to his breasts.

Magnus's eyes were wide open and his was looking down at an unruly mass of curly chestnut brown hair with golden highlights.

The young man's mouth slowly pulled away from Magnus's cock and Magnus gave a little lurch of regret in the parting. The apparition then lifted his head and gave Magnus a full-lipped Byronic smile. Real flesh; no apparition. The Greek fluttered his hand up to Magnus's thick-muscled neck and slowly brought the Norwegian's head down to his. Rosy lips, pale blue eyes. Eyes full of invitation and wanting. A thick, curly frame of chestnut hair.

The Greek took Magnus’s lips in his. Sweet nectar. Spring fields in the foothills of Mount Olympus. A gift of the gods. Magnus was overwhelmed. He was trembling. The blond giant, putty in the hands of the slight, willowy Greek.

A deep kiss that took Magnus’s breath away, and then the young man stood and lowered and stepped out of his trousers and unbuttoned his white cotton shirt and pushed it off his arms and onto the pulsating floor of the carriage.

In Magnus’s eyes, his young lover’s body was absolutely perfect. Alabaster white, slim hipped, not an ounce of fat, lightly muscled. Deceptively so, though. A dancer’s body. Small, trim, boyish, but firm and promising a flexibility that was fuckable in so many positions. Small, perfectly rounded balls, thrusting out rather than hanging down, and a small, uncut cock.

Magnus was mesmerized by this vision of beauty presenting himself in the darkened carriage, the carriage swaying back and forth, almost imperceptibly and in small, jerky, nonpatterned lurches. But the beautiful vessel for Magnus’s lust, standing there in his full glory, maintaining a perfect balance on the balls of his delicate little feet.

Magnus couldn’t move, but the young Greek did. He knelt once more between Magnus’s legs and enveloped the monster cock in the sweet warmness of his mouth and gave expert suck.

It was the obvious expertise of his phantom visitor that aroused Magnus to action. Small and delicate this Greek god might be, but he was no stranger to the male fuck.

With the roar of an elephant in heat, Magnus wrapped his meaty hands around the young man’s waist and pulled him up out of his crouch. He suspended his prey over

his lap, searching out the Greek's eyes with his own, looking for the reaction. Magnus's favorite moment; the full-sliding, cruel shafting of the rosebud. The Greek was giving him a knowing little smile, almost a sneer. A sneer that turned quickly into something more wild and surprised, however, as Magnus moved his hands down so that he could lace his long, strong fingers across rounded little orbs of butt cheeks and spread them apart while jammed the young man's hole down on his bludgeoning cock head.

The Greek cried out and flung his body about and begged for mercy as Magnus entered him to the rim of his bulb.

The intensity of the midnight visitor's response inflamed Magnus but it also frightened him. He made to withdraw, but the Greek leaned his face down to Magnus's, cupped his cheeks in those delicate little hands, and gave Magnus a little welcoming smile before latching on to the Norwegian's lower lip with his teeth. He drew blood and pushed rivulets of it into Magnus's mouth with his tongue and moved into a deeply possessing kiss.

Magnus didn't know how the Greek knew of what lit his fire any more than he knew why the young man was here in the first place, but he had caught the signal that the Greek understood what Magnus liked and was ready to accommodate him to the fullest.

Magnus thrust hard up into the tight ass and the diminutive Greek went back to writhing and moaning and whimpering and playing the role of a smaller, more delicate courtesan being ravished by an overlarge, supercharged fucking machine.

Hours later, as the Greek lay, spent and exhausted against the steadily rising and falling breast of an equally exhausted, but fully milked Norwegian, Magnus could feel tears against his chest.

“What is it, little one?” he asked, using what slight Greek he knew to try to communicate.

“I am afraid,” The Greek answered back in perfect German. “Will you protect me?”

“Protect you from what?” Magnus murmured.

“From them. From the ones who sent me.”

“Certainly. If I can. But what is your name and who sent you and why?”

“I am Andreas. The Turkish bandits sent me. They said they needed you to tell them whether something is ancient or not. They said they’d kill me if I did not bring you to them. In Istanbul.”

“Of course, Andreas. I will do what I can.”

It had started. Someone knew he was on the way. And they knew of his specialty. And, more interesting, they knew what he liked in his men—how to get to him; how to make him bend to their plans. Magnus willed his body to slow down, to grow calm, to seem relaxed and trusting even when all of his senses were keyed up, on edge, ready to react instantaneously.

“Something else,” Andreas whispered. And then when Magnus grunted his attention to the request, “Could you fuck me again? Now?”

Absolutely, his cock already rising inside the Greek to the challenge, throbbing to the beat of the iron wheels under them hitting the iron rails. Andreas moaning and sobbing; Magnus digging and exploring every square inch of his new lover's interior.

* * * *

They fucked again throughout the second night, Andreas's knees thrust into crease where the seat cushion met the back cushion and then again with the small of Andreas's back on the seat cushion and legs thrust up and out, as the Orient Express cleared Bucharest and streamed on to the southwest to Istanbul.

When the Express chugged into Istanbul Station at the break of the third day, Magnus offered Andreas shelter at the Turquhouse Hotel on the Golden Horn where he always booked when he was in Istanbul. But the young Greek said he must return to his masters immediately but would come for Magnus when he was needed. The squawking of a buxom European matron nearby who had never experienced a greeting of Turkish street urchins meeting the Express before drew Magnus's attention, if only for a moment. When he turned back, Andreas had disappear through the teaming crowd.

Magnus took a carriage to Turquhouse in a cloud of blue funk. Andreas had, in the short time they'd had, become a necessity to him. He knew he was walking a thin edge here, but Andreas had been just too perfect. Magnus had looked forward—almost to the point of salivating over the notion—to fucking Andreas in the comfort of a four-poster bed on steadier ground than the slightly swaying, occasionally lurching, always grinding Orient Express carriage.

In fact, Magnus was so keyed up that when the Turkish room attendant bowed and scraped at the threshold of his room and asked if there was anything at all he could do for the honored Norwegian archeologist—anything at all—and gave him “that” look, Magnus took him straight to the bath and fucked him to whimpering jelly while cleaning the dust of Eastern Europe rail beds off his body. Then he dragged the wilted Turk to the four-poster bed and fucked him again into total exhaustion.

Well satisfying, as a trip to Istanbul always was—and the room attendant would be well satisfied with what he was receiving for the service—but nothing like Magnus had dreamed of doing with Andreas.

While Magnus was attending to the Turkish attendant, Andreas was also being attended to. Across the Golden Horn, deep in the maze of Misir Carsisi, the Egyptian Bazaar, behind a second-floor latticed window in the gold souk, Andreas, hands tied off above his head on a sturdy bed poster, was receiving attention and instruction from his Russian master, Oleg Tarasov. Tarasov, a dark, sinister, hawk-billed ferret of man, loved his riding crop—especially for the red welts it could leave on the alabaster skin of a young Greek’s posterior.

A short slash to Andreas’s flank as Tarasov drove his cock up into the young man’s canal from behind. Andreas moaned and writhed away from the lash, only to have the leather sting his other hip.

“Tell me you have the Norwegian enthralled,” the Russian hissed in Greek’s ear, as he pulled his pelvis back and then lunged deeply again, raising the small Greek’s feet off the Turkish carpet with the force of his upward thrust.

“Yes, yes, Master,” the young man answered through gasping breath. “Ahhh,” he exclaimed as the riding crop lashed across his belly. “Yes, he cannot get enough of me; he will come when you want him.”

“I will want him soon after dusk tomorrow,” Tarasov whispered menacingly before he let his teeth close over Andreas’s earlobe. The young man cried out in pain for him. Tarasov liked that. His cock liked that. He drove deeper up the canal. Andreas groaned at the attention. Tarasov was not very thick, but he was long, and his cock had an upward crook in it that brutalized Andreas’s tender inner walls.

“You will go to him in the afternoon and make him pant for you. When you bring him back, you will take him straight to the green room. The belt will be there, along with the authentication papers for him to sign. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master. Oh, no! Owww, ahhh.” Andreas was writhing against the merciless attentions of lash on flanks and cock in channel.

He cried out for supplication to the other man in the room, the squat, hirsute, and heavily muscled Turk standing inside the door, his beefy arms crossed on bulging chest and his eyes slitted in pleasure at what he saw Tarasov engaging in with the young Greek.

“Asil, please. Help. Please.” It was pure desperation. Andreas knew that there was no succor to be found from the direction of Asil Hanci. Hanci was devoted to the Russian.

The bulky Turk just stood there and smiled. And Andreas’s moment of insolence was rewarded with several lashes, in quick succession, across his tender flanks, the pleasure of which brought Tarasov to his climax.

“And after the Norwegian has authenticated the belt and signed the document, I want you to take him to the baths—and I want him to have his last breath there. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Master.” Andreas let his body go limp, his weight dragging on the leather-bound wrists tied off high on the bed post. He had endured. It was over—for now.

But there he was wrong. As Tarasov turned to stride out of the room, he motioned to the Turk, who opened his robes as he approached Andreas, displaying a thick, thick cock in full erection and big, hairy, taut, cream-filled balls.

Tarasov shut the door behind him, and, with a slight smile moved down the corridor toward his bed chamber as the first screams from Andreas echoed off the hallway walls. He would leave this business to the Turk now. Once authenticated, Priam’s Belt, the prized piece from the Priam’s Treasure golden trove from the excavation of Troy, would bring a price that only the tsar could afford. Tarasov would be well on his way to the court of St. Petersburg when the Norwegian breathed his last breath in the baths of the Cagaloglu Hamami.

Later that evening the Russian gave the last instruction to Hanci before setting out on his journey to the north. “When the Greek returns from the baths, use him as you will and then kill him.”

The Turk grinned from ear to ear. His two favorite past times.

* * * *

Andreas sighed with well-satiated satisfaction. He was stretched out, naked, on the silken sheets of Magnus's massive four-poster bed in the Turquhouse Hotel room. The French doors to the balcony were open, and the gauze curtains were gently moving in the late afternoon breeze. A breeze from the Bosporus had filtered in to take the edge off the day's heat. The shadows were lengthening across the tiled floor. It wouldn't be long before they had to leave.

Magnus had taken him strongly and brutally, albeit not as brutally as the Russian and Turk took him, in the bath as soon as Andreas had arrived. It was as if the few hours they had been apart had driven the Norwegian mad.

But it was what came afterward that had caused Andreas to do what he had done. When they had dried off from the bath, Magnus led the young Greek to the bed and made long, languid love to him. It was unlike anything Magnus had done earlier, not at all like the Russian had told him the Norwegian would always do. The fucking was gentle and loving and fully satisfying.

And when it was over, Andreas told Magnus, in whispering tones as if someone beyond the side curtains of the bed were listening to them, everything. He told Magnus that he was being manipulated to authenticate the centerpiece of the Priam's Treasure, a solid gold ram's head belt buckle, with tatters of a woven gold belt attached that had been taken from Schliemann's first excavation of Troy and that was fit for the Trojan king Priam himself. And Andreas told Magnus that once the belt had been authenticated, Andreas was supposed to lure the Norwegian to the Cagaloglu Hamami baths and kill him. But all Andreas wanted to do was escape—with Magnus now. He

assumed that all he had to do was warn Magnus and they could disappear together beyond Tarasov's reach and leave the belt unauthenticated.

But Magnus had listened to his tale and had shown no surprise at all. And more astonishingly, the Norwegian had said they would go ahead with the Russian's plan—that it was reassuring that they would be permitted to leave the hidden house in the heart of the golden souk after the authentication.

Andreas had declared that he would not even think of carrying out the Russian's plan for the Norwegian in the baths afterward, and Magnus had just taken the Greek in his arms and kissed his eyelids and turned the young man on his belly on the bed. Then Magnus had covered Andreas's body with his own and fucked him gently and deeply again while kissing the hollow of the Greek's neck and murmuring calming endearments in his ear.

* * * *

Magnus's eyes lit up with joy when he saw the gleaming Belt of Priam lying on the velvet cloth on the green room table. It was magnificent. And there was no doubt that it was the genuine article. He took up the pen and the authentication document lying beside it.

"No, you can't," Andreas exclaimed in a shocked voice. "You can't sign that. That will be your death sentence. They won't need you anymore."

“I doubt whether we can leave this place if I don’t sign it,” Magnus answered with a sigh. “The house seems deserted, but you and I both know that we’re being watched—that our only hope is to make the bandits think their plan is being carried out.”

“But, but—”

“And it is the honest thing to do. This, indeed is the genuine Priam’s Belt. And authentication is what I do.”

Andreas trembled in fear as Magnus signed the document with a flourish.

“Go check the corridor, Andreas,” Magnus then said. “This is the most dangerous moment for us—finding out if they will keep with the plan they gave you. I’ll follow along behind you.”

Andreas moved to the door and looked back at Magnus. The Norwegian was holding the gleaming artifact in his hands, lovingly stroking it and feeling the heft of the solid gold. Andreas stole through the door and looked both ways down the corridor. Everything looked clear. A quick shuffle down the nearby staircase and they could be out the door in a twinkle of the eye. Once in the souk, Andreas was confident they could melt into the crowd. He hadn’t been fully honest with the Russian and the Turk. They thought they denied him mobility in the neighboring streets enough that he was at their mercy in the Egyptian Bazaar. But Andreas knew the bazaar well. He’d been here long before he ever was bought in the slave auction by the Russian. All he needed to do was to have five steps advance on anyone the Russian sent to track them down.

Andreas looked back into the room. Magnus was drawing away from the gleaming Belt of Priam on the velvet-topped table and was already half way across the room. Then he was at the young Greek’s elbow, and they moved for the door in a flash.

Wherever the Turk had been hiding in wait, he miscalculated how long Magnus would spend with the golden artifact. He heard—or spied—the two leaving the green room, but by the time he got to the entrance to the house, Andreas had managed to win his five-step lead, and the two had vanished.

It was one panicked Turk who realized by the next dawn that Andreas was not coming back. Hanci's only solace was that the authentication document had been signed, with Magnus's authoritative signature clearly discernible, and lay beside the gleaming gold Belt of Priam. He'd decide later whether the Russian need be told that the Greek hadn't been disposed of.

* * * *

The sailing vessel was well out into the Mediterranean, en route to Famagusta, Cyprus, following the same route that the victors of the Trojan War had taken after sacking the city, before Magnus left the railing and went below to be greeted by a grateful—and naked in his readiness to express his gratefulness—Andreas.

Magnus stood over his diminutive lover and started to disrobe. Andreas's eyes opened wide in wonder as they caught the gleam of the golden ram's head belt buckle that Magnus produced from the folds of his cloak.

"What? But I saw it. It was still there when we left." Andreas was so surprised that he could hardly form the words.

"Something was there, of course," Magnus answered with a smile, as he stepped out of his clothes and gently spread his new lover's legs as Andreas laid back on the

ship's bunk on his back. "Your masters fell into Schliemann's plans beautifully. I can't wait to see how our Russian friend will fare at the court of St. Petersburg when the tsar finds that the replica of Priam's Belt they buy from him at a premium cost is a fake, with just a thin veneer of gold over brass."

"But, but—I don't—" Andreas was saying as Magnus moved between his legs and the Greek took the strong, hard phallus in his hands and guided it to his hole.

"I could authenticate the belt because I was there when it was first found," Magnus continued in a lust-filled hoarse voice. The knob of his member was at the Greek's gate, and Andreas was covering it with his saliva to ease the entry. "Schliemann had a duplicate made. You thought you were pulling me into the Russian's plan on the Orient Express, when I actually was ensnaring you, pushing my way into access to the real belt."

Magnus was pushing his way into his diminutive lover's channel now, gaining access to his own treasurer trove. Andreas arched his back and widening his legs as much as possible to take Magnus in. He groaned and moaned, and Magnus sighed his pleasure at the taking, as the swaying of the boat helped set a gentle rhythm for the fuck. They spoke no more as waves and waves of lust and ecstasy, enhanced by their sense of freedom and victory, covered them.

Much later, as Andreas lay safe in the Norwegian's arms, he asked the question that had been on his mind for some time.

"Why Cyprus? Why are we sailing for Cyprus instead of returning straight to Vienna on the Orient Express?"

Magnus laughed and ran his fingers lightly around Andreas’s nipples for several minutes and leaned over and kissed him lightly there before he answered. “Schliemann indeed expects me straightaway back to Vienna on the Orient Express. But I haven’t quite decided yet whether I and Priam’s Belt—and you be making that trip. No one would ever suspect we were in Cyprus."

Paulo's Inferno

(Early twentieth-century Italy)

Paulo was sweating when he placed the listening piece of the telephone back in its cradle. He mopped his brow and loosened the cravat that now seemed to be choking him. He rose and moved to the window wall of his office that looked down into the assembly line factory floor where his firm, what very soon would be his firm, made the sleekest of horseless carriages that now were being called motorcars. Gina had told him just this morning that she feared his ambition and grasping were unbounded and would be his undoing. This after he had ravished her for the third time in as many days, sex mad she had thought until he had let it slip that he could not be assured of his standing in her father's company until they had given the old man a grandson.

He should be pleased now, after the telephone call. Now he need not waste his seed in the acid-tongued Gina anymore. Not if he could trust that smooth, rich-toned voice on the telephone. And he now was far beyond questioning that whoever was behind the voice on the telephone could deliver what was promised.

Three years previously Paulo had been a pimply faced, chubby clerk in a Milan mattress factory, the son of a butcher and dressmaker, destined for nowhere. But then the telephone calls had started. The smooth, rich-toned voice suggesting what he could do to better himself, promising that if he just did this or that or positioned himself here or there or said this or that to a certain person, he would prosper. Paulo had thought the voice had been that of prankster, but whenever he followed through on the suggestions, he found that they actually worked. He joined a men's athletic club and improved his

body and looks. He applied for a job in a business in Milan that everyone was laughing about at the time—the development of an invention of a vehicle that could move without being pulled by a horse. And by taking the periodic suggestions telephoned to him by the mysterious voice, he had prospered. Thus, at length he learned not to second guess the voice and just to do as it said, even to the point of asking for the hand of the company owner's daughter. It had been an absurd proposal, or so he thought. But the company owner had seen only what Paulo had developed to, not what Paulo still saw in himself, and the marriage had been settled.

Repeatedly Paulo had asked the voice on the telephone what he wanted, and invariably there had been a little dry laugh and the declaration that the voice only wanted to see Paulo filled with joy for all eternity.

This generous giving by an unseen and unknown benefactor had disturbed Paulo greatly at first, but as he became more handsome and virile and prosperous and successful at everything he did, he came to believe that what he was receiving was only what was due to him. That he deserved this good fortune by right; even that he himself was wholly the source of his success—that perhaps the voice on the telephone was really just his own internal voice of wisdom and superior intelligence.

Paulo became bold and free with himself. He visited prostitutes, at first women, who flattered him and told him how magnificent he was. He believed them. He acquired a mistress, who told him the same thing, that he was the most handsome man she'd ever known and the greatest lover and cocksman she had ever lain under. Paulo began to worship his body as much as his lovers did and to ever more frequently attend his men's club and display himself in all his glory. There were men at the club who

expressed the desire to worship Paulo's body too. And Paulo let them. He was an object of superior beauty; he loved himself and he completely understood that women and other men loved him too and wanted to worship his body, as was only its due.

Men wanted to unite with him, to meld their bodies with his. To enter him and get as close to his perfection as they could. They were passionate for him. And he loved their passion for him and let them make love to his body.

Thus, the telephone call he had just received from the voice should not have come as a shock to him. But it did nonetheless. The voice, in its silky, resonating baritone, had gotten to the heart of his present dilemma.

"You have become disgusted with your Gina, have you not, Paulo? She is ugliness and baseness against your beauty and elegance. You can hardly bear to touch her, is that not true?"

"No, of course not," Paulo said with indignation. And then, because he knew that he could trust the voice and received more when he honestly admitted his most basic needs and wants. "Well, perhaps. But she must be with child—with my child. With a son. Or I shan't have my dream of owning this firm."

"Perhaps. Perhaps not," answered the smooth-toned voice.

"I don't understand," Paulo responded.

"If you impregnate your wife, yes, in time you . . . or your son . . . may inherit the firm. In time, one or the other of you. But there may be a way for you to have the firm immediately in your own right, with no reliance on your wife or her womb."

"A way?" Paulo asked. "What way? You can give me the firm now?"

“Oh, yes, I surely could do that,” the voice intoned warmly. And then there was that dry little laugh that sent a shiver up Paulo’s spine. “But that’s quite a jump, Paulo, quite on a whole new level of our relationship.”

“Now? I could have control of the firm now?” Paulo’s mouth was fairly salivating.

“Yes, certainly. But for something like this you would have to pledge yourself to me. Do you think you could do that, Paulo?”

“How soon, do you think? Could I have it this year? Next year?”

“You could have it Monday morning, Paulo. Today is Friday. You could have it Monday morning.”

Paulo was hooked. “Monday morning,” he whispered, and his hands began to tremble and his chest puffed out and his eyes lit up.

“Yes, but you would have to give me Saturday night.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Oh, I think you might. You would have to pledge yourself to me. You would have to come to me in Punta Dufour on Saturday and lay with me for one night, for one night only. And then you would have control of the firm on Monday morning.”

The air went out of Paulo’s chest and he collapsed back into the chair and almost dropped the ear piece to the telephone.”

“No, no,” he stuttered. “I couldn’t possibly—”

“Of course you could, Paulo. You have lain with men before. I know that and you know that. You have no secrets from me. If you want to be filled with joy eternally, you’ll come to me at the Chateau de la Comte Asmodai in Punta Dufour tomorrow night. The firm, Paulo. Think of what you could do with those motor cars. Gina’s father is old and is

of the old world. Do you really think there will still be a robust firm making motor cars waiting for you when you have given the old man a grandson?”

Paulo stood at the window, looking down to the shop floor for the longest time, struggling with himself. The price was too great. It was his own talent and abilities that were propelling him to this phenomenal success, not whatever a mere voice on the telephone was doing on his behalf. He would just get Gina pregnant and the firm would be his. I was sure of it.

It was a six-hour train ride from Milan up to the Italian alps bordering on Switzerland where the tiny mountain village of Punta Dufour was located. And, of course, Paulo was on the early morning train to the border. It was dark, even though it was still afternoon, when Paulo reached Punta Dufour and stopped at the local tavern for directions to the chateau.

The first question he asked of the jovial tavern keeper concerned the darkness.

“Aye, we live in darkness here, young man,” the tavern keeper responded. “Look up there. That would be the Matterhorn that shadows over us. And a beautiful woman she is to encloak us, if I do say myself. And what might be your business in this corner of the world, Sir?”

This led to the second question, directions to the Chateau de la Comte Asmodai. The tavern keeper’s joviality melted away and he gruffly pointed up at the Matterhorn and told Paulo which of the trails leading up the mountain from the village would take him to the chateau. And with that, the old man withdrew from the bar without so much as offering Paulo an opportunity to buy a drink, and Paulo had to start the journey up the mountain thirsty and on an empty stomach.

He had almost stumbled on the chateau before he even realized it was anywhere in the vicinity. It was wedged into the cliffside just inside a dark ravine and was constructed of the same rock it was sunk in. Still, it was a very imposing building, but it was cold and foreboding.

The man who met Paulo at the door was anything but foreboding, though. He professed not to be the voice on the telephone, but Paulo assumed that his host was only putting up appearances. The young man who ushered Paulo into the chateau and sat him at a table groaning from the weight of delicious-looking food and drink beside a roaring fire in a huge stone fireplace was as beautiful and perfectly formed as a Michelangelo statue. He was blond and blue-eyed, in keeping with northern Italian stock, and, although he looked no older than Paulo himself, his conversation revealed an excellent education and a broad experience of the world. And he had a melodious baritone voice that very easily could be identified with that of the voice of the telephone when allowances were made for the rudimentary development of that instrument of communication.

Paulo and his host, who identified himself as Giovanni, conversed with ease and great mutual enjoyment as Paulo feasted from the abundance that had been placed before him. Everything about the interior of the chateau was opulent almost to the point of sensuality, and Paulo quickly warmed to the idea of laying with Giovanni and letting the handsome young man make love to him throughout the night—one worthy to worship his body properly. It appeared that the pledge required for Paulo to have his dreams fulfilled would be a pleasant one. And as he gazed at himself in the various

mirrors placed about the room, Paulo knew that lying with him would be a pleasant experience for Giovanni as well.

So absorbed with himself was Paulo that he didn't even notice that, although the mirrors were set at all angles in the room, the only visage to be seen in them was his own.

After Paulo had eaten and Giovanni had offered him brandy in the comfortable chairs before the fire and chatted with him in depth on the intricacies of the new world of auto mechanics while he watched Paulo drink deeply of the brandy, Giovanni led Paulo to a richly appointed bedchamber. There a huge, thick-postered canopied poster bed was positioned in the center of the room on a plush oriental carpet. The bed was draped in heavy, ruby-red damask panels, which Giovanni let down as soon as Paulo had stripped himself on request and settled himself in the bed. The fire had been dying as they had entered the room, and with the drapes drawn around the bed, Paulo was completely enveloped in darkness.

The journey had been long, and he had gorged himself on rich food and strong drink. So, Paulo stretched out on the bed on his belly and quickly dozed off.

He awoke to a tongue flicking along the side of his neck. The thin, but tightly muscled body of another man was stretched on top of him, the man's legs stretched on top of his, and his strong hands holding Paulo's wrists in long, sensuous fingers, their thumbs on Paulo's pulse, enabling both lovers to enjoy ever-more-rapid beat signaling Paulo's arousal.

Paulo's lover was already in full, and prodigious, erection, and his hard cock was curved up under Paulo's ball sack and between his slightly spread thighs.

With visions of Giovanni, Paulo responded to his new-found lover and began to move his body underneath the chest and belly that were closely covering his back. His lover was kissing and sucking at the arteries pumping blood up the side of Paulo's neck, which was sending engorging signals to Paulo's member, and Paulo lifted his pelvis slightly and began stroking the satiny sheets on the bed with his hard tool, slicking them up with his precum.

His lover was humming to him now in a resonate baritone as he worked his lips on Paulo's neck and slid his hard, moist cock back and forth between Paulo's buttocks cheeks, sliding up and down, up and down across the rim of Paulo's channel entrance. Paulo's lover was flowing in precum, which was moving into Paulo's ass channel as the curved cock ran up and down across the hole. Paulo felt the moist lubrication of his lover's desire seeping into his passage, helping to open him up to that monstrous cock.

Paulo was moaning and panting now. He'd never been prepared like this before, his body worshipped like this before. He turned his head, searching for and finding full, sensuous lips. The lips that had attracted him to Giovanni's handsome face. His lover was possessing his mouth with a searching, filling tongue, as sweet tasting as honey.

Paulo lifted his pelvis higher and stroked harder across the slickened surface of the satin sheets. He was pinned to the bed by the ropy chest muscles of a thin but strong torso and by those sensuous fingers of steel at his wrists. The lifting of Paulo's pelvis brought the head of his lover's curved cock squarely on his asshole, and with a slow rotating motion, the cock was entering him, opening him up, stretching him wide and moving into him.

Paulo wanted to scream out in the pain of exquisite passion, but his lover fully possessed his mouth and would not allow him to do so.

Deeper, deeper was he possessed by his lover's cock, which seemed to thicken and length to impossible proportions as it moved into him. Paulo was straining against his imprisonment now, wanting to writhe wildly to this glorious possession, but he was being held fast. He groaned as his passage walls undulated around the sinking cock, and he gasped as he strained at the steely fingers grasping his wrists and burbled his semen across the sheets underneath him in the ecstasy of release. But still his lover moved deeper and wider inside him.

Paulo opened his mouth wide in a silent scream, fully gagged by that sweet-tasting tongue, a tongue that strangely seemed to be forked, as his lover bottomed inside him and with a cry of his own sent his seed spouting deep inside his prey.

It was only then that Paulo realized that something had been switching at his sides and thighs. But before he could focus on this, his lover withdrew his tongue and placed his lips close to Paulo's ear and hissed, "Now you are mine. With this seeding you are fully pledged to me. There is no turning back now."

A chill shot through Paulo's body. His arms were released, although he was still pinned to the bed by his lover's torso and the hard, throbbing cock buried deep inside Paulo's ass. Paulo wildly felt around at his sides and his hands wrapped themselves around a flicking tail.

He turned his body under that of his lover just as flames shot up all around the bed. Not consuming flames, but illuminating flames. Flames that made the world quite clear—a brief, an oh so brief—illumination of a dark, dark world.

He saw his lover for the first time. And the horror of it was overwhelming. His lover was red-skinned, and horned, and he had a long, forked, flicking tail. And his sneering face was fully satanic.

“Oh, God,” Paulo cried out involuntarily.

“God has absolutely nothing to do with it,” the devil cackled with that dry laugh of his.

“But you promised that on Monday morning—”

“You pledged an entire night lying with me,” the devil chortled. “And here, in the shadow of the Matterhorn it is always night—always Saturday night. And I promised you would be filled with joy eternally.”

And then he went off in a gale of laughter. And when he could control himself again, he rolled off to the side of a Paulo immobilized by fear and shock and confusion and pulled his cock out of his prey with a sucking sound and wagged it with his hand.

“And this I call Joy,” he said with a cackle. “You have sold yourself to me with your unbounding ambition and conceit and, as I promised, I will fill you with Joy for all eternity.”

And with that, He rolled back on top of the paralyzed Paulo, pulled his prey up to all fours with the palms of his strong hands on Paulo’s belly and, crouching above him, thrust that long, thick curved cock back inside the young man and started pumping hard, his cock thickening and lengthening, filling Paulo once more and ever more possessively with Joy. And fucking him hard and roughly for all eternity.

Tail in the South Pacific

(Anti-Dutch insurrection, Indonesia, 1918)

Joe knew his unit shouldn't have entered the Scharzwald this close to dusk. The doughboys had been picked off one by one by the Huns, hidden in the trees. But Joe knew someone must get through and warn the big brass. He was the last one alive. He had to press on; he could not fail. This could be the turning point. The Yanks and all of their loved ones across the sea who depended on them to prevail over Old Fritz could be saved if the warning of the impending German troop movements got to the American lines in time.

They saw each other at the same moment as Joe splashed out of a shallow creek; the German soldier was as surprised to see Joe as Joe was to see him. A moment of shock during which it registered with Joe that the German was just a boy, a young and scared boy. Could he possibly be an enemy? He was shaking like a leaf. Could Joe possibly take advantage of that? Was he sent here to hunt young, vulnerable boys? Could that ever be the right thing to do? In the moment of indecision, the boy raised his ancient two-barreled pistol and sent a bullet whizzing through the material of Joe's uniform sleeve.

An overload of sensations: surprise, slight pain from the bullet nicking his arm, the sound of the misfiring click of the second chamber of the youth's pistol, and a new, ominous sound—harsh snuffling and snorting and thrashing about in the underbrush beside the creek. A huge wolf, a magnificent creature, really, broke into the small clearing Joe had been caught in and stood, menacingly between the American

doughboy and the young German hun, his great muzzle turning from one to the other, trying to decide which direction to pounce. With a little cry, the trembling German youth slipped from his precarious perch in the tree and fell to the ground. The wolf was upon him in a flash. Awakened from his paralysis by this new, more worthy, better-defined foe, Joe whipped a long-bladed knife from the sheath at his thigh and fell upon the wolf, slicing and stabbing the beast relentlessly—man against the natural elements, a suddenly clear-cut understanding of the point of the struggle of man.

The battle was furious but short, and once more man was triumphant. With a mighty heave, Joe thrust the carcass of the magnificent wolf aside. The German youth was gashed and his clothes lay on his bruised and trembling body in tatters—but he still breathed and his eyes were filled with panic and fear as they looked up at the panting American doughboy standing over him with raised and bloody knife. Joe . . .

"Jules! Jules! Jules Kincaid, where have you crept off to? Oh there you are. Come in this instant and go to your room. You can see what time it is."

Yeah, right, Jules thought. Time for one of those men to come and start playing hide the sausage with you. With a sigh, Jules left off writing his story, closed his tablet, and slid back into the shabby little Kincaid living room from the Chicago tenement fire escape. The fire escape and his stories were Jules's escape from the sordid world he and his mother had been propelled into by the death of his father the previous summer.

"Jules, hurry up now and go to your room. It's almost eight o'clock." Jessica Kincaid sounded more weary than angry. This wasn't the life she'd planned for either of them. At least Jules had his stories to escape into. All she had was her low-paying receptionist job by day and what she had to do by night to bring in enough to keep the

two of them going. All because of Joe. All because of his bravado—and because he'd never learned how to swim.

"Step to, Jules. In your room now. And finish up your homework, or you'll never graduate with your class. Don't be spending all of your time on those adventure stories of yours, do ya' hear?"

Jules heard all right. He heard that hated name, Jules, pounding at him. He certainly heard that. The first thing he was going to do come July and his eighteenth birthday, in the year he'd had his eye on for a decade, 1917, was to get rid of that name, have it legally changed if he could. Reduce it to nothing more than an initial if he couldn't. But as far as hearing, he could do that better than his mother seemed to think. And he had two good eyes too. Who did she think she was fooling?

There wasn't a thing wrong with either his hearing or his eyesight an hour later, when, shortly after hearing the knock on the apartment door, he opened the door to his bedroom a crack and saw them doing it on the couch. His mother was on her butt on the sofa, sideways, with her back arched and her shoulders digging into the sofa arm. And her legs were splayed wide. And some big bruiser of a guy was kneeling between her legs with his knees buried in the sofa cushions and that big fat dick of his buried in Jules's mother.

The guy was gruntin' and groanin', and Jules heard his mother making all sort of moaning sounds with her mouth. But from where he stood, he could see her eyes. And her eyes were dead and focused on someplace far, far away. This wouldn't have been happening if those Huns hadn't swarmed over his dad—his war hero dad—and gotten the best of him finally after he'd killed hundreds of them. His dad would put a stop to this

if he were here. Jules himself was almost eighteen, and he'd learned a thing or two about fighting, but he somehow knew that his mother didn't want him to intercede. She apparently was doing what she wanted to do. But she sure wouldn't be doing it if his father were still alive.

Jules's attention was arrested by the working of the man's dick inside his mother, the rhythm of the movement as it pushed in and pulled out in concert with the man's grunts and his mother's moans. It was almost poetic and was arousing—or would be if it weren't his own mother who was being worked. But then Jules had the most guilty feeling, and he saw now that his mother had seen him watching and that her eyes had become even more dead than before and were brimming over with tears as her mouth formed a silent, wounded scream.

The inevitable confrontation between mother and son the next morning didn't take the direction that either had envisioned.

Jules caused the floodgates to open by trying to deal with the tension between them—and the reason behind it—indirectly by extolling the war hero exploits and high moral character of his dead father—assuming his mother would get the message without forcing them to talk about what he'd seen. But Jessica was having none of that, although she took her reaction to a place she'd carefully never taken it before. And she surely would not have taken it now if her world hadn't been shattered by the undeniable truth of what her son had seen the previously night, a truth that had been there for some time but that she could, until now, pretend wasn't real because it wasn't acknowledged.

"God, will you stop this about your father, Jules. Joe wasn't a war hero. He didn't even make it to France. His ship sank and he drowned. We aren't still fighting because

some quirk stopped him from saving the world. He died a useless death—and he left you and me with nothing."

"He loved and protected us and went to France to make the world safe for us," Jules responded stubbornly, refusing to hear the truth. "He—"

"The only one he loved was himself, Jules. He wanted me until he had me and then I was just another one of his possessions. And it was the same with you. He—" She couldn't go on; she recoiled in horror at what she'd said. She'd never spoken of her husband to her son like this. Even though she had spoken the truth. She might have said something before now, knowing that Jules was sinking ever deeper into his misconceptions, but Jules was growing up to be so much like his father. She didn't want to plant any more of Joe's self-possession and disregard for others in Jules's brain than was naturally there.

Both sat there, staring each other down. Jules still worshipped his father. What he was hearing now wasn't the warning that his mother intended; it was more like a blueprint.

At length, Jessica changed tack. "It isn't about last night. I was going to tell you anyway, but now it's just as well that I did it."

"Did what?" Jules asked belligerently.

"Last week I was informed that you won the school system's citywide writing competition. I was going to tell you then, but something else came with the contest win, and I've been struggling with it ever since. I think now, though, that it's the best thing that could happen—for you, certainly."

Jules was interested now. He actually knew he'd won the contest. And he knew what his mother hadn't told him. He had been agonizing for days that she would say no, that he would be trapped in this tenement with her and in this sordid life forever. He'd already decided he would enlist and go off to the building fighting in France and Germany if she didn't agree to the what came with the contest win.

"The novelist, Arthur Brolin, has agreed to take you on as a personal student," Jessica said. "But he's leaving for a year's sabbatical in the South Pacific in late June. If you want to apprentice to him to learn what he can teach you about writing, you'll have to be gone for a year. You'll have to leave Chicago. And I can't come with you."

Jessica had voiced these stipulations like they were negatives. But they were honey to Jules's ears. Each and every stipulation. He was free. He was going far, far away from Chicago and his mother, and he was going to study under the novelist, Arthur Brolin!

* * * *

"It's good, of course," Arthur Brolin said as he handed the typewritten pages back to his pupil, Jules Kincaid. But he wasn't looking at the young man, and he offered no further comment.

Jules followed his teacher's gaze out onto the white-sand beach beyond the palm tree line. Sid—their Sumatran houseboy, Sidharto—wearing a gaily colored sarong pulled up and tucked into his waistband to escape the foam of the waves, was casting his net into the turquoise-blue surf of the perfect beach. For his year of writing

sabbatical, accompanied by his young protégé, Brolin had settled on this beach paradise, just up the coast from the coastal town of Bengkulu, yet so isolated that few came this way. Here, Arthur Brolin was like a king in his domain—and few knew or cared how what he did in his domain.

Brolin sighed, still gazing intently on the rippling muscles of the lithe, diminutive, yet perfectly formed houseboy, who was focused on catching their dinner. Jules knew what that sigh was about. He'd heard Brolin fucking the houseboy in the dark of the night in their thatch-covered sprawling hut. Jules had no illusions why Brolin had come this far from the American Midwest for his year's sabbatical of writing. And, now, he also had no illusions about why Brolin had volunteered to bring him along and to mix his own writing with developing the young escapee of the Chicago tenements.

"It's good . . . but?" Jules said, waving the pages of his latest attempt at a short story near enough to Brolin's line of sight to break the man's concentration on the fishing houseboy.

"It's good. It's very good . . . ," Brolin answered again, absentmindedly.

"But what?" Jules persisted. Brolin was usually much more communicative than this. But Jules had been writing story after story for two months now in this Dutch colony paradise, and he still hadn't won anything more than lukewarm comments from Brolin.

"But . . . we've discussed this before, Jules," Brolin said as he gave his handsome, eighteen-year-old student his full, undivided attention now. "It's good in a mechanical sense, but it has no passion."

"No passion?" Jules asked. Brolin had put his hand, that hand with the long sensuous fingers, on Jules's wrist and hadn't taken it away. Jules shuddered at the

touch, but not wanting Brolin to feel his trembling and misconstrue it, he let the words tumble out.

"What is this about no passion? I write adventure stories. I write of men struggling against the elements and eventually winning out over nature or the cruelties men force on other men, like war. War stories, like the one we just went through. Situations where people like my father struggle against impossible odds. I pour out everything inside me on these. But you say they have no passion?"

"Your writing is very good . . . no, extremely good, Jules, as I said. And there's nothing wrong in the themes you pursue. But they are missing something nonetheless. And I think what they are missing is passion. I'm sure you put everything inside you into your writing. But clearly the problem seems to be that you don't have nearly enough passion inside you to give to your stories—to make them sing with passion, to put them above what any other young writer is producing. I didn't invite you out here to make a competent writer of you. I brought you out here to make an internationally acclaimed writer of you. And I think you have that in you."

Jules had lowered his head and was trying his best to drink in what Brolin was saying to him. But all he could think of were those searing fingers on his wrist, feeling his pulse, no doubt searching for the passion inside him.

"I do. I do feel very passionate about what I'm writing," Jules stammered out in his defense. "I feel—"

"You only feel within the limits of your experience, Jules," Brolin said softly. "And your experience is limited. You can't really feel passion as a writer until you've experienced passion. That's what the best writers do. They let themselves go and they

experience it all. And it comes out in their writing. You are young, so young. You've experienced . . . nothing . . . really, before now. I could—"

"You showed me this picture, this picture of an elk," Jules rushed on, not wanting to hear what Brolin wanted to say to him. You told me to write a story about it, about a majestic animal, about the relations between all that the elk is and my protagonist, Joe. And I did that. I wrote of Joe and an Indian warrior coming upon each other in the wilds of Wyoming and how they fought each other, meaning to do so to the death. And how the appearance of an elk stag on the mountain ridge above them made them both stop and realize how futile their fighting was and then separate and go their own way. I wrote that with passion. Man against the elements, the majesty of nature, the bonding of men in dire straits."

"That wasn't the bonding of men," Brolin said in a voice both soft and full of steel. "Those men fell away from each other when confronted with the majesty of nature, as represented in the elk, Jules. Don't you see? Nature won. That didn't show the strength of your protagonist; it showed his weakness. What I see inside you, what I think you have to give in your writing is showing the ascendance of your protagonist over nature and over other men. The passion in the protagonist's relationship with nature, as symbolized by that elk stag, is not in accommodating or respecting the elk, but in mastering and possessing it. And the same can be said of the man, the Indian warrior."

Brolin's voice had become insistent; he was flooding Jules's mind with the power of his smooth, honey-toned voice and the strength of his storytelling. Jules felt almost as if he was going into a trance. He could feel the pressure of Brolin's grip on his wrist, and now he could feel the palm of Brolin's other hand on his thigh. Jules felt his chest

heaving, and, looking at Brolin, he could see that his mentor was similarly affected. They were both bare-chested and in colorful sarongs, just as Sid was. They had gone completely native. Jules felt what was coming next, but the mesmerizing effect of Brolin's voice and Jules's aching need to produce the writing that Brolin wanted, to become the writer that Brolin said he was capable of becoming, possessed the young man, and he made no move to stop his mentor.

"Bonding is important to a writer, Jules," Brolin was saying. "Experiencing bonding and letting the passion of that build and pour down to your fingertips as your fingers sit on the keys of the typewriter, and imbuing your writing with a full, mature knowledge of passion through experience . . ." His eyes were fully intent on Jules now, although Jules was still unable to look up at him, and his hand on Jules's thigh had slipped into a fold in the sarong and rested on the warm, smooth skin inside Jules's thigh, high up. He was lightly stroking the inside of Jules's thigh with his index finger and a thumb, sending ripples of electricity through Jules's body.

"You need to acquire a much deeper and richer experience to even begin to know what the passion is, Jules. Bonding. Bonding. I could—"

"Kiai Brolin. Kiai Brolin! Venerable teacher! Look what I've caught." The chestnut brown houseboy, Sid, full of life and laughter and with a smile as broad as his handsome face, was running up the beach toward Jules and Brolin, a big fat fish in his hand. "We eat well tonight, Kiai Brolin. The god's are good to us."

Brolin joined the infectious laughter of his houseboy and also joined in the rejoicing over the catch. When he turned back to Jules, though, his young apprentice was gone and only the scattered sheets of his "only very good" short story and the

picture of the majestic elk stag remained where he had been sitting on the pillows beside the low table at the palm-treed verge of the white-sand beach.

Hours later, unable to sleep, burning with the implications of what Brolin had told him, knowing now, instinctively and irrevocably, that Brolin was right—that he would never be able to write with the necessary passion until he had allowed himself to experience passion—Jules crept out of his room in one wing of the thatched hut and quietly moved to the doorway of Brolin's room in the other wing.

They were there. The little Sumatran houseboy was flat on his belly on Brolin's bed, his legs tight together and his hands firmly gripping the brass rods of the headboard above him for dear life as Brolin, nude and crouched above him, encasing the pelvis of the smaller man with his strong thighs, his sensuous fingers wrapped around the Sumatran's wrists, plunged a thick and long cock between the houseboy's pert butt cheeks again and again and again. Sid was whimpering and Brolin was panting hard. Jules stood, transfixed, and moaning slightly to himself as his hand went to his own rising cock and the passion of the moment flooded into him. This, more than anything Brolin had been telling him earlier, demonstrated the majesty and monstrousness of what full, passionate possession meant. Jules's mind started to race and all sorts of sensations and images flooded in. He withdrew from the doorway.

A pen and some paper; he had to find a pen and some paper. He had to write. Now!

* * * *

Jules wrote far into the night, feverishly. He knew the writing was better than he had ever accomplished before. But he also knew that it wasn't good enough. His mentor had been right. The experience of the passion was what was missing. What he had seen earlier had transmitted to him in some degree, but that wasn't enough. He knew now what he had to do. He had to have the passion; he had to become the writer he wanted to be.

He was focused so intently on his work that he hadn't noticed the sounds until they had become insistent, close by. Drums and shots and screams.

Jules jumped up from his desk and ran to the window and pushed aside the palm frond matting. The sky was aglow over Bengkulu, lighting up the beach and the pounding surf of the Indian Ocean. Bengkulu was burning. It seemed as if the whole sky to the west was ablaze. A shot rang out nearby, and Jules instinctively fell away from the window.

"Quick. No time. The storage shed," Brolin muttered in a guttural whisper as he lurched into the room and pulled Jules up from the floor. He was completely naked, his firm muscle twitching in the shock of the moment, his manhood and ball sack hanging and swinging low.

"What . . .?" Jules muttered, dazed by the sudden eruption of activity on their peaceful, isolated beach.

"No time. There's a hiding place in the storage shed. And it's concrete. We could be quickly burned out here or plugged by a stray bullet."

"Sid . . .?" Jules said idiotically as he permitted Brolin to pull him toward the back door and the pathway away from the beach toward the storage shed. His sarong went

to his ankles and constricted his movement so that he hobbled in a shuffling gait as Brolin propelled him along. Brolin reached down and tore the material off Jules, freeing the young man's movement but making him as naked as his mentor was.

"Sid's PNI," gasped through his pants, and then when the sense of that didn't seem to register with Jules, he spoke again. "He's a member of the communist movement. If they come here, it will be because of him. The Dutch are burning out the resistance movement. If they find we're harboring a PNI member, we'll be burned out too. Sid's gone into hiding away from here."

Both of them were panting heavily when they got to the shed. Looking back toward the beach, Jules could see figures of men with lifted torches and rifles, silhouetted against the glow on the horizon from Bengkulu, coming through the palm tree verge and heading toward their hut. Brolin pulled him roughly into the hut, moved some boxes aside at the back of the small room, pushed Jules roughly down on his back in a narrow space been the back of a wooden-back shelving rack that went nearly to the ceiling and a concrete block wall, and then, after pulling the boxes back to cover the entrance to their hiding place, and sprawled down, full-length, on top of Jules. There was no room in the confined space for him to do otherwise, but Jules was fully aware of his mentor's nakedness, and the hairiness of the very fit man's chest, heart pounding and muscles taut, on top of his own naked chest.

Adrenaline was pumping through both of the men. Brolin couldn't help himself, having wanted to be doing what he then did for the entire two months they had been in Sumatra. And Jules, aroused by what he'd seen Brolin and Sid doing earlier and the sudden awakening to passion couldn't help himself either. The danger and the passion

of the moment swept them both up into its clutches, and Brolin was cupping Jules's head in his hands and was kissing him deeply in his full and sensuous lips. At the same time his pelvis was grinding against Jules's. Jules reach down and took possession of Brolin's cock and felt it grown long and thick and hard. His own cock was rising too, and Brolin was left with no doubts about Jules's willingness. Brolin took one of his hands away from Jules's cheek and spit on it and moved it down between Jules's thighs and found his young student's virgin hole.

Jules arched his back and rocked his head back, away from Brolin's lips, and opened his mouth wide, preparing to scream out in surprise and pain as Brolin entered him with his moistened finger. Brolin's strong hand went to Jules's mouth, however, and covered both his mouth and his nose, as his finger continued to probe. Jules was trembling and gasping for air beneath the stifling gag and he was beginning to black out. Brolin released his hand over Jules's air passages, but he replace his hand with his possessing mouth. He was kneeling on his knees now between Jules's thighs and pulling Jules's legs up to his shoulders.

Jules felt the large dick head at his hole as Brolin removed his searching and stretching fingers, and Jules arched his back again and silently screamed around Brolin's probing tongue as the head of the teacher's cock obtained purchase just inside Jules's hole.

They both froze at the sound of voices outside the door to the storage shed. The room was full of light now that blazed over the top of the shelving unit that didn't quite meet the ceiling and through cracks in the backside and around the edges of the case.

Voices. Angry voices. Firing off rapid-fire exclamations in Indonesia, clearly not pleased that they hadn't found any communists to exterminate. Jules knew now that their lives depended on him not screaming. This was a moment such as he'd written about. But the reality was so much more intense than his imagination had been when he was writing. He now fully appreciated what his teacher had been trying to tell him about experiencing being necessary to capture the passion of a story that would lift it head and shoulders above the competition—about danger and what a man had to do in the face of danger to survive and to come out as the master.

Brolin took advantage of the moment of Jules's fear of making any noise to start the plowing of his plump, experienced cock up the young virginal ass canal.

Regardless of the danger of the moment, Jules started to whimper and to struggle underneath Brolin, the hard thick possession of the older man being almost more than Jules could take. Brolin covered Jules's mouth and nose with his hand again, and all of the fight went out of Jules as he began to drift out from oxygen starvation and Brolin's dick continued its throbbing invasion up his canal.

And then the light and the voices were gone, and Brolin had removed his hand and was kissing and sucking and nibbling on young Jules's neck and nipples and the pits under his arms as the master's cock bottomed deep inside the tender canal and began to pump and pump and pump deep inside his student. Harder and faster. Jules was gasping and groaning and moaning now.

Brolin had gathered control of himself enough to murmur that he'd try to stop fucking Jules if the pain was unbearable and that's what the young man wanted, but

Jules was too far gone in the experience now. He could only manage and breathless, "No-o-o."

"No, what?" Brolin grunted.

"No . . . don't . . . stop," Jules cried out.

And Brolin fucked on. he had Jules's cock in his fist and he relentlessly stroked him off until Jules ejaculated with a gasp and collapsed back to the floor. But Brolin fucked on and on and on. The passion flooded back into Jules and he moaned and groaned and cried out for the fuck, his mind racing, forming words and images and experience-filled themes to pour out onto the typewriter keys.

* * * *

The next day dawned much like any other on Sumatra. Brilliant sunshine filtering through rustling palm fronds at the verge of a bright white sandy beach. The surf relentlessly lapping at the beach and the birds chirping away in the inland pine trees. It was as if nothing had happened the previous night that was in any way out of the ordinary. And the people would continue living their lives as if nothing had happened the previous night, as if the Dutch and their native underlings hadn't conducted yet another of a long series of nights of the long knives. And if the mothers and wives of the young men who had been singled out as PNI members or supporters mourned the permanent absence of their loved ones, they did none of the keening in public. The Dutch were the gods on Sumatra. There might come a day when all of the people of the archipelago

were free to think what they wanted to think and do what they wanted to do, but 1918 was not such a time.

Brolin was still abed, having had his fill of both Sid and Jules the previous night, and exhausted from the loss of adrenaline over their near brush with the long knives of those doing the bloody bidding of the Dutch.

Jules, again wearing the sarong from the previous night, was walking the surf line of the beach, grappling in his mind a reworking of the elk story. He didn't want to write a totally new theme. He still wanted to work with the elk image. He wanted to show his teacher that he had been right—that Jules's brilliance as a writer could be touched and could shine out increasingly as he gained passion and experience. He knew now that Sid would not be spending all of his nights in the hut—that Jules's himself would be draining the teacher of far more than words in his search for new and richer experience and for the passion he needed to convey to his readers.

Jules had been walking for long, lost in thought. When he looked up, at the sound of rustling in the jungle beyond the fringe of palm trees, he discovered that he was well beyond their beach area toward the east, in the direction away from Bengkulu. He walked toward the sound.

What he first saw were the bright colors. Lengths of brightly colored sarong material, waving and dipping in the thick covering of ferns under the palm trees. Then he heard the giggling. He moved stealthily to behind a fat palm tree and observed Sid in the process of fucking a comely Sumatran lass. She was on her back with her legs spread wide, and he was crouched between her thighs and leaning over her, his lips working a nipple on her plump breast, his hand caressing her cheek, and his dick

thrusting strongly in and out of her cunt. She was thrusting her hips up to meet his downward thrusts and was laughing and moaning for him.

More experience, Jules thought. And he watched the two making love, drinking in the experience of it, trying to merge with them from his position behind the tree. He could feel his cock engorging and he was stroking himself as he watched them fucking with abandon and obvious enjoyment. The passion and enjoyment of the two were obvious. Jules felt that he should rejoice in what they were doing with each other, both fully giving and receiving, no regrets, no shyness, no inhibitions. But there was something missing. What Jules wanted to write about—what Arthur Brolin had defined to him the previous day that he, deep down, wanted to write about—was possession, not mutual satisfaction. No, not the abandon of shared passion, really, but the possession of, the mastery of one over the other. There had to be a winner. Someone had to be in total control.

“You want to fuck too her too?” Sid was asking, having seen Jules well before Jules realized that his presence was known. “Come, yayi. Come, younger brother. She is very nice and ripe. She does very nice ju ju. And she likes you. She’s always telling me she wants to make ju ju with the serious, strong, young American. And you are beautiful too. She wants you too. Come, yayi, come and share the joy.”

What a simple culture, Jules thought. Last night Sid was escaping just ahead of a mob that wanted his blood, and today he was leisurely fucking a comely young lass on the beach. Jules tentatively moved toward the coupling lovers as Sid pulled his cock out of the girl’s cunt and made way for Jules. Not being real sure what to do, Jules went down on his knees between the girl’s outstretched legs. She looked up at him and

smiled a big smile of welcome. Sid leaned down and kissed Jules on the lips to show the complete abandonment of the time and place.

There was no need for Jules to prepare his cock. It was already at full attention and was dripping precum. The young Sumatran girl gave a little giggle and came up on her knees. She took Jules's cock in her hand and straddled his thighs with her own and guided him inside her. She was deep and moist and her passage walls were undulating around Jules's cock. She flung her arms around his waist and began to rock back and forth on his cock with her hips. He joined in that motion and buried his face between the fragrant mounds of her pert, full breasts. The girl gave a little lurch and a gasp and Jules looked up to see that Sid was crouched behind her and obviously had entered her ass with his cock. The three of them rocked on and on and on as Jules's two companions gave small, satisfied exclamations and muttered to each other happily in the sing song tones of the Indonesian language.

Jules and Sid came almost simultaneously and the Sumatran girl cried out her satisfaction of having been doubly ridden and filled. She was the first to move. She extracted herself from the two young men and smiled and chattered to them in low, silky tones as she, rewrapped her colorful sarong around her waist and backed away to a place where she had left a water jug. And then she turned and disappeared into the jungle.

Jules and Sid sat there, on their haunches, facing each other. Jules knew he should feel satisfied. But he wasn't. He wanted possession. He wanted mastery. He wanted to win over the elements and other men. Women were fine, but men were equal adversaries. They were what he needed to master.

Sid gave him a little smile and started to rise and reach for his own sarong. Searing passion flashed through Jules's brain, though. With a cry, he came up onto the balls of his feet and grabbed Sid by his hips and turned him and pushed him down on top of his spread sarong on all fours. Then, crouching behind and above him, Jules thrust his still-engorged dick inside Sid's ass and rode him hard, fucking him like a dog, until Sid collapsed to the ground underneath him, gasping and groaning and moaning. Jules followed him to the ground, grinding his cock deep inside the young Sumatran, while his prey, his majestic elk, writhed under him and whimpered for relief. At last, Jules spouted off deep inside the Sumatran houseboy, who just lay there panting, a big smile on his face, as Jules rose, rewrapped his sarong and turned and walked back up the beach with strong, proud strides.

* * * *

"Excellent, excellent. Ready to be published. Sure to win an award," Arthur Brolin was crowing with pride and full satisfaction after reading Jules's rewrite of a story of the elk stag the following day. Once more they were sitting at the low table at the palm-tree edge of the beach and watching a gingerly treading Sid cast his net in the incoming tide of the Indian Ocean. This time, however, Jules was cuddled into Brolin's lap, his back to Brolin's chest, and Brolin's cock deep inside his student. Brolin was rocking his pelvis gently back and forth in rhythm with the rustling of the wind through the palm fronds overhead, and Jules was doing his best to concentrate. He'd give Brolin is enjoyment

for now. But before the year was over, Jules was determined that Brolin would be begging for Jules to fuck him—and Jules would only be doing so when it pleased him.

In Jules's rewrite, his protagonist, now named Pete, had tracked a mighty elk stag up in the snowy and rocky reaches above the timberline of the Wyoming Grand Tetons for days until both he and the elk were near exhaustion. When he finally cornered the elk, he found that an Indian brave had been hunting it as well and had fallen while notching his arrow to launch against the beast, which was upon him, lashing at him with his antlers. Pete had shot the elk, but it hadn't died. And then Pete's rifle had locked up and the wounded elk had pawed the ground and lowered its fourteen-point rack and charged the hunter, forcing him to the ground and piercing him again and again with the sharp points of his antlers. Pete had fought back with his bare hands, helped by a weakened and bloodied Indian brave, and Pete had, in the end, killed the elk. The Indian and the White hunter had briefly stared at each other, taking each other's measure, prepared to take the struggle to its ultimate conclusion. But in the end, the Indian had bowed to Pete's mastery of the elk. The brave had gone off with the hide, but he had insisted on the ascendance of the White hunter, and Pete had its head hanging over his fireplace and the Indian brave's turquoise-beaded breastplate lying on the mantel.

"You are ready to write your novel of man against the elements and of male bonding now," the teacher said, his voice full of approval. "And I know it will strike a note in an America just opening up to its destiny of mastery of the world. Jules Kincaid will soon be a household name."

“Not Jules Kincaid,” the student said quietly. “From now on I will be J. Harvey Kincaid.”

And J. Harvey Kincaid wrote his novel of the great American west, full of its symbolism of a new, resource and space rich nation coming into its own and possessing and mastering everything in its wake as it reached out to embrace the world. And when his first novel won the Pulitzer Prize, he kept writing the story over and over and over again. And the depth of his theme and the richness of his imagery increased manifold as he lived life on his own terms and sank into being his theme.

And before the year ended, Brolin would be begging to be fucked by Jules, and Jules had met and mastered and possessed many of Sid’s Sumatran friends.

Long John Silverman

(World War II in Europe)

“Come on, let me at least look at it. I have a bet going. I’ve declared it can’t be true.”

“No,” John said. But he was smiling. He knew the British bomber jockeys were a boisterous and randy lot, and most were too good-natured to raise his dander. And there was a heart-wrenching war on. And, mostly, he was too embarrassed that he was chained to a desk and, this not being his war, at least not yet, locked into a nothing, thinly symbolic liaison job while they were up there laying their lives on the line.

“Come on, then, John. Just a peek. I’ll be dead next month. Would you want me to go without knowing?”

Trevor Chelton was being morbid, of course, but they had to be that way, the British war pilots. And they had to grasp at any humor in it that they could—or else none of them could have made it this far. Six months. That was the life expectancy of a British bomber pilot in this second world war. And no one had known anyone who had retired from this. At least not yet.

When John Silverman had just arrived at RAF Mildenhall air base in September 1939 as a nominal American liaison officer to the British war effort, a twenty-one-year-old, fresh-out-of-college U.S. Army Air Corps lieutenant, the best sign of support the Americans could offer to the British at this point in their war against Adolph Hitler, he had “gotten” it the moment he had arrived. His welcome escort had taken him to a barracks building and told him to pick out the billet he wanted.

“But all of the bunks are taken,” he had said, after his eyes had scanned the long room and seen the unmistakable sign of primitive, yet determined domestication around each one of the neatly spaced cots.

“No, they are all available,” his British counterpart had said quietly. “You can just clear the muck away of the one you choose. None of these lads are coming home.” It wasn’t until much later, at war’s end that John would learn that only 10 percent of the British bomber pilots who ever flew off over the channel survived the war. But just the image of that seeming full, but empty barracks that day was all he ever needed to see to believe the horror of that reality. And that was enough to make him vulnerable.

Which was why, in the end, John had given the young and tragically dashing Trevor Chelton the look he wanted—and why he had softened to the young man when his eyes went wide as saucers when he got that look.

And it was why in late November he let Trevor come to his cot in the ghostly empty barracks and had sat on the edge of the cot and let Trevor lower his naked body into his lap, facing him. Why John had sat quietly and docilely and let Trevor rise and fall rhythmically on John’s manhood, nipples rubbing nipples, hands encasing John’s head so that their lips met and they kissed while Trevor sighed a satisfied sigh of fulfillment and peace—and momentary escape from the reality of the times and expectations.

For three weeks that late fall they were lovers, John progressively being won over to Trevor’s desires and needs so that by that last afternoon, Trevor was laying on his back on the cot, buttocks at the edge, and John was holding Trevor’s trembling legs spread wide and was actively entering and entering and entering Trevor to the tune of

Trevor's cries of passion and pleasure at the depth of the never-ending, mutually engaged taking.

That had been on the 16th of December. The legendary Wilhelshaven Raids over Germany had started two days earlier. No one knew then when they would end. All suspected it would be when the last British bomber pilot was dead.

There was a frenetic, "forget the world," element to John and Trevor's lovemaking. John had never lain with a man before, but he felt so helpless and superfluous to the brave defense these young men were putting up for their homeland, their great sacrifice in the face of sure death and probably futility. He could deny Trevor nothing in these circumstances. And for these days of impending horror, he let himself go. They fucked like there was no tomorrow, for, indeed, there probably wasn't going to be a tomorrow for Trevor and his compatriots. Again and again and again, Trevor in the deepest throes of passion at what John was willingly and completely giving him now, feeding deep inside him. No need for condoms. Skin on skin. Trevor arching his back and his eyes rolling back in his head, his cries of joys lifted to the ceiling of the eerily deserted barracks room as John sank in, in, in. No thought of tomorrow. Only today, and the frenzy of the deep fuck.

And on that day, John believed that it was Trevor who held his love. No other. Trevor was his whole life. And he was no longer even thinking he was doing this because of the unusual circumstances they were in. Trevor needed him in order to get through the days, to motivate him to climb into that Wellington bomber in the twilight and take his next dark-of-the-moon run into the German, flak- and Luftwaffe night fighter-

filled skies. But that was passed them now. They were fucking because they were lovers.

The Wellington Raids ended on the 18th of December 1939, the British force exhausted but having made a decisive, staving off impact on the German war-making capability.

In this last sortie across the channel in the Wilhelshaven Raids, Trevor Chelton's Wellington bomber was shot down by a German ME-109E as it had the English channel in its sights after a successful run over Wilhelshaven, with the plane ditching in the North Sea, all crew registered as lost.

Three weeks later, John Silverman was reassigned to Claire Chennault's fledgling Flying Tiger "support" aid force unit that was forming in Kunming, China, to help bolster the Chiang Kai-shek government's resistance to the Japanese invasion in the east. And it wasn't long before John was fully occupied with an entirely different sort of war and without the time or luxury of private mourning for his lost lover. Young men were dying at every turning. There was no time to think on the senseless wasting of them individually any more.

* * * *

It was late in the November of 1963 in a quiet Cleveland, Ohio, suburb, when a distraught and drained John Silverman answered the ringing at his door. If he hadn't been distracted, he might have just let the doorbell ring and ring until whoever was there gave up and went away. But he had been watching the television coverage of the

assassination and burial ceremonies for the U.S. president for days, and he was confused and drained and just went to the door without really even thinking about it.

The man was young and sad looking. John immediately started forming in his mind whatever he could say to get rid of a door-to-door salesman as quickly as possible. He was in no mood for anyone else's hard-luck story or personal tragedy at this time. He had all of that he could manage himself now. He was worn out by life.

But he was wrong in thinking there was no more of this to face.

"Did he suffer?" John asked, sitting there in the dimly lit silence of his living room in the long shadows of the late afternoon, the television set turned off for the first time in a week.

"No, not really. He went quickly, once we knew for sure that he was that ill." The young man, Raymond Bock, as he had introduced himself, dragged up a swelling of old, bittersweet memories for John. It probably was his English accent.

"I had no idea that Trevor had even survived the war," John said in a halting voice. The shock that Trevor Chelton had recently died was magnified by John's assumption that he had been dead for twenty-four years already.

"He didn't want you to know," young Raymond said. Bock was a strikingly handsome young man. Lithe and blond. Fine, expressive hands. Probably an artist of some sort. Certainly artistic, sensitive. He had shown as much sensitivity as possible in letting John know that John's old lover—Raymond's most recent lover—had both lived and died in a completely separate dimension from John's postwar life.

"He didn't want me to know?" John was still stunned and a little confused. This wasn't his sharpest week. He was vulnerable.

“No,” Raymond answered in a low, throaty voice. It sounded like he was a bit on edge himself, barely holding in his emotions. “By the time he found you after the war, you were married and had children. How many was it?”

“Six. Six boys. In seven years.”

“But your wife?”

“Mary died in having that sixth child. I raised the boys on my own. The last of them—Phil—is off at naval training now.”

“Six children in seven years. What took her? A difficult childbirth?”

“She was just worn out. I tried to get her to slow down. But she always . . . she just wanted—”

“Can I see it?” Raymond’s voice was hoarse. John sensed a thickness in it. A familiar tone. He looked up sharply at the young man. As if seeing him for the first time now.

“Excuse me?”

“Trevor talked of you . . . of it . . . often. In the throes of passion, he would cry out your name. I was jealous for ever so long. Not that he cried out your name. But jealous of what he had to say about it. I wasn’t sure I ever believed it. But he was so sincere. He was fixated, and I’m afraid I’ve become fixated too. I’ve come all the way from London. Please, can I see it?”

Perhaps if John had not been at such a low point, his life would not have taken this jolting turn to the past. But the last of his boys gone. No one to care for. The tragedy of Dallas. The shock of learning that Trevor had survived the war but now, just as suddenly as he had been regained, was gone. Here and gone on the breath of a

handsome young, vibrant man, in a silent, lonely room in a quiet Cleveland suburb as the whole world collectively mourned the irretrievable loss of innocence. A man with an English accent just like Trevor's. A need just like Trevor's.

They fucked right there in the living room as the late afternoon progressed into dark night. Raymond straddling John's lap once they both were naked, sinking down, down, down as he arched his back and lifted his gaze to the darkening ceiling and warbled in ecstasy at the long, long, stretching journey down into John's nestling pubic thatch.

Later, as Raymond was bent over the arm of the sofa, John hunched over and behind him, and Raymond felt the renewed throbbing moving ever more impossibly deep into the quick of him, the young man thought of that suitcase he had set down out of sight of the front door on John's front porch and wondered how soon there would be an opportunity to suggest that he bring it inside.

Naval Dilemma

(Pearl Harbor, World War II)

Dutch came first. It was a particularly busy and boisterous night in the Dick Hut, tucked in the back shadows of an alley off the Nuuanu Stream in the heart of Honolulu's red light district. The sign over the door actually said "Richard's," but that's not what everyone called it. Naval ships were in harbor, more than ninety of them, I was told, and all of Oahu was abuzz at the rumbling of war, with the Japs getting more belligerent with each passing day. All the sailors could talk about was how we were on the brink of something big.

As the night wore on and the drinks flowed and sailors overflowed our little bar, it was getting a little dicey for me. Hung Lee, the bar's proprietor and my virtual owner as well, kept a string of young Hawaiian men like me in the bar for when the sailors wanted something more exotic, smaller, more lithe and compact—and more undressed—than each other when they poured off their docked vessels, randy, needy, and with a month's pay in the back pockets of their regulation tight whites. Our main responsibility was to keep the men in the bar and paying for drinks. Inevitably, though, we left the bar with one or more of the men and took them to our small rooms in the upper floors of surrounding buildings. This was where the real money was, and Hung Lee let us keep a third of whatever we earned.

I had already left the bar once that night—with a blond, pimply young sailor of no more than nineteen, who was shy and embarrassed and didn't know for sure what to do. All he knew was that he was far from home, he was lonely and a bit scared, and he

had had a raging hard on for weeks because he was missing poking some sweetie back in Ohio on the mainland.

I took him to my rooms mostly because he was being circled by the older, much more experienced and aggressive sailors, and I knew from experience that he was in danger of having something far different happen to him than what he had hesitatingly come into this bar for.

When we got to my small two-room working and living space, he didn't seem to know what to do, where to start. So I started for him. I untied and dropped my sarong, the only thing I wore at the bar, and directed him to disrobe, which he did almost furtively in the corner of the room and turned from me. Then I laid him on his belly on my single bed, the most sturdy piece of furniture in the room—out of professional necessity—and I rubbed his shoulders and back with fragrant oil, loosening up both his tension and his inhibitions. He was grinding the bed clothes with his pelvis by the time I had finished with his legs and had moved to his well-rounded butt cheeks. He was sighing and moaning like he was in the heights of sex, but then I turned him over and my hands and mouth showed him what real sex felt like. It had been some time since he'd had sex, so he shot off quickly and prodigiously almost as soon as I sank my mouth down on his throbbing cock.

And then he was very embarrassed and was stammering and was quite beside himself with apologies. I felt sorry for him and didn't want him to leave with a bad impression of how he would be with a man, so I shushed him and covered his mouth with kisses until he subsided back on the bed with a sigh. He was young and virile and in need, so he was already hard again. I mounted him and slid my hole down on his

cock, straddling his pelvis as he lay back in the bed, and I taught him that all he had heard on shipboard of what a man could give him was true.

I was late in getting back to the bar because I had instilled such confidence in the young sailor that instead of leaving when I thought we were done, he bent me over the back of a straight chair and took control of a vigorous second fuck, covering me closely from behind. I cried out in the taking for him, telling him how good he was and how fully he was using me and how much I wanted him—all to help him get seasoned in this new lifestyle he was trying out.

When he asked me how much I wanted, I asked for far more than my usual fee. And I did so to be kind to him. I didn't want to leave him with a great deal of money to spend. I wanted him to go directly back to his ship from here, not return to the bar where the predators were circling the waters. I told him that if he just kept his eyes open for the possibilities, that he should be able to find a special friend on the ship who would bottom for him with more opportunities for encounters and less of a risk of falling in with those who would want to use him for their bottoms until he was more seasoned.

When I returned to the Dick Hut, Hung Lee was beside himself with anger and slapped me hard across the face and pushed me into the thick of the boisterous, rutting crowd of sailors. There were entirely too many ships in Pearl Harbor, too many sailors free in Honolulu. Too much testosterone flying around the red light district. Too much tension in the air. Too much frantic need with an eye on the curfew time.

And there were very few of us bar boys to go around. We were easy to spot in a swirling crowd like this. We wore only gaily colored sarongs knotted at our waists, hanging low on our slim hips. We were barefoot and bare chested and had orchids over

our ears. We left the impression that all a sailor had to do was to pull loose that knot and we'd be accessible and ready for action.

The sailors, however, were heavily regulated to remain in their starched white uniforms, with the tight midsections and bell bottoms and the pullover top. The Navy didn't care too much what they did on port leave as long as they remained squared away in their sailor costumes while in public. The only saving grace was that they still had buttoned cod pieces for easy access when they needed to piss. It, of course, provided easy access for other things as well. Thus encumbered, the sailors, in their urgency, gravitated more to the half naked, willowy and exotic Hawaiian and Chinese bar boys than to each other.

And there were few even vaguely private places for the sailors to go together. Hung Lee had a back room, but it was quickly filled—at a premium price. As were the surrounding alleys, even if they were free, if you didn't count the danger of being accosted by a roving military police patrol. The sounds of grunts and groans and slurping floated above the whole backstreet and its allies, as white-dressed sailors gravitated to whatever unoccupied shadow could be found to kneel and suck or cover and dog fuck.

It was late enough in the evening, and there were so many sailors in the bar that most of the rest of the bar boys were off in the rooms over the bars, servicing the highest bidders. Hung Lee thought I'd spent entirely too long with the pimply blond, although he was less angry when I showed him how much money I'd gotten out the bumbling sailor.

I was no sooner back in the center of the barroom before the situation got out of control. I was surrounded by a sea of white and of lust-filled faces. A sailor was close behind me, lacing his arms under my pits, immobilizing my arms, and lifting my feet off the ground. A drunken buddy of his had a fist at my knot, pulling at it, and my sarong drifted down to the floor.

He was leering at me and unbuttoning his cod piece fly and pulling out a hardened cock.

Sailors were surrounding us, coming in close, licking their chops, and a rhythmic chant of “Fuck him, fuck him, fuck him” was swelling.

Hung Lee had gone up on the bar top and, red faced, was bellowing at the top of his lungs, yelling that he needed to be paid first and that this wasn’t allowed in the barroom, that the military police would be along at any minute and shut them down.

I wasn’t scared of the sailor’s cock or even what he intended to do with it. But I was apprehensive about the ten sailors who might follow him and about the mob conditions in general, that I might be gravely hurt in the process.

The sailor in front of me was lifting and parting my legs and was crouching his hips under me and between my legs. My feet already were off the ground. Most of these sailors towered over me, all of them were bulked up and at least twice my size.

I winced and flinched as the cock head found my hole and just pressed inside and pushed higher and higher into me. The mob was crowding in closer and cheering at the initial invasion and picking up the “Fuck him, fuck him” chanting.

My assailant was sweating and smelled of too much beer. His cock wasn’t thick, but it was long enough that he was rising up further in me with each thrust. He certainly

was longer and more insistent and demanding than the young, inexperienced sailor I'd just serviced had been. He was palming my butt cheeks and leveraging on them to pull me up and down on his cock. His teeth went to one of my nipples, and I screamed out in pain at that. And the crowd cheered.

The crowd noise swelled and then inexplicably tapered off, and my tormentor had pulled his cock out of me and I was being lowered, more gently than I imagined was going to be the case, down to the floor. The grip of the man behind me lessened, and he was trembling. But he didn't drop me.

I looked up to see a gigantic, broken nose of an angry-faced head pushing its way through the crowd. The mouth was open, showing uneven, broken teeth; it was bellowing at a level that demanded attention. A monster of a man in sailor whites was cutting through the mob that had surrounded me, and the men were shrinking away from him. Those who didn't give way fast enough were being swatted into the men behind them, all struggling hard not to go down like bowling pens. The man mountain was virtually bulging with muscle. His torso was thick, but not fat, and the material of his sailor bell bottoms were straining to hold in his massive thigh and calf muscles. He was a good foot taller than any other man in the room. And he was ugly as sin.

But he had saved me and had quieted the crowd into docile and skittish sailors instantaneously. The two men who were my principle assailants melted into the crowd, and the mob somehow largely evaporated from the bar.

The man leaned down and lifted my sarong from the floor and held it out for me.

"Are you OK?" he asked.

“Yes, now,” I replied, “Thanks to you, of course.” He looked away, almost bashfully, while I reknotted my sarong low on my waist. I was trembling, but I fought to regain control. Just another night at work.

“May I buy you a drink?” he asked, diffidently, almost in a whisper. He still wasn’t looking at me.

“Yes, of course. At the bar.” This was what I was here for—to push drinks for lonely sailors. I looked over at the bar. Hung Lee was behind it now. I could tell that he was still half in shock, his whole future having passed before his eyes. I’m sure he figured he came close to having the bar closed down by the naval authorities because a riot had occurred here. And there was no question in my mind that he’d blame me. I’d have to walk very carefully until he forgot this incident.

We bellied up to the bar. I ordered a gin and tonic (which, of course, would come without the gin), and the sailor ordered a Coke. Anybody else in here who ordered a nonalcoholic drink would have been jeered out of the place. But I was pretty sure that no one messed with this monster of a man.

I discovered the source of his almost obscene bulk. He was a boilerman on the battleship the USS *West Virginia*, which was docked at Pearl Harbor. His was perhaps the dirtiest and most muscle taxing—and developing—job on the whole ship. His name was Dutch, which he seemed anxious for me to know. He seemed to want me to know more than that he was just in this bar to find some man to fuck—or be fucked by.

“And your name?” he asked quietly as we worked on our drinks. As required, I quickly downed my first one and was already on my second one, all on the sailor’s tab,

of course. He had saved me, so I felt badly about doing this, but Hung Lee was right there, watching my every step, and the sailor didn't seem to mind.

"'Ano'i," I answered.

"'Ano'i, 'Ano'i," he repeated, almost in a whisper, treating each syllable like velvet. "What a beautiful name. Is it Hawaiian?"

"Yes," I answered. "I'm Hawaiian. Well, mostly. A little Chinese blood, of course, and I'm told there's a Presbyterian missionary or two from the mainland in there too. We're all a mix of something here."

"And it turned out quite well, too," He said, giving me a smile that was almost pathetic as ugly as he was. I almost felt like laughing. It seemed like he was courting me. Here in a bar, where I got paid to lie on my back and open my legs, no real pleasantries exchanged.

"Thank you," I said. Then. "And thank you again what you did over there; I would have been in a lot of trouble if something had happened to get the bar closed down tonight. Now, I guess I should—" I was standing up, ready to mingle with the much smaller crowd in the room in the wake of the excitement.

"No, please. Can't you stay a bit longer?" he asked, his eyes pleading with me. "I have money; I can pay for the drinks. Barkeep, another round over here, please."

I looked at Hung Lee for a sign of what I should do. But he was being inscrutable. I knew he'd want me to jolly up the men around the tables and get them to drink faster to cool down their hard ons as I flirted with them. But it also was obvious that Hung Lee realized that it was only Dutch's presence that was maintaining calm on this unusually

crowded night. A night full of tense talk of what was happening, why so many ships were in harbor, what were the Japs up to?

"'Ano'i," Dutch said again, almost in loving tones. "A beautiful name. Does it have a meaning?"

"Yes," I answered. "It means desired. And it can be either a boy's or a girl's name. They often use that name when—"

"I know what it means to me," Dutch said in a low, hoarse voice, cutting me off in midsentence.

I didn't respond. I just let that hang there. He was ugly and maybe three times bigger than I was, and it frightened me a bit to think that he was that proportionally big everywhere. And his hulking strength. He could smother me or break me in two in his excitement and lust. An uneducated sailor, a boilerman working in the bowels of a battleship. He might be cruel and rough and incapable of holding himself back at the height of passion. But he had saved me from possible harm, had saved the bar from maybe being closed down when there was so much profit to be made.

"Can we . . . could we . . . would you . . . ? I have money; enough money." he was struggling to get the proposition out. But he wasn't looking at me. He was ugly as sin and frightfully big. He didn't need to be told that. He lived that.

I looked at Hung Lee, who nodded slightly. Not really an acquiescence as much as a command.

"Yes, yes. of course," and then an "I would like that." Ever mindful of the role I played the fantasies that were mine to weave for the money. "I have rooms across the street. We can go there. Now, if you'd like."

He perched precariously, straddling one of my straight chairs reversed, his massively muscled arms folded over the back resting his bulging chest against the slats, as I stood by the bed and unloosened the sarong and let it slide to the floor in swirls around my ankles. I had no idea how much of me he had seen in the ganging earlier in the bar, but his eyes at first went wide and then slitted when he saw me fully unclothed, and I heard his intake of breath.

He just looked at me for the longest time, and then he stood up from the chair and slowly stripped off his navy whites. It was my turn to take breath in when he was done. His muscling was inhumanely bulky, but all in proportion, and his cock, as I had feared, was enough for three men, not too abnormally long as it stood straight out from his thick thatch of reddish pubic hair but as thick as a normal man's wrist. I had never taken anything that thick. And his balls hung low and were the size of lemons. I hadn't the slightest doubt that they could provide semen to flow for hours.

He was holding back, unsure of whether I would want to continue after having seen him. But I lifted my arms in a welcoming, gathering gesture, and, with a sob, he moved to me, picked me up, gently and almost lovingly in his arms, and his mouth went to mine.

I closed my eyes, not least to close out the ugliness of his face. I wasn't resentful, but I wanted him to think my body would respond to him, and I was afraid that the ugliness of him would freeze my desires. But I need not have had any fears about that, because his kiss was soft and tender, and sweet tasting. I couldn't get enough of the taste of him, and sensing that, he tentatively darted his tongue into my mouth, and then when I sighed to that, he probed deeper, yet still tenderly. And all the while we were

kissing, his gigantic hands were moving on my body, with tenderness and skill belying the clumsiness that would have been expected of him, knowing just what to do to make me melt.

When we broke from the kiss, I murmured “Oh god, take me, fuck me.” It was a line I instinctively used to get sailors to get on with it so I could get back to the bar. But I wasn’t at all sure that was what I meant now, in this instance.

I could feel him shudder at that. He was still holding me in his arms. But I could tell I had broken through the ice. He knew now that I would accept him.

“Yes, yes, in time . . . if we can manage. That’s not always possible,” he said in a low, hoarse voice. “But first I want to make love to you. You are so lovely.”

He laid me gently down on the bed, on my back and sat down on the side of the bed next to my waist. “Do you have . . . ?” he started to ask with hesitation.

“Sheaths? Yes, there, in the nightstand drawer.”

“No, not that . . . and I’ve brought my own. I don’t think yours would—”

No, probably not, I thought. And then a chill went up my spine at the realization of what was to come. How monstrously thick he was.

“I meant oil. I would like to give you a massage. I am longing to feel your curves and crevices.”

“Oh, that’s in the nightstand as well. And . . . well . . . it can be used for—”

“Yes, that’s good,” he broke in.

He was a divine masseur. He worked all of my muscles so lovingly and deeply and sensually that I was purring and getting close to dozing off when he gently turned me over. And the sensuality of what he was doing was so strong that I was fully

engorged when he turned me. He worked my neck and chest and arm muscles and moved down from my chest to my pubic fringe and then up from my legs to under my ball sac.

And while he was working me, I was gliding my hands over any part of him I could reach. When I could reach his cock, he poured oil on my hand and I stroked him. I couldn't get my fist around what he had. And it was hard as a rock and was throbbing. I knew it wouldn't be long now before I was put to the test. He was sighing and groaning. With my eyes closed, I could completely blot out that he was a ogre of a man, in both bulk and visage.

I must have drifted off to a purring sleep, because I came back to full consciousness with a warm, moist, fully encasing sensation in my cock, which was completely sheathed in Dutch's mouth. Then I realized my channel was being filled as well—as fully as most men could with their cocks. Dutch was working on opening me to him with oil and his huge thumb.

His thumb had found and was stroking my prostate, and, with a flinch and a lurch, I exploded into his encasing throat. I murmured my appreciation and the extreme pleasure he had brought me in his sensitive and prolonged preparation.

But we weren't very far along in the preparation at all yet. Now it was time for Dutch's pleasure.

He turned me in the bed to where my butt was on the edge. He pulled over the straight chair and sat there now. Placing two pillow under the small of my back, he took my calves in his big fists and pulled my legs apart and folded them up and made me dig my heels in the wooden side piece of the bed.

Then, using large quantities of the oil, he began to open me up. His thumb was replaced with his middle finger, which was as long and as thick as many of my men's cocks. He gently fucked me with this, in and out and around, opening me slowly. This wasn't so bad, and neither was it that difficult when he added his index finger. I began to pant and arch my back, though, when the third finger went it. He fisted my cock with his other hand and stroked me to another ejaculation to take my mind off the opening of my hole to his needs.

Not long before I spouted off, I felt I couldn't wait any longer. "Fuck me!" I cried. "Take me now! Fuck me. And no rubber. I'm clean. I want you to drown my insides! Now!" And it was true. I was doused regularly because some sailors just wouldn't wait. And I'd yet to have a problem. Hung Lee was Chinese. They knew what to do.

"Sorry, Not yet, I can't yet," he croaked, my begging for him affecting him deeply, almost choking him up to where he couldn't speaking. The three fingers inside me were quaking with excitement and anticipation. "I don't want to ruin you, and I'm afraid once I've started I won't be able to stop."

As I shot off, the fourth finger went in, the fingers cupped and gently pressing out, stretching me, if ever so slowly. I writhed under the invasion, moving my pelvis back and forth, trying to help stretch my channel. My fingernails clawing at the bed spread.

"And are you sure about the rubber? I don't want—"

"Yes, I sure." I spat out between clinched teeth. "Skin on skin. I want to feel that thick pulsing vein under your cock. Directly on your cock. My muscles moving on your cock, making love to your cock, Pulling you into me, being flooded by you. Deep, deep inside. NOW!"

That did it, With a sob, Dutch rose up off the chair and crouched between my legs, and I felt the gigantic bulb of his cock head at my hole, between his cupped fingers inside me. As the fingers withdrew, his cock head tried to push in, slowly and as gently as he could, but I had him worked up to the limit now and his legs were shaking.

I arched up to him and reached down and grabbed at the root of his cock and held it steady and tried to draw it into me, willing the cock head to breech the sphincter. We were both panting and groaning. With a plopping sound, the cock head was past the entrance, and he was inside me.

I screamed and flopped back onto the bed, arching my back up then, though, and clawing at the bed spread with my hands, taking up great globs of material in my fists. Panting hard and groaning and grunting at the strain.

“I can stop. Tell me to stop,” Dutch cried out.

“Don’t you dare,” I yelled back. “All the way. Fuck me. Stretch me. Ah, I can feel the vein! Oh, Shitttttt!”

And then I was taking all of him. He had prepared me well. He was sliding up inside me and my muscles were making love to his cock, undulating around his huge cylinder, inviting him in, wanting him to force himself all the way in.

We didn’t say anything for a half hour or more. We were concentrating on giving and taking as much as each of us could. When he had bottomed out and was sure that I could handle him, Dutch bent down to me and we kissed deeply. He buried his face in the hollow of my neck and kissed me deeply and gently bit me there. His mouth went to my pits, as I raised my arms, one after the other, and he licked and kissed and nipped

me there. Then he worked his mouth down my torso as far as he could go, giving loving attention to my nipples.

He was pumping me. Slowly, but deeply. Alternating rhythms so I was never sure whether he was going shallow or deep, whether he was going straight or corkscrewing me. Holding me on the edge; taking me over the edge again and again. Both giving and taking a full measure of pleasure.

He nipped a nipple, and I ejaculated again, up his hard belly.

He picked me up with hands on my waist and turned and sat on the bed. My torso arched back and he crouched up off the bed and fucked down into me. Then he stood, still a bit crouched, with me suspended below him, my hands leveraging off the floor, my legs wrapped around his upper thighs, his hands holding my thighs, as he fucked down into me deeper and I met his thrusts with thrusts of my own, pushing off from the floor with my quaking hands.

With a cry of ecstatic passion, he fountained off down into me and then filled me and filled me and filled me, great flowings of semen burbling up around his cock and out the sides of my hole. Flowing for more than a minute. Emptying those lemon-sized balls inside me.

We lay on the bed panting, time in suspension while I reveled in hearing his ragged breathing of fulfilled passion, my back enfolded into the bulging muscles of his torso. When he entered me this time, I required no extra preparation and we needed no oil. His strokes were long and deep and slow and melting, and the flow of his semen was enough to lubricate us. I nestled my butt back into his pelvis, and he lifted my leg for greater access and gently fucked me to an exhausted sleep, his massive calloused

fingers gently rubbing my nipples. All the time him whispering in my ear how good I was to him, me knowing that, rather, it was he who was giving me the stretched and sustained loving I hadn't had for several years. The thickness of that cock alone something that few had known and been able to take. Me only taking it because of the patience of his preparation.

I didn't wake until morning. He'd left enough money on the table to shut off any complaining Hung Lee might have done because I didn't come back to the bar the previous evening.

Dutch was a regular customer during the next couple of weeks. And I never again needed the preparation to take him that I did that first time. But I always felt stretched to the limit, fully taken.

We had to be careful how we fucked; if Dutch moved to a position on top of me, there was a danger I would be crushed. There was always the fear that he would lose control. Men were afraid of his bulk and the size of his cock, and when he came to me he was full of need and aching with semen. But he never did fully lose control; he always let me determine when we should stop to allow me time to open to him. It was only while he was in those long moments of miraculously long flow of semen at the height of passion that he would stroke hard and deep and fast. And by that moment, he had worked me so expertly that these were the most pleasurable moments for me as well.

He visited me every three days, and the men in the bar grew to know that when he entered the door, they were to move away from me. He couldn't get enough of me; he worshipped me. I invariably started by oiling his awesome muscles, hard and as

beautifully cut as marble. I tried to give him suck, but I could hardly get more than the bulb of his engorged cock in my mouth. The rumbling groans of pleasure from him were well worth the effort, though.

Usually we would start with me sitting in his lap, facing him, my wrists locked behind his neck, my lips on his jutting nipples, while stretched me open with oiled fingers. I loved the feel of his pulsating cock pressing against my belly. Then, when I felt I was open enough, I'd rise on my straddling knees and either slowly impale my channel on his tool while facing him and kissing that ugly face of his or turn away from him, arched forward with his big mitts on my pecs, and lower my butt cheeks into his pubic bush. One glorious afternoon, he corkscrewed me, revolving me around and around on his lap as he sank farther and farther into me. In an equally melting, but not so advisable, fuck, he leveraged his back against the wall, crouching down to provide a perch for me on his thighs, and he lap fucked me, moving me up and down on his tool with strong hands at my waist—but the whole building shook when we got lost in passion, so we only did that the once. Invariably we ended stretched on the bed, me folded into his belly, and he side splitting me languidly until we both drifted into sleep. He would be sighing, and I would be thrilled that I had given him satisfaction.

I was awed at the thought of how an ugly sailor like that, only a boilerman on a battleship, could have learned to be such a gentle and expert lover. And a lover he was becoming. All of the rest of the men in my life for the previous three years had been quick-fuck marks—or a young sailor I fancied or pitied. But what I had for Dutch was very close to love. It certainly was love for him. And he told me so. And within two weeks of our first lovemaking, he was telling me that he wanted to take me from the

Dick Hut and set me up in an apartment in a safer, less seedy neighborhood and have me for his own. That he wanted us to be life partners.

It pulled at my heartstrings. I'd been taught to avoid this. I knew what could and couldn't be. I knew that I would never be destined for that. But now I had received the offer. And within a week, I'd received another. And that was when the naval dilemma set in.

His name was Richard Randolph, and he made a point of never separating those names. They always went together. I gathered that the Randolph was supposed to mean something. Maybe it did, on the mainland, on the East Coast where he made clear his family was from. He was a lieutenant, serving on the light cruiser, the USS *Raleigh.*

He was all spit and polish, well groomed, extremely well turned out, his body obviously his temple. He marched into Dick Hut one Thursday afternoon, when business was light. He gave the distinct impression that he wouldn't come in such a place at night when the enlisted sailors held sway.

He marched right up to Hung Lee, who was at the bar supervising the Barkeep's cleaning of glasses. I and the other bar boys were milking the few afternoon drunks that we could—mostly civilians, because few of the Navy men were given leave from their ships in the middle of the day.

The lieutenant, standing straight and tall and slim, and pristinely white in his officer's uniform, stroked his thigh with some sort of stick, a swagger stick, maybe, but it looked more like a riding crop, as he spoke to Hung Lee in low tones.

I got both interested and a little apprehensive at the same time when both Hung Lee and the lieutenant started gazing in my direction as they talked. I saw Hung Lee's eyes go wide and his mouth begin to quiver. And then his eyes slitted and he said something to the lieutenant, which caused the lieutenant to take a wallet out of his tight white uniform and slap a big wad of bills down on the counter. And then the lieutenant turned and walked over to the entrance door and stood, as if ready to take a freeing, cleansing step out into the street as soon as he could. He was looking out the door, not at anyone in the bar.

Hung Lee shuffled over to me. "This gentleman has bought you for three days, 'Ano'i," he said. "In your rooms. He says he saw you on the street and wants you and followed you back here. Don't keep him waiting."

As soon as we entered my flat, the lieutenant kicked the door shut and pushed me over to the table I ate on and pushed my chest down roughly on the wood. he held my cheek painfully to the table top with a firm hold on the back of my neck, while he unknotted my sarong with his other hand. Once my sarong was falling down my legs, he had the palm of his hand on one of my butt cheeks and then worked it over to the crack and was roughly fingering the rim of my asshole.

"Open," he said with mild surprise. "Wide open for one so small." I could tell he was pleased.

Of course it was open. Dutch had been fucking me for weeks now.

He had knelt down, and I felt his mouth and tongue at my hole. He was licking and nibbling at me. I started to rise off the table and he slapped me on the rump.

“Stay down,” he said. I put my cheek and chest back down on the table, and he went back to eating me out. While he was doing that, he slapped me on both sides of the rump until I felt myself chaffing.

“Where’s the lube?” he asked. I noted that he didn’t ask for a rubber. I assumed this had been covered with Hung Lee when they were talking. I told him it was in the night stand, and he told me not to move until he returned.

While at the nightstand, he stripped off his uniform, neatly folded it, and put it in the center of the bed. That was the clue that we probably wouldn’t be using the bed for a while. Before he came back, he glanced around the room, zeroed in on a stool without a back on it, and pushed it over into the center of the room with his foot.

Then he was back at me. Working my hole with lubricated fingers with one hand and arching my back with his fist in my hair with the other.

He pulled me off the table and propelled me over to the center of the room and pushed my belly down on top of the stool. Then he was riding me like a horse and fucking me like a dog and beating on my thighs, arms, and back with his riding crop.

He had a respectable cock, but nothing I couldn’t handle. His rough fucking, however, made something other than his cock the center of our sex. Whatever he lacked in cocking, he made up for in invention and maximizing of sensation and risk-edged ecstasy.

He played me alternately like a violin and a set of drums for three days and nights. He was not unlike the sailors I usually served in his intensity and concentration on his own needs and his cruelty in the fuck. But he went way beyond those others; he took me beyond what had become numbing sameness of the act. He would still be

fucking when the others would have had their immediate needs met and wanted to get back to the liquor at the bar. And he would take me far out over the edge each time. I would moan for him to slow down or stop and he would quicken his pace and go on forever—and I would find that awakened me.

He made me hard, something that had been slipping away from me in the routineness of my life at the Dick Hut, and he kept me hard. And he brought me off—repeatedly in a session. The cruelty and invasiveness was overbalanced by the height of passion he brought me to—beyond, I must admit, even what Dutch transported me to. The sailor had to be very handsome and well built and hung to make me ejaculate these days—and most had no interest in doing so. They were only there for their own temporary needs.

I was only there for the lieutenant's needs too, but his needs included having me writhing and quivering like jelly and begging for mercy while incongruously also begging for the cruel fuck and crying out in passion and release—and not pretending to do so as I normally did with the other sailors. I had come to need the cruelty and explosion over the edge that he was providing. It was sweeping the numbness of my life away.

He'd leave for meals and then return to floor me wherever I was and fuck me and prod me and slap me and beat on me with his riding crop. I'd meet him at the door and he would push me down on the floor and fuck me roughly from behind as I tried to move across the floor, wanting to escape the onslaught, but equally wanting what the lieutenant was giving me. Once as I tried to escape him, he pulled a plump, curved cucumber off the table and fucked me with that, reminding me of Dutch's cock stretching me to the limit.

I'd wake up in the middle of the night flat on my belly with the lieutenant straddling me and working his cock into my ass. Then I'd find he'd bound me to the bed and he'd roll me over and attack my mouth with his hardened tool, slapping my cheeks and tweaking my nipples.

And, amazingly I found I loved it. The quick, impersonal, missionary- or dog-style fucks I'd been trapped in for years had deadened me to passion and lust, only relieved by Dutch's gentle, filling attentions. Now I had another lover, equally melting, but entirely different. For three days and nights, I found that I myself was perpetually hard and ready to ejaculate at the lieutenant's will. I didn't know what turned me on and fulfilled me the most, the giant but sensitive boilerman or the demanding, controlling, and cruel, but inventive officer.

But it seemed I would have to make a choice. At the end of the three days, the lieutenant informed me, while I was lashed by my wrists to a hook in the ceiling and he was crouched under me and fucking up into me and flicking my belly with riding crop, that I had pleased him.

He said nothing then, but the following Thursday night, the young, pimply sailor I had striven to save from the predators in the bar brought the situation with the lieutenant to a head.

The sailor appeared in the bar that night, the first time I had seen him since I had guided his floundering lovemaking. He looked around until he saw me. I saw several of the older sailors assessing him, so I walked quickly over to him.

“I thought I’d convinced you you didn’t really need to come in here again,” I whispered to him, while I latched on to his arm, as if I was flirting—an attempt to hold both Hung Lee and the sharks in the water off.

“I want to be with you again,” he said in a little whining voice.

“Didn’t I tell you that you could find someone on the ship to satisfy you. You fuck well. When that’s known, you’ll have all the bottoms you can handle.”

“So far all I’ve found are guys willing to suck me off,” he said. “I know I’ll find someone, but my rocks are aching. And they’re aching for you.”

So, I took him to my room and let him fuck me. He took greater control than he had earlier, and I was laying on my back on the bed, my legs spread, his knees under and lifting my butt, and his cock working nicely inside me, when the lieutenant put in an unexpected appearance.

In the space of five minutes, he had the sailor clutching his clothes and escaping the room under the flailing of the lieutenant’s crop, and the lieutenant had transferred his anger to me in a rough, wild, and totally satisfying fuck.

Immediately after that the lieutenant told me he must own me for his own and that he’d be negotiating with Hung Lee for my contract and wanted to set me up in an apartment away from here where only he could be fucking me.

This set me back on my haunches. I melted to Dutch. I loved what he did to me and the knowledge that I could take a cock that big and that he was so gentle with me, but Richard Randolph drove me wild and made me experience ecstasy to depths that my life of opening my legs for every randy and drunken sailor who sailed by had driven out of me.

Despite what the lieutenant thought, though, he couldn't just buy up my contract from Hung Lee—at least not without my concurrence. My mother had Hung Lee by the balls; he could shove me around like he did at the bar, but he couldn't "sell" me. He didn't own me. No one would own me without my permission. But if I chose to go with Richard Randolph and the condition was that he owned me, than I would let him own me. Certainly when he was fucking me, he owned me. And owning me was part of the thrill of sex with him, the depth of sensation I hadn't felt for years—until he and Dutch entered my life.

Sundays were my off day. When I brought men back to my place on Saturday night, they left on Saturday night. Sunday I slept in and pampered myself. Or at least I did until that first Sunday in December. That Sunday I was awakened before 8:00 in the morning with the most godawful noise I'd ever heard. I tied on my sarong and ran out into the street—only to see the diving of jets over Pearl Harbor and a cacophony of explosions. The Japs were attacking the fleet anchored in Pearl Harbor—more than ninety ships of the line, the largest part of America's fleet.

Like everyone else, I headed up the slopes away from Pearl Harbor, my first thought being for myself.

Later, when all was over other than the salvage of the tonnage bombed to the bottom of Pearl Harbor—not sunk, because the floor of the harbor was only a few feet lower than the ship's normally drew, but crippled at the minimum—I remembered my beloved Dutch and the lieutenant who touched me at my very depths and went down as close to the carnage as possible. All I could find out was that my lovers' ships, the USS

West Virginia and the USS *Raleigh*, were among the ships that had sustained damage and that had lost a large number of crewmen in the Japanese attack.

For three days, I agonized. Men were starting to reappear at the Dick Hut, but they were there to bury themselves in drink, not to pursue hookups, and none of them could tell me about either Dutch or the lieutenant. On the second day, the pimply young sailor showed up, shell shocked, and I took him up to my rooms and we made love like he'd never done before. If nothing else, I was able to push the remembrance of that brutal attack out of his mind for a couple of hours.

But he couldn't fill the needs of my life. Only either Dutch or the lieutenant—or both—could do that for me.

On the third day, within three hours of each other, I found out that both Dutch and the lieutenant were alive and recovering from superficial wounds.

That was two days ago. Now I am back to my naval dilemma. Either Dutch or the lieutenant, both of whom are only fleeting pleasures, as they now surely will be transferred away from here quickly. Or neither—the continuing of my life as relief and comfort for needy, now increasingly frightened and endangered sailors, like my young, pimply sailor.

I don't know what to do. My story doesn't end here. All I can say is that both of my lovers survived that terrible attack on Pearl Harbor. And for now, maybe that's enough.

One Way or the Other

(Bay of Pigs)

It was doomed from the start. We were fucked. Fucked by a cocky new civilian president and his naïve cabinet, fucked by the lack of resolve, and fucked by bad weather. You would have thought that someone would have taken lashing rain into account when putting this stupid invasion plan together.

I was barely into the tree line up from the Bay of Pigs, not seventy-five miles from Havana. It's almost as if they knew we were coming. They were picking our small squads of Cuban exiles off even before most of them reached the beach. We'd trained them hard, but what good is expertise in hand-to-hand combat if you're shot before even reaching the beach, for fuck's sake? And where in the fuck was the air support? We'd just been abandoned here. A doomed operation from the beginning.

But I couldn't think that way. It was one thing for these Cuban exiles to be wrapped up here in the underbelly of Cuba in a failed attempt to depose the Castro regime. It was quite another for me, an American commando, to be caught here.

I'd told them I didn't think any of the American advisers should be in the actual operation, and they'd just brushed that away. They said the operation would be a cake walk. That all our Cuban exiles needed to do was to show up on the beach in force and the Cuban people would rise up and overthrow Castro. Just an afternoon's jaunt, and the threat of the Russians getting a toe into the Western Hemisphere waters would evaporate. Yeah, fat chance of that. That Kennedy bunch should be here with me now.

But I was a trooper and did what I was told to do; and now, for the good of my country, I needed it get back out to sea. I couldn't be caught here on Cuban soil. The shit would really hit the fan for an American combatant's sorry ass to be captured in this circle jerk.

I heard a metallic click that made the hair stand up at the back of my head. I instinctively dropped while turning to the sound and bringing my pistol up. My training had been true, because the bullet passed by me rather than catching me full force in the chest.

Close onto the tail end of the report from the rifle high up in the branch of the tree came the sound from my answering pistol shot.

I had been luckier and a truer shot than my assailant had been. There was great agitation of leaves and branches above and in front of me, and a body dropped to the ground at the base of the tree.

Either the young man's clothes had been ripped almost to shreds as he fell, or he had been dressed in shredded rags to begin with, because his shirt and trousers were largely torn away from him as he hit the ground.

He was bleeding from the head and his eyes were closed, but I didn't think he was dead. I moved quickly over to him and tore his shirt the rest of the way off and felt his chest. Still breathing. I looked down at him. He was an unearthly handsome young man. He couldn't be more than nineteen or twenty. He was small of stature but very well formed, with the fine facial structure of Spanish stock, just barely mixed with the Mestizo genes, which gave him a milk-chocolate skin coloring that only enhanced his beauty. My bullet had grazed his temple, which, in combination with the fall, had knocked him

unconscious. For how long, though, I didn't know. And unconscious wasn't dead. He may have seen me well enough to know that I wasn't a Cuban exile, that I was an honest-to-god American. And having no one who was left here knowing that an American was here was only second in importance to getting back off the island and not being captured here.

Still holding one hand on his chest, I instinctively looked around to ensure he was the only shooter I needed to worry about, and then I holstered the pistol and reached for the knife strapped to my calf. I couldn't chance another gunshot, even though there was shooting aplenty going on down near the waterline. I needed to finish this more quietly and get the hell out of here and try to find a dingy with enough inflation left in it to get me out to the submarine. Who knows whether the submarine would stay around—and for how long? There was supposed to be air support. Where in the crap was the air support?

The young man's eyes slitted open and then opened even wider when he saw me crouched over him. I raised the knife, but he came to life and knocked my arm away, sending the knife flying into the dense growth at the base of the tree.

I stood and stepped several paces away and pulled out my pistol and raised it, aiming for a heart shot.

And then we both froze. He was lying there, staring at me pleadingly, with big, brown eyes, and I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was so young. And I wasn't really at war. And he was unarmed and vulnerable now. This had been a fucked up idea from the beginning. I was only here because I was a "yes, sir" trooper. I wasn't at war with

the Cuban people. There wasn't anything about this protected by the Geneva Convention or any other creed of military honor.

I let the arm holding the pistol slowly drop to my side, and we were frozen there for what seemed to be another eternity.

I don't know what would have happened then, if the other soldier hadn't appeared. He moved through the underbrush with a great deal of noise, giving me time enough to crouch behind a nearby tree but not time enough to melt into the surrounding brush.

The soldier wasn't Cuban. I could tell from his fatigues that he was Eastern European or Russian. Probably Russian. So, it was true, I thought. The whole reason we had entered this operation was because of the presence of the Russians, not knowing just how deeply embedded in the Cuban structure they were.

What then transpired showed me in very graphic terms how deeply imbedded they were.

The Russian came over the Cuban youth and spoke roughly to him in a smattering of Spanish. The youth answered him, haltingly. And although the youth was taking occasional glances over to where he knew I was trying to hide, he must not have been giving my location away, because all of the Russian's attention was focused on him. Perhaps the young man thought I would and could shoot them both before the Russian could turn and shoot me—and, in that, he was right. But any shooting was a big risk now that the firing was dying down at the waterline.

The Russian's voice turned to something more guttural and hoarse, and the Cuban youth's voice was more pleading now. And I didn't have to wait very long to find

out why. The Cuban was still sprawled at the base of the tree, and the Russian was standing over him, big military boots straddling the young man's thighs. The Russian was unbuttoning his fly with one hand and had taken a fistful of the youth's curly black hair and then forced the youth's face toward an extended cock.

The youth grimaced at the pulling of his scalp away from his temple wound, but he was too dazed at that point to struggle.

After a short period of giving the Russian noisy suck punctuated with grunts and groans from them both, the Cuban youth was stripped of what was left of his trousers, and the Russian had come down on his knees between the youth's spread thighs.

I heard the youth cry out in pain and then start moaning and giving little yipping sounds as the Russian soldier skewered his channel roughly and began a staccato rhythm with his pelvis, while pulling the youth's hips back and forth on his engorged cock with strong, calloused hands.

At first when the fucking started the youth tried to struggle against him and attempted to rise, but the Russian just laughed and backhanded him across the mouth and continued to thrust at him.

As dire as my own plight was, I couldn't help myself. I had my fatigues unbuttoned and stroked myself off as the Russian was completing his conquest—or so I thought.

All of the time the Cuban youth was unable to look at the Russian. He was looking off in the brush toward where he knew I was in hiding, his eyes glazed, knowing that there was nothing he could do to save himself from the Russian.

Except, maybe, try to whisper to the Russian of my presence and chance that the Russian would plug me before I could shoot him. And if the Russian was successful, what were the probabilities that the Russian would then leave off his assault? But the youth didn't give me away. Whether it was from fear, or shock, or making a choice between me and the invading Russian, I'll never know. And it doesn't matter.

Whatever it was, it made me pause with the thought of somehow trying to save him.

I had thought the Russian was finished, but he proved me wrong. He barked an order at the youth and pulled him up and pushed him over onto his knees and hands. And then, with one forearm wrapped around the young man's belly, the Russian thrust his cock home again and began to doggyfuck his Cuban "comrade" in long, hard strokes.

I could see that the Russian was lost in the fuck, and I decided to take the risk of trying to escape. His face was turned away from me. If I was going to have any chance of getting the hell off this island without being captured on Cuban soil, this was my opportunity—maybe my only chance.

As I melted into the brush, I briefly regretted leaving the Cuban to his fate, but what the Russian was doing to him was more survivable than what I had almost done to him—or that he had tried to do to me, for that matter. The Cuban was going to be fucked one way or the other—by the Americans, or the Russians, or by his own government. Probably by all three before this story truly was over.

The Golden Triangle

(U.S. Intervention in Laos)

I hadn't been at my new—and first—embassy posting for more than three days when the Vientiane chief of station called me into his office to give me an important assignment.

"Yes, I can see how important the assignment is, Luther," I said to the Agency's head spy in Laos, "But why me? I mean I didn't finish training at the Farm until three weeks ago, and I'm barely on the ground here and you're already giving me a make-or-break assignment."

"Look around, Win," Luther said in a slow drawl, as the paddle fan flapped overhead trying to coax out a breeze in the humid afternoon. "Do you see a whole lot of American agents just sitting around here waiting for an assignment? Besides, you fit the bill precisely for what we need."

I didn't know exactly what Luther meant by that comment. The Agency wanted to infiltrate a team into China's Yunnan Province, and Vientiane station was assigned the job of negotiating with the Kwei Lin, the Mien tribe warlord of the Miang Sing area of Laos bordering on China and Myanmar, for passage through his region and guides across the Chinese border. The Agency was prepared to overlook Kwei Lin's opium operations through Thailand, since there wasn't a whole heck of a lot that the United States or anyone else could do to stem the flow of heroin from the Golden Triangle

anyway, in exchange for Kwei Lin's help. But why, I wondered, did I fit the bill for the assignment—other than being the only one available, I concluded.

"We have a sweetener for Kwei Lin," Luther was telling me in explanation. "He has a weakness for Fahrang—that means Westerners here—blondes, and we're sending a bit of honey with you for him to gaze at during the negotiations and then to have overnight as a reward for giving us favorable terms. Her name's Gail, which is all even you need to know about her. And you are a big, young, strapping dude, so I figure you can get her up north in good condition for Kwei."

I met Gail for the first time on the tarmac before boarding the small plane that would take us up to Chiang Rai, Thailand, where we'd pick up a Mien escort back across the Mekong River and into northwest Laos to meet with Kwei Lin at Miang Sing. Gail was a gorgeous Nordic blonde with melon breasts straining at the fabric of her cotton jungle shirt, which was unbuttoned down to where she was showing a cavern of cleavage that made my groin boil.

We were sitting knees to knees, facing each other, on the two-hour flight in the small plane, and I spent the whole time slowly insinuating my knees between hers and planning how I was going to get my hands on that mound of flesh between her cotton-pants-clad thighs. All the time she was teasing me, acting like she didn't even know I was there, but I could tell that she was interested as well, because of the looks she gave me when she didn't think I was noticing and the hardness of her nipples against the flimsy cotton shirt.

I had my hands on her knees and was working my way toward paradise, when Gail covered my hands with hers.

“I don’t think that’s really a good idea, Win,” she said. “You are here to protect me from this. Maybe afterward . . . and maybe not,” she added to tantalize me.

“I think you want this as much as I do,” I said in a lust-clogged husky voice.

“Be that as it may,” she answered primly. “We have an important job to do here. Or am I the only one here willing to make such a sacrifice for the Agency?”

I couldn’t argue with that.

We landed in Chiang Rai near twilight and were hustled off immediately to a dinner in an open-air fish restaurant alongside a water lily-clogged khlong waterway. Gail looked ravishing in the light from the torches reflecting in the water, and I wanted to rip her clothes off and fuck her right there. She allowed me to run my fingers up and down the soft, blonde down on her forearms, but when one of my hands went to her knee under the table, she laughed and slapped at it.

She rose and went to the ladies’ room in a separate hut back in the shadows of the restaurant. I followed her and when she came out of the ladies’ room, I pulled her around the corner of the hut on a wooden porch suspended over the khlong and pushed her up against the hut wall with my body. She started to object, but I covered her mouth in a brutal kiss that took her breath away. I cupped one of her breasts with a hand and got a hard nipple between two fingers. And I went straight for her mound with my other hand. It was warm, and I could feel that it was moist through the cotton pants.

Gail returned the passion of my kiss briefly, her body trembling under my searching hands. But she abruptly stiffened and pushed me away from her and hurried back through the dimly lit restaurant to our table. When I returned, she was telling our

escort that she was ready to go to the hotel and wanted to get a full night's sleep before our trip north through the jungle the next day.

I got the cold shoulder all the way to the Suanthip Vana, an exclusive resort with individual guest houses on the outskirts of the city, where we had been booked for the night. Upon arrival at the hotel, Gail and I were whisked off in different directions, our escort having sensed the tension between us and, not knowing what it might be based in, feeling it best to keep us apart. The wrath of the Vientiane station chief was no doubt something our escort didn't want to risk.

I was still very much hot and bothered, and very hard from the brief encounter with Gail at the restaurant, when I was shown into my guest quarters. A massive four poster bed occupied the center of a room that was sensuously decorated in orangish-red Thai silks, and it didn't cool me off to consider what I'd like to be doing with Gail in that bed just now.

Two Thai attendants, one female and one male, both looking very presentable and decked out in matching Thai silk sarongs, were standing at attention by separate posters at the foot of the bed. As I entered the room, the male attendant helped me off with my coat, as the female attendant quizzed me in silky, demur tones whether either of them could do anything to make my stay any more enjoyable or restful. Anything at all she kept saying with a sweet smile on her lips. If I hadn't been so worked up over Gail, I probably wouldn't have been so bold, but in the heat of the moment, I reached over and undid the sash holding up the young woman's sarong, and it fell down around her sandals.

She was no voluptuous Gail, but she was exquisite. Her golden skin shimmered in the soft lighting of the room, and her long, black hair hung down straight to her waist. She was small and thin, with pert little breasts, and was perfectly formed.

The male attendant drew a bath while the woman slowly undressed me.

“Do you do this for all of your guests?” I asked.

“If they want,” she answered. But then she went on. “But we offer special treatment to yellow hairs like you. Yellow hair is considered very lucky here in Thailand.”

Moments later I was luxuriating in a large tub of warm water. I was laying back against the curve of the tub’s side, with my eyes closed. The male attendant was behind me, massaging my shoulders, neck, and temples and helping to ease all of the pent-up tension over Gail from my body, while the female attendant was more than doing her part toward this end. She was in the tub with me, naked, and was straddling my hips with her legs. At first she glided over my skin with a soapy sponge and perfumed water with one hand, as she slowly worked my cock with the other one, stroking me and making me large. I sighed as she then placed the head of my engorged cock at the opening to her cunt. She used my cock to tease out her clit from its folds and rubbed it against her clit until we were both trembling. Then, as the male attendant’s massaging of my shoulders and neck muscles worked deeper, the female attendant descended her hips onto my cock and pulled me ever deeper into her and started to slowly pump me with her pelvis.

Before I climaxed, they had me out of the tub, dried off in intimate pattings with deep-pile cotton towels and had me face down on the four-poster bed. The female attendant was crouched above my head and was deeply massaging my back muscles

down to my waist, and the male attendant was crouched below me and massaging my legs and my butt cheeks.

I felt that I was drifting off toward sleep, when they rolled me over and the female attendant moved her body over mine, her bottom and vagina to my flicking tongue, and her tongue and soft mouth to my cock. Her luxurious, straight black hair was swishing across my chest, belly, and sides, and I reached up and played with the large, hard nipples of her pert little breasts. I tensed as I sensed that there was more than one mouth and one pair of hands working on my cock and balls and stroking my inner thighs, but the female attendant pulled away long enough to tell me that servicing a yellow hair was a high honor for Thai men as well, and that I would be doing both of them a good turn by allowing they both to make love to me.

It was as if I was drugged with lust and a languidness from the bath, massaging, and other attentions and transported to a world of Mai Pen Rai, that convenient Thai world of “never mind” and “taking pleasure openly and guiltlessly where it could be found.” The female attendant came up on her knees over my head, giving me easy access to her clit and her sweet, perfumed cunt with my lips and tongue, while I felt that male attendant lower his hips onto mine, facing her. I sensed that they were embracing and kissing above my chest, as his asshole slowly descended on my still-hard cock. I could feel him trembling with pleasure as my cock made its long journey up his ass canal. And when I was in to the hilt, he slowly started to pump me in short and then longer strokes, until I came deep inside him.

They doused the lights then and were entwined with me in the bed, me facing the female attendant, and the male attendant encasing me from behind, his half-hard cock

rubbing against the small of my back. I dozed then until I was brought back to a level of sexual arousal by four hands gliding across the curves and crevices of my body. I rolled over on top of the female attendant and rubbed and explored her cunt and clit with the fingers of one of my hands until her juices were flowing and she was writhing under me. I fucked her then, hard and fast and deep, while the male attendant crouched behind me and massaged my butt cheeks and thighs.

I fell wearily back into the double embrace of my attendants and went into a deep sleep. When I awoke later, shortly before dawn, to the sound of a brief torrent of rain pelting the thatched roof of the guesthouse, I was alone. I drifted off to sleep again and awoke to the smell of strong coffee coming from a breakfast tray set out on a coffee table in front of a small sofa and perfumed smells from the bathroom. A bath had been drawn for me, and the water was still warm. When I returned to the room, my clothes had been laid out on a made bed. But my attendants from the night before, or their replacements, were nowhere to be seen.

Gail was still acting decidedly cool toward me as we started out north in the morning in a couple of jeeps. She made sure we were in separate vehicles. She'd dolled herself up for the encounter with Kwei Lin in a three-quarter-length cotton skirt and matching halter top in a sky blue that set off her blonde complexion to perfection. But I had no delusions that she'd be looking nearly this fresh when we reached Kwei Lin's mountain stronghold at Miang Sing.

We crossed the Mekong into Laos, near the Myanmar border at Mae Sai, and it was here that I learned both just how well Gail had prepared for Kwei Lin and that she wasn't nearly as cool toward me as she wanted me to think. The Mekong was in full

flow, and our primitive wooden barge nearly capsized. We were drenched with brown water, and Gail clutched at me in fear as we were nearly swept away. I held on to her for dear life, not being all that brave or assured myself, and the cotton of her skirt and halter top went transparent, revealing that she was wearing nothing under them.

While our escort and the boatmen fought the river for control of the barge, I was getting a very good feel of both a very nice set of tits and of Gail's pussy through the thin, wet material. She wasn't fighting me either. Our mouths latched in a searching kiss, but we abandoned that almost immediately and tried to put some distance between ourselves when the boat started to win over the current and our escorts were able to parcel out their attention to more than just keeping us alive.

We rode in the back of an ancient truck from the border up into the mountain jungle of northwestern Laos. As we were jostled back and forth, we dried off slowly in the humid air. Gail and I purposely sat across from each other in the truck bed, drinking each other in with our eyes for the remainder of the trip. At one point, the two tribesmen who were assuring us a safe escort into the Mien warlord's fiefdom were jabbering and pointing to Gail and me in an animated fashion. When I asked our interpreter what they were saying, he reiterated what I had heard the night before about yellow-haired Fahrangs being good luck and how rare it was to see two more yellow hairs together in this region—that Gail and I could be taken as twins. I meant to ask the interpreter what they meant by "more yellow hairs" in this remote area, but I figured that out soon enough myself, because, just then, the mountainside redoubt of the Mien warlord's lair came into sight.

The stronghold was well concealed, especially from the air. It consisted mainly of a large, open-air pavilion set on a rock outcrop at the side of a narrow ravine that appeared to be easily defended. It would be very hard to pick out from the air, because the columns that supported the thatched roof of the pavilion were the trunks of live jungle trees that widely spread their canopies over the whole complex.

As our truck came to a stop at the mouth of the ravine, I looked out and saw that Kwei Lin and his most trusted cohorts were spread out along the low rock wall separating the pavilion from the cliff edge. I had no trouble picking out Kwei Lin; he stood head and shoulders above the rest of the Mien tribesmen and was as blond as either Gail or me, his golden hair flowing down to his shoulders in a full-bodied cascade of curls. It was immediately obvious why he was able to maintain his status as the guerilla band chief. Luck was with him just by virtue of his golden blond presence.

It also was understandable why he had insisted on the reward that he had for accommodating the insertion of our team into China. He would perpetuate his myth of the golden leader of the Golden Triangle by mating with a blonde woman, while at the same time, he would be getting a taste of the world he'd left behind.

Kwei Lin was wearing the same indigo Chinese-style, close-fitting rough-fabric pants that came down to just below his knees and a loose-fitting crossover jacket made of the same material that the other men were wearing. But he was slimmer, taller, and more distinctly muscled than his adopted compatriots. Like his comrades, as well, all of his torso and arms that we could see were covered in an intricate design of blue tattooing that even ran up the side of his neck.

He spoke excellent French as we negotiated our business, but I never could discern whether he could speak English as well. I was careful not to ask him too many questions about his past, especially since he knew I was a direct agent of U.S. intelligence, and he didn't offer any personal information. It was clear that the Mien tribesmen would do anything he approved, and they seemed in awe of Gail, who just lounged coolly in a nearby rope sling, being as enticing as possible for Kwei Lin as she had been instructed to be, while the chieftain and I hashed out our agreement. For his part, Kwei Lin wasn't nearly as attentive to Gail's presence as his cohorts were; his attention was locked on me and what I was proposing.

We were able to strike a very acceptable bargain within a short time, and, as twilight descended, a couple of women were shuffling around and lighting small torches extending from the live columns but well away from the thatched ceiling.

Making very clear that the U.S. government was quite pleased with the arrangement, I ceremoniously beckoned for Gail to come forward so that Kwei Lin could claim the sugaring of his deal. She languidly unfolded herself from the rope sling and floated over to the center to the pavilion, up to the edge of the table where Kwei Lin and I had spread our maps during the negotiations.

I had the interpreter announce to Kwei Lin that Gail would accommodate him for the night and was turning to return to the bottom of the ravine where a tent had been raised over the truck bed for the rest of my party to spend an uncomfortable night, when Kwei Lin spoke out in a commanding voice.

"He wants you to stay, sir," the interpreter said, with a funny look on his face.

"Stay?" I asked dumbly.

“Yes. He wants you to make love to the blonde woman.” the interpreter said in embarrassed tones. “He said he was promised two yellow hairs who would perform for him and his lieutenants.”

“Two yellow hairs?” I said with a catch in my throat. “To perform? Here? Now.”

“Yes, sir, that’s what he said. And I don’t think he’s negotiating about this.”

Damn that Luther, I thought. So this was what he meant by my being perfect for the job. It was because I was a blond, although a silver blond in contrast to Gail’s yellow blonde and Kwei Lin’s golden hair. I wasn’t on this mission because of any intelligence skill I had—just because I was blond. Well, I didn’t mind fucking Gail, as long as she was good with the change in plans, and I wasn’t that squeamish about doing it in front of these tribesmen, either.

In a short, whispered monologue, I explained the situation to Gail, whose only response was to reach around and unhook her halter top to much jabbering and oohing of appreciation from the gathered tribesmen, and to lay her back down on the top of the sturdy wooden table, with her butt cheeks on the rim. I stripped off my shirt and moved in between her legs and came down to her lips with mine. While we were kissing deeply, my hands were gliding over her breasts, rubbing and pinching her nipples, making them hard. I tongued my way down to them, and she arched her back for me in willing response. I gathered up her skirt with my hands, bunching it up at her waist, showing Kwei Lin and his comrades that she was wearing nothing underneath. They oohed and awed and talked in rushed tones among themselves to see the golden yellow of her triangle.

My fingers entered her, searching for and finding her hooded clit and freeing it and making it hard. Gail was moaning for me, and my fingers were getting wet from her flow.

She had been running her fingers through my hair as I tongued her nipples, but she took them away and I heard her give a little grunt. I looked up, and saw that Kwei Lin was standing beside her head at another edge of the table. He was naked now, although he seemed clothed by the intricate webbing of dark tattooing all over his torso and arms, which extended down his thighs to his knees. He was holding an imposing, hard dick at the root, where curly yellow-gold hair pubic hair met the base of his cock, with one hand, and the back of Gail's head with the other. She was sucking him off, and both seemed to be enjoying the play. She had one hand wrapped around the hand he was guiding his cock with and the other palmed across his flat belly.

I kissed and tongued my way down Gail's belly and soon had my lips on the sweet lips to her golden triangle. My tongue searched beyond these lips until it found Gail's clit, and I sucked on that until is was hard and her pelvis started to undulate. I then let my tongue explore further into her wet, sweet-smelling canal. I had a thumb buried in her ass and I rotated that as Gail's hips strove to find my rhythm. My cock was hard and throbbing now, and I unbuckled and unzipped my pants and dropped them to the floor. I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it against her clit, while she trembled and moaned her appreciation and became wetter and wetter. Then I pushed my dick past her clit and into her tight, wet tunnel and glided up into her to the hilt until my silver-blond pubic hair intertwined with her golden yellow hair. I pumped her in short and long strokes, trying to match the rhythm of Kwei Lin's thrusts down her throat.

Our audience of Mien tribesmen was enthralled by the golden triangle that was performing a primeval dance of lust for them, and I could only suppose that Kwei Lin was piling up heaps of political capital with them for having brought them this spectacle.

I watched as Kwei Lin pulled away from Gail's mouth and then lost sight of him as he moved in behind me. I felt his hand come between my legs and his fingers inserting themselves alongside my stroking cock inside Gail's canal. He pulled my head to the side to meet his lips and gave me a long, lingering kiss. He then pushed me down onto Gail's chest with a strong hand in the small of my back, and Gail and I entwined our arms and allowed our tongues to duel with each other. She clearly was enjoying this double attention. And I was immensely enjoying the rubbing of her taunt nipples against mine.

Soon thereafter, I felt Kwei Lin's fingers, wet with Gail's flow, at my asshole, and he was fingering me, finger-fucking me in the ass. I barely had time to decide what, if anything, to do to counter this move, though, when the head of his dick, still wet from Gail's sucking, was pushing at the ring of my hole. I tried to raise up as he entered me with his big, thick cock, but my arms were entwined in Gail's and he was pushing firmly down on my back with his hand. Then he was in, past my sphincter, and I was groaning and gasping for air from the pain and stuffed sensation. He now had both hands pushing down on my shoulder blades.

It seemed to take forever for him to bury his rod up me to the hilt, but then my undulating ass walls were accommodating him, and the pleasure was beginning to overcome the pain. And I pumped Gail and Kwei Lin pumped me, and we all reached our orgasms nearly simultaneously. And the Mien tribesmen jabbered among

themselves at the incredible good luck that the golden hairs were spinning out for them before their eyes, no doubt looking forward to a bumper opium crop this season as a result of our exertions.

Disintegration

(Colonial Rhodesia's demise)

It had taken me three weeks to get to the real reason I knew I had been sent to Rhodesia. But here I was, in the lobby of Salisbury's Meikles Hotel, waiting for Section Officer Gavin Coetzer to drive down from Morris Depot along The Avenues to take me out to Alister's farm. I pulled at the tops of my long socks, still being self-conscious about the art of wearing shorts as every-day attire, as the well-oiled routine of the fine old hotel swirled around me, just as it had for over a century, and just as it seemed to intend to do for another century.

But I knew better.

That ostensibly was why the Foreign Office in London had sent me out here. They couldn't figure the rebellious Ian Smith regime out. Was he really trying to save Britain's interests here, or was Rhodesia, as he suggested, descending into chaos because Smith was being isolated? A bit of truth in all, I had found, although there wasn't much question that Rhodesia was headed toward chaos in any event before we saw the dawn of the 1980s. The vibes for native African independence were just too strong. No economic reasoning was going to win out over the thrust for freedom and independence.

But the real reason I'd been sent was because of the influence of the Earl of Devon. Lord Clarence had already decided where Rhodesia was going, and he didn't want his daughter sinking into that pit. It was my misfortunate to be on duty on the Africa

desk and to have once been engaged to said daughter, now Pamela Cullingworth. This was a memory I could well have done without.

Although I wouldn't say that I would have been miserable with Pamela, we were both marrying for convenience, and she was a distracted lass and treated me like a donkey—to extremes, in fact, at the time. For her part, her father, who was a stuffy, self-important Earl even in those days, was trying to marry her off as quickly and as well as possible to avoid scandal. She'd become inconveniently pregnant—although she mercifully lost the baby—which simply wasn't done in her circles in those days. And, worse, the man in question was an Indian—an Indian from New Delhi. I rather suspected she seduced the poor lad just to stick it to her father's world.

For my part, I was trying to stave off an even more sinister scandal. I had fallen into one of those too much love on top of too much hate situations at university. Alister Cullingworth was a senior boy at my university, two years ahead of me and also the son of an Earl. Alister was insufferable because he was the son of an Earl, just as Pamela could be unthinking and rebellious because she was the daughter of an Earl. But Alister was even more insufferable because he was the third, "left out," son of an Earl. His life at school had been one of trying to make up for this and forcing the rest of us into his entourage. And he had the most maddening—and mad—ways of exhibiting this. I had felt well shed of him at the end of Alister's next-to-last term.

But I was wrong.

"Ready to go, Sah?" the blond-headed, beefy, thoroughly Afrikaaner Gavin Coetzer said to me from the lower stoep, the Afrikaner version of steps up to the

veranda, of the Meikles entrance. The query was accompanied by me a sharp salute and professional click of his highly polished heels. And very nice heels they were too.

“Yes, of course, Gavin,” I answered, “and do call me Brian. I’m not even all that officially here.”

“Yes, Sah . . . Brian.” And then Gavin gave me a grin that showed that he was quite willing to dispense with the niceties for this little jaunt of ours—a jaunt that had played on me like a toothache all of the way from London. I liked his smile immensely.

“I do hope you don’t mind going out to the Cullingworth farm, Gavin. I know it takes you away from your police duties.”

“Yes, it most certainly does,” Gavin said with another grin, as we climbed into the dark-green Land Rover. I was teasing him, of course. I knew he’d be glad to get away from the regimental spit and polish of the British South African Police barracks for the three days I planned to stay in Beatrice.

Beatrice, a good fifty miles south of Salisbury on the road to Johannesburg and straddling the sometimes Umfuli River, was the nearest town to the Cullingworth farm that had some semblance of a hotel. I had no intention of being housed by Alister and Pamela, and I needed somewhere I could hole up for two nights while I attempted to cajole a disaffected daughter to do what she’d never do if she knew that was what her father wanted her to do. This, even though it was obvious to anyone with eyes and good sense to know that Rhodesia was on the edge of disintegration that could bode nothing but danger for a British expatriate landowner trying to eke out an existence there.

As we turned off the highway to Johannesburg and started to bounce across the hard dirt road into the Cullingworth homestead, I could sense the tension in Gavin

despite his free-flowing, loose discussion. This was a dichotomy that had hit me repeatedly during my investigations in Salisbury and that would continue to assail me at every turn: the seeming informal, slow flow of life in unending pattern in a Rhodesia that was, at the same time, one match away from an explosion.

I could tell that there was some sort of match like this under Gavin's tail as he not so cleverly quizzed me on my relationship with Alister Cullingworth and his wife, Pamela, the deceptively delicate and high-strung beauty queen that Alister had overpowered; snatched from both the afternoon teas in British palaces and, not incidentally, me; and taken off to a rougher, cattle-raising life in the dusts of Africa. I remember being amazed for several years that Pamela Cullingworth had neither returned on her own to London nor succumbed in the African veld. But, with Pamela, one never knew. I still, after all these years, don't know if Alister snatched Pamela from me or if Pamela snatched Alister from me. I only know I had taken the brunt of the game—probably from both of them.

His last term at the university Alister had decided that I was his project for the year. He pursued me, alternating between torturing bastard and best friend until he had worn my defenses completely down. And then one dark, rainy afternoon, he had gotten me drunk and fucked me on the narrow bed in my tower chambers. I'm sure he saw that as some sort of fulfillment of a campaign of domination. But at the time, I saw it as a liberation, and for weeks I joyfully spread my legs for him upon demand. The euphoria was short lived, however, as rumors started to spread, as they do at Oxford, and they were easily accepted, as also happens at Oxford. Alister was above such a scandal, but

my family was still very much on the make in London society, and I didn't have to be told that I needed to scotch the rumors.

Thus the convenient engagement to Lady Pamela. Her family was relieved that at least my family had money and was on the ascendance, and my family was delighted to be rubbing sex organs with the entrenched nobility.

And that, more than any other reason, I supposed, was why Alister had decided that he must possess Pamela—because I had her and because he no longer had me. I couldn't think of any kinder word for Alister's acquisitions than "possessed." At least that was my take at the time. In calmer times, I had to acknowledge that perhaps it was all just another one of Pamela's bird flipping statements to all that was noble Britain.

"So, you and Alister aren't all that good friends, then?" Gavin said after I made my views of Alister as well known as I felt was politic.

"Oh, no, Alister has always been an ass. And he was very much a bother at school."

"Quite." Gavin said, putting a succinct finish to his view of Alister as well. "And Lady Pamela?"

"Oh, we knew each other at one time. It's her I'm here to see, actually. At the behest of her family, but please don't say anything about that until I have. I can't say that I have much hope of success in what I have to tell her, however."

I had no intention of telling anyone here fully what Pamela—and Alister—and I had once had.

With that, Gavin's tension seemed to evaporate, and we became quite good friends while bumping down that road.

As we came upon Devon Cottage, which was what Alister had pointedly named his typically British colonial-designed rambling stuccoed bungalow with broad verandas all around to fight off the African sun, I sucked in my breath and marveled yet again at another reflection of the Rhodesian dichotomy. We were driving out of the dusty range, where the only color and animation was in the Hereford cattle of the Cullingworth holdings—even the leaves of eucalyptus trees were a dull brown from a thick coating of summer dust—to a riot of color in the full-blooming hibiscus hedges bordering the bungalow's verandas, rising to scarlet bougainvillea vines on the columns and the colorful flower garden, a swarm with the miraculous flitting of butterflies, placed strategically, if somewhat forlornly, between the vehicle circle and the crumbling stone veranda steps.

Alister was standing at the top of the veranda steps—and sneering, the pose in which I could most clearly remembered him.

"So, ugly as always, Kennelly, I see," he said, that mischievous, superior sparkle still in his eyes—the rigors of the African veld had not beaten that out of him. "And my favorite policeman, Gavin Coetzer."

He turned then and spoke back into the dark interior of the veranda. "Come greet our long-lost friend and our very good friend, Pamela. Come all the way from London and Salisbury, respectively, just to pay their respects to us." This was nowhere near kindly said.

The same old Alister Cullingworth. This was going to be three unpleasant days.

Then I saw Pamela, as she slowly emerged from the shadows, her eyes looking down, not at me. Her countenance was shocking. She was still as beautiful as ever, but

the rosy complexion she'd had in England had turned to a china-white pallor, incongruously so after these years of living under the African sun, and she was so thin and delicate-looking that I couldn't see how Alister had failed to break her in two with his sharp tongue ere now. She once dominated all men just with the uncertainty of what she might say—and the certainty that what she would say could cut a man to quick. There was no evidence of that now.

She muttered something in the way of a greeting, and Alister, who also was thinner than I remembered, but in the sunburnt, wiry muscled way of a hardscrabble farmer, placed his hand on Pamela's arm and guided her back into the shadows. He lifted his other hand toward us in a halfhearted invitation to join them on the veranda.

When I reached the top of the stoep, I realized that there was another, as yet unheard from, party hunched on the far side of the round, rough-wood table that was surrounded by six leather-seated African barrel chairs.

"Brian, this is Doctor Nicholls, our local witch doctor," Alister said in what seemed an almost grudging introduction. "Angus . . . hello, Angus. Want to put that glass down and greet our guests? Angus, this is my old school chum and current British spy, Brian Kennelly, out to drive London's last nail in our collective coffin here in Rhodesia. Gavin, I'm sure you know. Although perhaps not as well as you want to know. Or that our new friend Brian might want to know either."

Gavin, who I focused on at the corner of my vision, looked embarrassed at this comment. For myself, I had no idea what Alister meant, but I assumed at some point he would use those words to try to hurt and attempt to control me. In that brief, acidic

introduction, I felt all sorts of innuendo flying around. But everyone else was ignoring whatever elephant was lurking in the shadows, so I did so as well.

I leaned over and shook Doctor Nicholls's sweaty palm, having a little difficulty disengaging from his surprisingly strong grip, and stepped back, as Alister and Gavin played a little game of musical chairs on who was going to sit on the near side of Pamela. She had sunk into the chair next to the doctor and seemed to keep withdrawing in upon herself even after she was seated. I instantaneously found myself wondering if she was on drugs. Her eyes seemed to be continents away, if not altogether dead. Not at all the mischievous and havoc-rending Pamela I'd once known.

While Gavin and Alister fought for the chair next to Pamela, with Alister finally taking the position, my attention was arrested by humming and clicking noises coming from the interior of the bungalow. The front door was just to the right of where I stood. The interior was dim, but I slowly focused on a handsome, well-built Shona youth of twenty or so, who, dressed incongruously in a colorful sarong-like skirt and a stiff white butler's jacket, was skating around the wood-parqueted floor of the house's main living room in his bare feet on rags. He was polishing the floor and had already brought it to a high sheen.

I was shaking my head at the new memories I was gathering of southern Africa as I plopped down in the seat between the doctor and Gavin. I had the impression that perhaps Gavin had a thing for Pamela and that Alister probably was fully aware of this and, like he once toyed with me, was both encouraging and fighting it. In a fair fight, the strapping blond Afrikaaner could take Alister, I knew. But I also knew that any fight Alister would be in would not be a fair fight.

“Shall we leave our visitors dry, Pamela?—no, not you, Angus; I’ve never seen you dry and you are hardly a visitor—or do you remember how to be a hostess?”

Pamela lifted her eyes for the first time since we had arrived, and I could see a brief flash of life in them. But then it evaporated and her head sank again. She was not rising to whatever bait Alister was laying before her. With a sneer and a grimace, Alister picked up a brass hand bell on the table and rang it with two quick flicks of his wrists.

The smiling white-jacketed Shona youth appeared in the doorway immediately.

“Tea and whiskey, Penny. Now . . . please,” Alister spit out in a perfunctory and dismissive command to the house servant with just a hint of a belated, and seemingly begrudged, perfunctory politeness at the tail. I got the distinct impression that the “please” was only because of the unusual presence of guests. Then, turning his anything but genuine smile on those gathered, Alister lost all interest in the servant, who bustled around the table, quite efficiently filling our glasses and setting down a plate of digestive biscuits. Britannia forever, wherever the sun was setting over a yardarm, either seen or unseen.

The rest of the visit went generally the same way Rhodesia’s future was headed. Innocuous and seemingly endless small talk in a languid discussion matching the afternoon heat beating down on the bravely forlorn flower garden, innuendo that touched on reality and then skirted quickly away, and an underlying tension that everyone wanted to play with but no one wanted to ignite—at least among the three of us who talked.

The conversation was carried by Alister, Gavin, and me, with me trying to work in the threat that these people were living under, Gavin being mostly unbelieving and

unaccepting, and Alister being sarcastic about all that I was saying—and barely civil to either one of us. All the time Pamela sat there, hands in her lap, looking at her palms, and apparently pretending to be far, far away. You'd think she would have had something to say to or ask of me, her long-ago fiancé. But I couldn't now be sure she remembered me at all. She certainly wasn't indicating she did.

Doctor Nicholls, for his part, three sheets to the wind and looking crumpled in his bush shorts and the khaki shirt that almost met across his sunken chest and the start of a pot belly, was paying more attention to me than he was to the conversation. His eyes were slitted as if he was reliving some miraculous operation in years past, but his knees and thighs were rubbing against mine, and at some point he placed a hand on my thigh. But I simply took it and placed it back in his lap. I was used to his type. I'd been known as somewhat of a pretty boy at Oxford, and I had learned to fend off fellow students and tutors alike—until along came Alister, of course.

After an eternity of saying little and meaning much more, Alister abruptly cut into a friendly argument between Gavin and me on whether the British South African Police should be disbanded as a vestige of colonialism.

"I'm sure you're tired, Gavin. And you have to make sure our spy here gets that best bed in our luxurious little flea bag in Beatrice. So, run along now. I want to beat out of our dear, dear Brian the real reason he's come to the middle of nowhere. Surely not to gloat; you never really had it in you to gloat, did you, dear boy?

I cleared my throat and then I dove right into the center of it. I hadn't wanted to come. I hadn't thought it would do the least bit good if I came—and I told Pamela's father as much. So, there was nothing to lose, really.

“I’ve come to talk to Pamela, actually. On the behest of the Earl. I—”

“Well, then, by all means you have at her. She’s all yours—not that you can keep her, of course.” And then, with a laugh, Alister had gotten up out of his chair and headed into the darkened interior of the bungalow with a bellowed, “Penny!”

And when he’d gotten to the door, Alister turned, gave Gavin that smile of his that couldn’t really be taken as a smile, and said, “And, Gavin, take Angus with you. And see that he gets bathed. I think he’ll quite enjoy that.” A hearty laugh and then Alister had turned and disappeared into the maw of the bungalow. “Penny. Penny! Where the fuck are you?”

This was much too—and most probably beyond—the point, but Gavin was ready to leave anyway. One last questioning look at me and Gavin hoisted Doctor Nicholls up with greater care than I’m sure Alister would ever have expended on the old gentleman, folded him into the Land Rover, and rolled out slowly in a great cloud of dust.

“I want a drink, and I don’t want it here,” Pamela said as we watched the Land Rover drive off. And now, with Alister gone, I could feel some of the old steel in her in the strength of her voice and the set of her shoulders.

That was fine with me. I needed to talk to Pamela to see if she’d heard anything I was saying about Rhodesia’s future—and especially of the futures of the white farmers in Rhodesia—and I thought what I’d have to say would be something I couldn’t say around Alister, who had made clear in our earlier conversation that he didn’t believe in the least that Rhodesia was disintegrating. I owed Lord Clarence at least the respect of being totally and brutally honest with his recalcitrant daughter.

“We could go into Beatrice,” I said as we climbed into an old rusting VW sedan. “I understand there’s a bar at the hotel that is as close to respectable for a European woman as you have here.”

“A white man’s bar,” Pamela said in disgust. “No, I have something I want to show you.”

We drove nearly all of the way back to Salisbury, but in the southern outskirts of the city, Pamela turned off toward the west. She handled the sedan with the expertise of a lorry driver.

“Been to Epworth during your spy mission here?” Pamela asked.

“No. And I’m not a spy, Pamela,” I answered with a show of impatience. Alister had gotten to me on this subject, and now Pamela was being feisty about it too. They both always knew how to get to me, making me feel like the dope on the rope. “I’m here just to check on the atmosphere, just an independent check on the reports being sent in to London on the situation here.”

“And you are not here to drag me home, to dear old England, at the behest of my father?” Pamela asked. “You needn’t lie.”

“Nor will I. Yes, part of my brief is straight from Lord Clarence. He wanted me to discern whether Rhodesia is reaching the breaking point for white residents. And if so, he wanted me to try to convince you to come home. For you, at least, to come back to England for a while, a visit if you won’t stay longer, even if Alister won’t come. Is that so hard for you to understand and accept?” I saw no reason to prevaricate about Lord Clarence’s concern and his assignment to me. Pamela could take it or leave it.

“He hasn’t spoken to me for five years,” Pamela muttered under her breath.

“Nor have *you* spoken to him, I’ll wager,” I shot back. “But he’s showing concern now. And now that I’ve seen you, I can understand your father’s concern. Africa is eating you up.”

“Ah,” Pamela muttered under her breath. “Your disinterested concern for me is very touching.” She then stopped the VW abruptly in a flurry of rock and dust beside a weather-beaten wooden shack at the edge of a Shona kraal. The walled village consisted of a large number of round African buildings with thatched roofs that I’d been told were called rondavels. These were set haphazardly inside a low stone wall.

“Welcome to Epworth,” Pamela threw over her shoulder, as she opened the driver’s door of the VW and rolled out. “Time to wet our whistles. And then what I had to show you.” She was already inside the door to the shack before I’d gotten out of the sedan and followed her. This persona was quite shocking—not unfamiliar, just shocking that she could turn on the old Pamela so loudly after that weak church mouse performance back at her bungalow.

The interior was dim; the room seeming larger on the inside than on the outside. There were three tables, but everyone in the shack, all Shona men of advanced age, was gathered around the bar. They stopped talking when we entered, and they stared. But they were staring at me. I got the impression that Pamela was a regular, which was perhaps the most shock I’d had on that quite disturbing day.

Pamela gave them a sweeping, sharp stare, and they went back to their talking in click-clacking musical sounds and drinking, which they did as any man would.

One of them sauntered over with two dusty bottles of chibuli, what passed for beer among the Shona, and Pamela and I sat, in silence, and drank. After we’d drunk

those, there was another round of beer, and than another, and still Pamela didn't speak. But I could tell she was building up to something. She had that little smile on her face that she'd had all those years ago when she was ready to perform her bird-flipping routine at the Ascot races or someplace equally staid.

Nearly an hour had gone by when she stood up straight unexpectedly and said, "Come along. I want to show you something."

I stumbled out of the shack into the blinding sunshine in her wake and followed her into the depths of the kraal on unsteady feet. After a while she stopped at the door of a rondavel and bellowed, "Ado, it is I, your adoring wife. Home again for a short visit."

Two figures appeared at the entrance to the rondavel. Two small children. Cream and sugar brown; features not entirely Shona.

I knew before we entered the rondavel. A young Shona man, tall and willowy, but with obvious strength in him, with wiry, sinewy muscles. A runner, an endurance runner. And a handsome and proud-standing representative of his race. He was wearing only a sarong-like, brightly colored length of cloth around his middle. He had been using a grinding stone to sharpen a long spear, which marked him as a tribe hunter, and he did a double take when he saw me with Pamela, but he showed no evidence of embarrassment or subservience.

He nodded to Pamela and then to me, and then he shooed the two children out of the rondavel. While he was doing this, Pamela took two leather-seated African barrel chairs and set them facing each other, about ten feet apart, and motioned me to sit on one of the chairs, which I did.

Then Pamela motioned the Shona warrior to sit in the chair, and she unknotted his loin cloth and pulled it off as he sat down. Pamela moved to behind the warrior, turned him facing me, and nuzzled her chin into the hollow of his neck. Then she unbuttoned her dress all the way down and pushed it off her shoulders. She wasn't wearing a bra. She pulled his head back between her breasts and he reached back with one hand and cupped one of her breasts. At a muttered command from her, he reached down and started stroking his cock with the other.

I was mesmerized by what I was watching. And I was watching him, not Pamela.

As his cock lengthened and thickened, Pamela ran her hands down onto his chest and toyed with his nipples. All the time she was watching me, maintaining eye contact, enjoying telling me something definitive.

When she had stripped off her panties, come around the chair, and sat in his lap, facing me—holding the root of his cock in position until it was logged inside her cunt and than descending on it—I finally found my voice.

"Pamela," I said in a strangled voice. "You don't have to do this. I understand."

But that didn't stop anything. She was too absorbed in her "husband's" fucking.

I could take no more and rose from the chair and pushed my way through the beaded curtain across the rondavel's door.

She spoke as I left the hut, "Oh, do you fully understand, Brian? When you return and report to my father, I want this image to be locked in your brain. I want you to tell him that I have no plans to return to English . . . that I have family roots here."

I didn't turn, or say, anything, though. I just went on out into the blinding light of the sun-baked kraal. The two half-breed urchins were standing next to the VW when I

got there, and I gave them each a few coins, the least I could do for the disintegrating House of Devon.

I sat in the sedan, not knowing what to do, baking under the sun. Not even wanting to go back into the shed that passed as a bar. Knowing that all of the eyes in there would be laughing at me. After about a half hour, Pamela appeared at the rondavel door, still buttoning her dress, not the least bit interested in what anyone saw or thought.

She walked directly from there to where I sat. “You . . . may . . . leave, Brian . . . if you’ve seen enough. You can take the sedan and just leave it at the hotel. I have friends and family here who will take me home in the morning. But I think we are finished now, you and I. You may tell my father what you like. Of course, if you want to stay and see how fully a white woman can fuck her Shona man . . .”

But I had already slid over into the driver’s seat and was meshing the gears in the VW, grinding it to life. When I got to the hotel in Beatrice, I wasn’t surprised to see Doctor Nicholls slumped in a stool at one of the tables, but I was quite surprised to see Alister similarly slumped on a high stool at the bar. He was smoking and had a tumbler of what seemed to be hard liquor in front of him. He didn’t look at me when I came in, but he took a long puff on a cigarette and then brutally crushed it out in a plastic ashtray on the bar top. He then rummaged around in his shirt pocket, extracted another cigarette from a crumbled packet, and lit it after several tries of firing up a match. I could see that his hands were trembling. And I wasn’t the least interested in a question from him about where Pamela was. My mind had been in a mess all the way back from Epworth. Those two mixed-colored children. Two of them.

I started to turn to walk up the stairs to the rooms on the story above, but as I started across the room, Doctor Nicholls laid a hand on my sleeve and arrested my movement.

“Could you spare a moment for an old man, sir? I do want to apologize.”

What could I do? I sat at the table beside the melancholy doctor.

“Can you forgive me for my behavior this afternoon?” he mumbled. His eyes were bloodshot and there were tears in them. “I don’t know what came over me. I’d had too much to drink, of course. It’s just so lonely out here, and I have . . . sometimes I have . . . these urges, you know.”

“That’s quite all right. Think nothing of it,” I answered quietly, trying to put on my “understanding” face. Perhaps I was being too sophisticated London and not enough raw Rhodesia, though, because Nicholls took that as encouragement rather than a polite sendoff.

“It’s that we don’t get many fine looking visitors like you out here, Brian. Refined men. Men of brilliance and presence, if you know what I mean.”

“Ummm, umm,” I murmured, more focused on politely refusing the drink Nicholls was pushing toward me than in listening to what he was saying.

“I was thinking. Perhaps . . . Well, I was thinking. Perhaps you could come up to my rooms for a drink.”

I was fully focused on Nicholls now.

“Umm, thanks for the offer, Doctor. Very flattering indeed, but I think not. I think I will go up and wash the dust of the road off me and take a nap.”

“I have the best bathtub in the hotel in my suite of rooms,” Nicholls babbled. “You could—”

“Again, thanks, but I’ll manage.” I looked over at the bar, half afraid Alister was drinking all of this in and setting himself up for one of his embarrassing moments, where it always seemed to be me who was embarrassed. But Alister was no longer at the bar, or anywhere else in the room that I could see. When I had been able to extricate myself from that clumsy proposition, I went straight to the bathroom at the end of the hall my room was on and soaked in the tub for a good twenty minutes, trying to wash away much more of what I’d learned of Rhodesia than just that it was covered in dust.

Padding back to my room with a towel wrapped around my midsection, I discovered where Alister had gone. He was in my bed, naked, smoking a cigarette, and still with half a tumbler of liquor to drink.

Perhaps if I hadn’t had the double shock of seeing Pamela and her well-endowed Shona “husband” in coitus and then being propositioned by Doctor Nicholls, I would have had the resolve I needed to resist the situation. But this was remote Rhodesia in its death throes, and all of the frustration and inevitable sinking into oblivion that I had been experiencing for the past three weeks flowed over me.

We didn’t speak, but, as I approached the bed, Alister rose and stood, nonchalantly and insolently, before me, ever so sure of himself. He was in full erection. I said nothing. Nothing had changed between Alister and me in all of these years. I simply dropped my towel and went onto the bed and spread my legs for him. He entered me with a force and brutality that hadn’t changed a zot over the chasm of the years since he’d last fucked me. He was a demanding, rutting animal with a wild, crazed

piston movement to his pelvis as he pounded, pounded, pounded all of the anger of his unfulfilled life into my ass channel.

I knew I should honor the sanctity of their marriage, or at least stay well clear of how badly I always was used by them both. But I had just come from a cruel show of just how much sanctity was in that institution. And, to be honest, I wanted this. I reveled in this. I wanted Alister to be rough and cruel with me. And he didn't disappoint. He was fucking me like he was trying to fuck Africa out of his system. As if there was no tomorrow. And perhaps there wasn't. At least for Africa. And for Alister and Pamela.

Alister fucked me into an exhausted sleep, and when I awoke, he was gone. I drifted down to the bar for a drink before a late dinner. I was all alone in the bar. The doctor had beaten a defeated retreat.

But, no, I wasn't alone. I heard sounds from behind the bar, beyond a beaded curtain that covered a doorway behind the bar. I was drawn to the sounds, seeking the barman so that I could have that drink.

They were in the shadows just beyond the beaded curtain, up against the wall. Alister, now the prey rather than the hunter, his back rubbing up and down the wall, his shirt front open to Gavin's hungry lips. Gavin standing, facing him, feet firmly on the floor, leveraging off the balls of his feet, his shorts down around his ankles and Alister's trousers in a puddle on the floor. Gavin, young, virile, in superb shape. A cock that put mine to shame. Alister's knees gathered up on Gavin's hips, and Gavin fucking up into him, pushing his sun-bronzed shoulder blades up and down the wall with deep thrusts. Alister's face was lolled over in my direction, and he was staring at me, but not seeing me. A vacant look in his eyes. Just another fuck. Just as my stolen moments with him

had been. Just thrusting yet another one-finger salute to Africa and to what he knew Rhodesia and his existence here was descending to. Into chaos. But not a chaos of heat and passion. A chaos of numbness and emptiness. And of head-shaking indifference and insanity.

I retreated as quickly and quietly as I could and ate a morose and largely untasted meal in a scruffy dining room with faded brocade curtains and chipped chinaware celebrating the centennial of Queen Victoria. No other soul about me, other than the nearly invisible servants, to prevent my mind from racing about all that was being lost, all that made little sense, but just continued its swirl down into the vortex.

I spent a sleepless night, struggling with myself and with the situation. I couldn't just abandon what I had come to realize brought me to Africa. It hadn't really been London that sent me here—and certainly not Lord Clarence. All along my subconscious had known I'd come for some sort of resolution of a past with Alister and Pamela that I couldn't shake. I couldn't just abandon that realization now and return home meekly. They both seemed to be crying out for help. I believed, then at least, that they wanted me to save them. I was the link between them, the thin strand that held them together, if anything held them together any more. I told myself this, and I let it repeat itself in my mind until I believed it. They just didn't know how to tell me any other way than as they were acting out. My presence had pushed them both over the edge.

I owed them nothing. But I hadn't recovered from either one of them. I was convinced that I had to save them both to be able to save myself—and to put the past with both of them behind me.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow I'd drive back to the bungalow. I'd be strong. I'd convince both of them to pack immediately, and we'd be back in Salisbury and at the airport before they would withdraw into their cynical defenses. That's what they were begging me to do—in their own way. Pamela's father was right to have sent me. No one else could do this.

I was pulling quietly up to the bungalow not long after the break of the next day. The landscape was magnificent at this time of day. I could see how Africa could get its talons in a person. I could understand why Pamela had made the choice she had. But this wouldn't really be hurting Pamela—or Alister. This would be releasing them both. They were begging to leave the disintegrating Rhodesia behind and return to their roots in England—to stability and sanity. To what was expected of them, both children of nobility.

All was quiet at the bungalow. For some reason I had assumed that I'd hear Alister's booming voice, his acid tongue at work, if he had returned already. Or see Pamela sitting on the veranda, looking dazed and unattached to the role that had been assigned to her. I quietly mounted the stairs to the veranda. I stood, ready to knock at the door, but then I heard the moaning. My heart went dead and it was on leaden feet that I pushed the screen door open and crossed the highly polished parquet floor and looked into the bedroom beyond.

They were stretched out in the middle of the massive stinkwood four-poster bed, covered in the brightest of white muslin. They were both naked. Alister was lying on his back in the center of the bed, his knees wide, the heels of his feet planted on the bed, and rocking his pelvis up and down.

Penny, the young, muscular Shona house servant, was crouched between Alister's knees, his hips pushing in and out in rapid motion, the muscles of his bulbous butt cheeks contracting and releasing, fucking Alister hard and deep.

Alister was moaning and sighing as he'd never done for me or, last evening, for Gavin either. He was murmuring to the glistening brown servant in that click-clacky language of the Shona. Alister was writhing under his Shona lover, lost in languid, mutually passionate love as he had never been with me. He was crying out in a voice of passion that I had never heard before.

Gavin found me at the table in the hotel bar an hour later.

"About ready to return to Salisbury?" he asked. He was wearing that comfortable grin of his, no cares in the world, not having heard or absorbed anything I'd said on the bungalow veranda the previous afternoon.

"Yes," I answered and took a long drag on my bottle of Lion lager. "All ready."

"Done everything here that needed to be done?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I hope you didn't mind the doctor much. He's a good doctor. Better than we could get out here otherwise. He just had to leave London. He's no harm really."

"No, there was no bother," I answered.

"He's the one I worry about most," Gavin said. "When the end comes here, he's really the only one with nowhere to go but also no prospect of staying. The Shona don't really appreciate his activities among their young men."

I looked hard at Gavin. So, he had been listening yesterday after all. He didn't have to be convinced of Rhodesia's descent into chaos. And now that I looked at him, I

could tell he'd be all right. He'd trained hard and well for the British South Africa Police. He'd have options.

"You?" I asked.

"I've been looking at brochures on Australia," Gavin answered. And then he smiled. "A big country, a lot of space. Not so many people. Not that far off of what I grew up to. Before recent years."

"But the Cullingworths?" I then said.

"Oh, Alister and Pamela? They'll do whatever they'll do. They are inevitably part of this land now."

"But how can they . . . stay together? They hate—"

"What makes you think they don't love each other?" Gavin asked. And when I looked into his eyes, I suddenly realized that he was a far wiser man than I was. That he knew all there was to know. "They are Africa. They will stay here, together, to—and beyond—the end. Together."

Perhaps it was I who had not understood, I realized.

I felt Gavin's hand on my thigh. Commanding and inviting. In turn, I gave him a look that no man of his proclivities could misunderstand, and I let him take my arm and climb with me up the hotel stairs to my room and then to fuck all thoughts of disintegration and of Pamela and Alister, of Africa and doomed Rhodesia, out of me. As he stroked down hard into me, I rubbed the heels of my feet along his knotted calves and ran my fingertips across the firm straining muscles of his back and stared out the window at the blue, cloudless African sky, looking for my plane to materialize from out of the sun. Ready to let go of the ghosts of my past and of Rhodesia and all it stood for.

Curse of the Tan Tan

(French Foreign Legion, Africa)

"Oh, Philippe. OH, Philippe!" The dark, handsome young Moroccan had been murmuring Philip's name when the American adventurer had started rimming him but was now crying his name out insistently as Philip split his curvaceous butt cheeks with his hard, throbbing cock and thrust down, once, twice, three times. "Philippe!" the Moroccan exclaimed and writhed under him with each deep thrust.

He was very good. The Moroccan bottom was very, very good—nicely formed and well-muscled, but willowy and compliant and with a boyish charm that was almost beyond handsome. Deep bronze skin, black curly hair, and fluttery eyelashes. His big brown eyes had a well-practiced "being taken for the first time, noncompliantly" look to them that was tantalizing to Philip. The exclamations of his name in French were very arousing to the American as well—a very, very nice added touch.

And the American was accustomed to having the best. The two young hunks were spread out on the wide, pillow-strewn bed in an executive suite of the Marrakech Millenium Hotel. The two had met for drinks in the swankiest bar Marrakech could provide, had eaten in one of the best restaurants in all of northern Africa, and had then moved to Philip's suite at one of the most plush hotels in the world, where Philip had quickly stripped Harun down, pushed him down on the bed on his belly, strapped his wrists to the headboard with leather bounds, and began taking him hard and rough.

This had been fine with Harun. Everything had been prearranged. The American was accustomed to the best of everything, and Harun had been engaged from the best male brothel in the city.

"Philippe, O-h-h, Philippe!" Harun moaned, as Philip straddled his hips from above, a knee beside one hip and his foot planted firmly beside the opposite hip, as he fucked down into the Moroccan sideways from above. Philip liked unusual positions. And he was a connoisseur of sex. He had fucked like this all over the world. But this Harun was proving to be one of the best and most arousing.

"Call me Philippe, again," Philip whispered in a low, lust-choked voice. "I love it when you speak French to me like that."

"Oh, Philippe, Philippe, mon amour. O-H-H!

Nearly an hour later, Philip, now stretched on his back on the bed and the lithe, flexible Moroccan was stretched out, belly up, on top of him, moving ever so slowly and languidly on top of the golden-blond studiously-muscled American stud. Philip had his pelvis plastered to Harun's pert buttocks and his cock was still churning deep inside the talented call boy. Harun's hands were now bound together and his arms were flung back so that his wrists rested on the back of Philip's neck, stretching his boyish torso out full. He had his heels dug into the bed and his pelvis lifted a bit so that Philip could thrust up into him. He was still moaning and groaning as if Philip was splitting him asunder, and, indeed, Philip had a tool that had that effect on most men.

Both men climaxed and Harun lowered himself onto Philip to rest, with the American still deeply encased inside him. Philip had the palms of his hands firmly planted on the Moroccan's nipples and was nuzzling Harun's neck with his lips and

teeth, nipping at the other young man's throat to the point of nearly drawing blood. This was slightly painful for Harun, but he was a professional and the American had paid a small fortune for this attentions. Harun suffered far worse at the pleasure of the local, more demanding and stingy clients on a weekly basis.

Harun whispered above the sucking noises at his neck. "But I do not know why you tell me of this, Philippe, mon amour. This is something it is not wise to be mentioning at all in Marrakech. The Dakar Rally and its integrity are taken very seriously here in Morocco."

"I have money," Philip said with almost a pout in his voice. "All I want is for someone to take me and the Beast on the rally route for this year so I have a feel for how the course is. This is my first year. Some of the drivers have been doing this for years; they already know all about the conditions."

"But this time of year," Harun said insistently. "This is the worst possible time to be out on the desert in a vehicle. The Sirocco. It is—"

"I know all about the winds the rush across northern Africa and into Spain and France at this time of year." Philip said with a snort. He wasn't used to being opposed like this. Philip's father could buy Morocco if he wanted to. All Philip wanted was someone to guide him on the off-road vehicle rally course in anticipation of this year's dash from Lisbon to Dakar, Senegal, across the Sahara and down the western coast of northern Africa. And he knew there were rules against driving the course beforehand. That's why it was important to do so now, when the threat of the Sirocco winds kept prying eyes out of the desert quadrant. Philip had spent millions on the technology that

had gone into the Beast. He had to win the race. And to do that, he needed to have a leg up on the others on the course.

“I’m sorry, it just isn’t possible,” Harun said, punctuating the “isn’t” to end the conversation. He didn’t mind getting fucked by this spoiled American; in fact, he rather enjoyed it. But he was a city sophisticate. The Dakar Rally was nothing to him.

“I’m sure there’s someone on the street willing to guide me,” Philip said stubbornly. “I will pay very well.”

“If you go out on the street looking for this someone, you are sure to either be arrested quickly or get in with someone who will take you out into the desert and slit your . . . pay well, you say. Just how well?”

Harun had just realized how many dirhams the brothel had been paid for his services this evening, more than a month’s usual salary in his share alone. And such a waste. The American was so handsome and well built that if Harun had met him by chance in the bar, he would have come back with him for free. In that case, though, the American would have had to have kept silent during the fuck. Harun could hardly bear his arrogance and self-possession. But the American was throwing money around like he had no idea of its value. And as Harun had already noted to himself, the Dakar Rally was nothing to him. He didn’t care about its integrity or its rules.

“I’ll pay $100,000 U.S. to the man who guides me and the Beast through the course to Dakar,” Philip responded in a blustery voice.

There was a period of silence while Harun contemplated and Philip slowed fucked and chewed on Harun’s neck.

“I’ll take you there,” Harun said at length in a quiet voice. “For that money, I’ll take you there myself . . . but how did your vehicle get that name?”

Philip laughed, happy now that he was getting his way. But, then, he always got his way. Money always won out. He pushed Harun up and off of him and waggled his baseball bat of a cock with his fist and he turned Harun back onto his stomach. “I named it after this. I named it after my cock. The Beast. I plan on fucking the competition in this running of the race.”

And then Philip demonstrated once again why his cock was called the Beast, as he reversed himself above Harun, stretched out on his belly, and, once more pelvis to buttocks, but now Philip’s hard, beefy calves encasing the sides of Harun’s chest and his hands wrapped around Harun’s ankles, Philip began pumping the ass of Moroccan prostitute-turned-road companion and guide again from above and down, while Harun writhed and groaned in genuine ecstasy under him.

“Philippe, oh, oh, Philippe,” Harun was crying out. “PHILLIPE!”

* * * *

Three days later, as they approached the southern Morocco town of Tan Tan, where the desert dunes met the Atlantic Ocean coastline, the Sirocco hit them in a swirl of dust that obliterated their whole world. They literally couldn’t see more than two feet in front beyond the mud-caked windscreen of the Beast.

“Quick, pull in over there. Over there, where we saw the ruins of a large compound before the Sirocco descended,” Harun yelled above the whining of the dust-laden wind.”

“Time. We don’t have the time,” Philip yelled back. “We’re two hours behind my calculations of a winning pace. We must press ahead.”

“We can’t possibly keep going,” Harun screamed back. “The engine will quickly clog in this dust storm. The dust will get into everything.” And in fact, both of the men were already covered with dust even though the Beast was locked down as tight as a ship.

“No worries,” Philip retorted with bravado and a grin. “This is a multimillion dollar machine. This has been designed for any—” The grin slid right off Philip’s face, as a painful clanking and wheezing sound wafted up from engine compartment of the Beast.

“Quick, as I said,” Harun persisted. “The vehicle—and we as well—need to get under cover immediately. There, there. Drive in that direction. Now! Oh, God, what was that?”

Philip had turned the wheel and headed in the direction Harun had pointed, but just as they saw a crumbling mud-brick wall and an opening big enough for the Beast to fit through, there was a swirl of something black and enveloping across the windscreen and the sensation of a flash of white fangs. Something was out here with them. Or so it seemed. But it was over in a flash. And whatever it was, it was as much beleaguered by the sudden Sirocco as they were.

When they had gotten through the opening in the outer wall, they were in luck. This was some kind of fortress from ages past, and there were still some building

standing with roofs on and openings on the side away from the direction of the Sirocco wind for them to pull the Beast in under cover and then for they themselves to grab blankets and some provisions and retreat beyond doorways with doors they could close and escape through a series of rooms to a sufficiently sheltered space to hold back the Sirocco.

It was dark in the room they finally entered, but only because the Sirocco had blackened the sky. There were several rents in the crumbling wall, which, luckily was set away from the wind, that the room would be lighted well on a normal day. They had a battery lantern with them, though, so Philip wasn't worried about the dark—at least for now, for as long as the batteries held.

When Philip looked up from spreading the blankets and fussing with the provisions they had brought in, he saw that Harun was nervously pacing back and forth from end of the small room to the other. Harun obviously was worried about something.

"It's fine," Philip said. "I've read up on the Sirocco. At this time in the season, this should let up in a couple of hours. A few hours and we can be on our way again. And we're almost to Laayuoune. We can reprovision there."

"I only noticed from the signs on the walls in the rooms we passed through to get here where we are," Harun said. And there was something dread-based in Harun's voice that made a chill run down Philip's spine.

"What are you saying? Where are we?"

"This is an old French Foreign Legion post," Harun said. We're actually on a cliff overlooking the sea. The legion was here because piracy was rampant here at one time. The trade route goes right through here, and the pirates would land just long

enough to snatch their fill of goods and slaves and be off on the sea again. And then they often sailed into the arms of other pirates awaiting them just over the horizon. There are several burned hulls of ships washed up on the rocks below this cliff."

"Yes, so?" Philip asked.

"So, there are legends about this place," Harun said. "The post was well manned, but one season it suddenly became deserted."

"Deserted?" Philip snorted. "So where did all the legionnaires go?"

"That's just it," Harun responded, and there was fear in his voice. "The villagers in Tan Tan had been having trouble with wolves, or so they claimed—and if there ever were wolves here, the pirates must have brought them, because this isn't a natural habitat for such creatures. But some of the villagers had been found dead, their throats torn open and their bodies ravaged. But then their local magic men, you call them witch doctors, had the villagers stay close to the village and the village lighted with great bonfires day and night, and the problem stopped, at least down there."

"Stopped," Philip asked with a superior tone of disbelief. "Just like that? For how long?"

"Well, forever," Harun said. "Because they are still doing it, still keeping their village well lit. The legend was that strong. Men have continued to disappear from the village from time to time, but while the slave boats were passing, that was ascribed to the pirates or to warriors from nearby villages. And now when it happens, they just assume the men have been blinded by the promise of the big city lights and have gone to seek their fortunes. But legend was reinforced by what happened here in this fortress."

"What happened here?" Philip asked. He was toying with Harun now, mocking him. The man claimed to be a city sophisticate, but you scratch an African and they will go native on you in a flash.

"No one knows. There were thirty men or more in the legion unit here, but one day, when none of the legionnaires had come into Tan Tan to drink and fuck for some time, a few of the villagers were brave enough to come up here—but they found the place deserted."

"No doubt they just found the drink and prostitutes more palatable up in Goulimine and then found it was too long a distance to go back and forth and just deserted en masse," Philip said with a laugh. But then he went on. "You say there was no accounting for what could have happened to them?"

"Well, there is the cliff, and many skeletons have washed up on the rocks below. But it would be unthinkable that thirty strong men would all have fallen off the cliff to their deaths below in just one season. And where there are ancient hulks washing up on the rocks, there are sure to be skeletons as well."

"A version of the big city lights as opposed to the dreariness of the foreign legion life sounds the most plausible to me," Philip said with a sniff. He was fiddling with the lantern now. The light had dimmed. They may be in the dark soon.

"Shush. Did you hear that?" Harun said with a tremulous voice.

"Hear what?" Philip asked absentmindedly. He had turned to bunching up blankets on the uneven dirt floor and testing to see how hard the ground was. He had unbuttoned his shirt and stripped it off.

"It sounded like some sort of animal—a howl of some sort."

“I didn’t hear it. And there’s something I want to do now. Something I’ve paid good money for and haven’t had since Goulimine. And I have no intention of going into Tan Tan for it in this dust storm, either. So get your sweet little ass over here. I paid for your ass.” Philip stood and unzipped his pants.

For the next three-quarters of an hour, Harun’s mind was completely absorbed by something other than the disappearance of the legionnaires, as he spent much of the time rolled up onto his shoulders and his buttocks up in the air, while Philip crouched over him, his thighs pressing in on the Moroccan’s hips and his cock jackhammering down into Harun’s ass canal. The American was paying well, so Harun writhed and whined and moaned for him. It wasn’t long, though, before the Moroccan’s grunts and bleetings were genuine. The American was an expert in what he did as well.

When Philip had had his satisfaction, Harun took a towel and a canteen of water and slipped out of the room, saying he’d find some corner to relieve himself and get cleaned up a bit.

Philip busied himself with eating some the delicacies he’d packed and checking over the maps to familiarize himself with the next leg of their journey. The light from the lantern was growing dimmer and dimmer. Philip hoped the Sirocco would give up its grip on the land soon.

He had no idea how long he’d been amusing himself before he realized that it seemed a long time since Harun had left. After several more minutes, Even though the light was nearly gone, Philip had recharged his own batteries and felt like another fuck, so he went looking for Harun.

They were three rooms away. Philip was so surprised by what he saw that he stood there, dumbly for the longest time, trying to figure out what he was looking at.

It seemed to be a large square of black silk mounded over something in the middle of the room and undulating up and down, the cloth rippling out from the center to the sides.

He must have made some sort of guttural noise, because the cloth suddenly rose up higher and swirled as a monstrous figure turned toward him. It was both man and beast. It had to be at least seven feet tall. The black material, which proved to be a cape, swirled away from the body of the man beast as he turned and snorted and eyed Philip with great interest.

It was the shape of a man, but everything about it was exaggerated, the whole musculature—big and bulging and plump, a veritable champion of champions among body builders—right down to the most monstrous cock and bulbous, low-hanging balls Philip had ever seen. The beast was hairy, black curly hair covering him almost to the point of identifying as nonhuman. But, no, it was definitely a man. All man—and inch and more a man. And his face was malevolence itself. Not ugly—in fact, square-jawed handsome in a wild, rugged way. But the eyes were red, blood shot, and the flashing teeth were white and sharp, with pronounced fangs . . . and they were dripping in blood.

That's when Philip noticed that the beast wasn't alone. The cape had been covering not only the beast. Harun, but a pale and diminished Harun, was lying there under the beast's crouched body. Harun's legs were spread wide and the beast was kneeling there between Harun's thighs. The Moroccan prostitute was white as a sheet and wasn't moving. He, in fact, looked entirely drained of life. The beast had a huge

hand under Harun’s buttocks, holding his pelvis up, and it was obvious that the beast had been fucking Harun when Philip appeared. And Harun’s head was lolled over to the side at an awkward angle and his blood-covered neck was arched and exposed. His eyes were open and glazed, but there was a wan smile on his face as if he had supremely enjoyed whatever had happened to him.

A moment of sniffing each other out, and then the beast gave Philip a languid, very-pleased-with-itself look and then almost nonchalantly pushed the head of its dick into Harun’s yawning hole and slowly, ever so slowly, made every inch of its cock disappear. Philip was panting hard and giving little gasps as he saw that huge cock slowly disappear inside the hole he had so recently been splitting himself.

The beast smiled, eyes intently and warily watching Philip as Philip’s eyes were glued on that huge tool moving slowly, deliberately, in and out. A flow of semen, much too full a flow for a normal man, was seeping out of Harun’s hole each time the mushroom cap appeared, only to descend again in the slick lubrication of the beast’s own cum. Whenever the mushroom cap slurped out of the hole, Philip could see a stead stream of white cum dribbling down from the slit. There was no reaction from Harun. He was slumped over, collapsed into himself, gone.

Philip and the beast were suspended in some sort of standoff. The beast seemed content with his total taking of Harun as long as Philip stood there in rigid shock. Philip broke the silence and the form first by screaming and turning and running for the inner chamber. He’d brought a gun in. All he could think of was that he needed to reach that gun.

The beast was loping behind him and gaining ground. Philip could hear its snuffling and heavy panting quick on his heels, and he had barely reached the door into the inner chamber, when his ankle was gripped and his body came crashing to the ground. He continued as best he could, the adrenaline pumping and moving him forward, dragging himself toward the center of the room, toward the satchel where he'd put the gun. And the beast was crawling up his back, covering his body inch by inch, ripping at the clothes he loosely draped back on his body after fucking Harun with its nails and teeth, stripping him naked.

Philip collapsed on the ground under the weight of the beast when he was just a few feet away from the satchel. He stretched out his hand and felt the leather of the satchel. But he saw a long, heavily muscled, hairy arm reach up and a strong fist closely around his wrist, and he was being pulled back. Fully covering Philip's back, the beast wrapped his arms around Philip's chest and stomach and was pulling him up onto his knees, hugging Philip's shoulder blades into its hunky pecs, holding Philip close to its chest. A hand went down to Philip's belly and then on down and took a firm grip under Philip's exposed balls and pulled Philip's hips upward along its own heaving belly. Philip screamed as he felt the size of the beast's gigantic mushroom cap at the entrance of his ass canal, and then he cried and moaned, "No, no, no," as the beast brought him slowly down and down and down onto the semen-slick monster tool, impaling his ass canal on an impossibly long and thick—and well-lubricated—cock.

The beast had Philip entirely under his control now. Philip's ass was skewered firmly on its cock and his arms held the American close to its chest. They were erect, on their knees, but the beast was able to slide Philip up and down on its torso at will. The

beast was simply too big and strong for the pampered American. Philip, arms flailing until they became too heavy and just hung down his side, gasped and groaned and heaved and panted and cried out as he descended on the beast's throbbing manhood.

But the beast was almost gentle now. He was pulling Philip onto him slowly, making an effort to let Philip stretch as best he could, and he was nuzzling Philip's neck with his mouth, giving him a long kiss there on the throbbing artery stretching down his neck, just under the surface of the skin. A kiss of lips and tongue and then teeth.

The teeth. The teeth. It felt like only pin pricks, but increasingly Philip felt the sucking sensation, the feeling of flowing. His blood, flowing out of him. Draining from him.

The beast was making a low humming sound, a soothing sound—almost a lullaby tune. Enjoying its feeding in every way. And, having bottomed out and given Philip's passage walls an opportunity to stretch to him, the beast began lifting and lowering Philip on that massive cock. the black silk cape was rippling around the two of them, caressing Philip's bare arms and shoulders. One of the beast's large hands encased one of Philip's pecs and a thumb and forefinger were applying and releasing pressure on a nipple to match the rhythm of the gentle fucking and sucking. the beast's other palm was on Philip's lower belly, holding the young American close to him, and long sensuous fingers stretched to either side of Philip's cock and applying rhythmic pressure to veins at the base of Philip's cock that caused him to harden and ejaculate quickly and then harden quickly again and ejaculate again.

For the first time in his life, Philip did not have control. He was being played and drained. Completely defenseless and becoming increasingly so.

Philip was losing interest in escaping. The fuck was glorious, and he was growing weaker and more disoriented, but, at the same time, rising in arousal. The beast was filling him, deep, with one long, flowing ejaculation. And Philip's own cock was being milked again and again with great expertise and satisfaction.

Philip's head lolled to one side. He was loving the feeling of the flowing of the blood from him to the beast; he felt like they were one, supreme, well-oiled fucking unit. He knew why Harun had the silly, satiated smile on his face. On and on the beast was fucking up into him, reaching new depths with each slow pump. And flowing. Not a single, jerky cum shot spouting, but a flowing of warming essences. Philip's blood was being exchanged with a flowing of numbing semen.

The young American was drifting off and he was doing so with only the mild regret that he might not be able to feel the full effect of the total, possessing fuck if he lost consciousness.

But then there was a howling screech, and a tearing sensation at both throat and ass as the beast lurched and jerked this way and then and pulled out of and away from Philip and went racing out of the room in an awkward, bent-over lope with a deafening scream. Philip just collapsed on the floor, too tired and drained to move. But his eyes flitted open . . . to find that the room was now bathed in light streaming in from the chinks in the crumbling walls.

Philip lay there for some time, maybe even hours. He had no idea how long he was there. He only knew that slowly, slowly his strength was coming back to him. He managed to drag himself to the center of the room and eat and drink from the provisions

he'd brought in. And, eventually, he was able to stand and to walk. He gathered up the satchel, remembering to fumble around and extract the gun he'd placed there.

Then, holding the gun in front of him with trembling hand, he tentatively moved out of the room. He instinctively moved from one well-lit spot to the next, not even consciously knowing why, just knowing somehow that that was an important thing for him to do. He could see his vehicle, the Beast, under its cover when he emerged from the building. He didn't fully comprehend what it was at first, but he slowly fixated on the knowledge that the Beast was his salvation and that they had parked it here for its safety.

That's how he thought of it—that "they" had left the Beast there. But he was all muddled now. Who were the "they"? Had he come here with someone or had he come alone? He couldn't quite be clear on that. There certainly was no one else about now. And what had happened? He knew he was incredibly weak and that his ass felt like raw hamburger and his inner thighs felt sticky, but he couldn't fully comprehend what had happened—or how long ago it had happened. Everything was still a hazy blur. Oh, why did he feel so weak?

Something about driving to Dakar, though. He looked at the maps he had with him, and, sure enough, a road was marked that ended in Dakar. Well, he'd just get in the Beast and start driving in that direction. Maybe somewhere down the road his ears would stop ringing and he'd remember more.

But he wasn't even sure he wanted to remember more.

Shell Shocked

(Iraq)

The two soldiers worked quickly and efficiently, going through the buildings in the little village on the outskirts of Baghdad, checking to make sure the area was clear before the medical convey went through. The village had been deserted for some time, having been caught in several small battles because of its location on the main road. The soldiers didn't really expect to find anything here. The two moved together, in fluid motion. They had been working side by side for several months now, dependent on and trusting each other with their very lives.

They were having a boisterous and obscene conversation of what the two horny hunks planned to do to their girlfriends, Cindy and Sue, when they got back to the States. They hadn't had any in some time, and it showed in the tension in their voices when they talked of the sex they were missing. The day was sweltering, and, contrary to all of their training, they were down to thin T-shirts and fatigue shorts in addition to their heavy tool belts and combat boots.

They were working together in a back room of a crumbling mud-brick house that was almost hanging over the side of a cliff down to a ravine when a bomb blast rumbled nearby and collapsed the framing of the poorly constructed house in upon itself. As the walls came in upon each other and the ceiling drooped down, the two soldiers were thrown against each other in a small air pocket.

The lithe and wiry young blond's cheek was flattened against the back wall, which still held, although he could still hear the roaring of bomb blast in his ears. his hands were flung out, his palms leveraging against the wall.

The olive-skinned older Italian, the cut and horse-hung bodybuilder with curly black hair in abundance, had been flung up against the blond's back; his pelvis nestled up under the blond's buttocks.

The two huddled closely together as they waited out whatever might follow up the unexpected bombing, hoping that the walls of their prison would hold and that this wasn't the precursor to an all-out terrorist attack on them.

When all was quiet, the older man spoke: "Are you all right, Jake? Anything broken or hurting?"

"No, Mario, I seem to be in one piece, but you've got me pinned to the wall. Can you give me some slack?"

"I don't think I can. I have something biting into my back behind me here."

"Well, you have something pushing at me down here, you horny bastard."

"Sorry, it must have been our talk and me thinking of how I was going to stick it to Cindy."

The house shifted, and the two felt it totter toward the debris-filled ravine below.

"God, hold on Mario! Can the house possibly hold? Are we gonna die in here?"

The dark hunk's massive chest was heaving between the blond guy's shoulder blades from fear for their predicament, and his arms had wrapped around the blond guy's chest, his hands were buried in the pecs of the younger man. He couldn't help it;

he was still horny from their earlier conversation, and his cock was engorging and pushing between the younger man's butt cleavage.

"You know, Jake," he said, his voice shaking, "This could be it for us. These could be our last moments." one of his hands slowly slid down the blond's abs and belly and went under the waist of his short and settled on the blond's cock, which responded immediately.

"Yes, I know, Mario. But what are you doing. Stop—"

But Mario didn't stop. He buried his face in the hollow of Jake's neck and kissed and sucked at him there. He stroked Jake's cock and fingered the bulbous knob at the end until Jake stopped fighting him and started moving his pelvis rhythmically with Mario's stroking.

Mario brought his left hand down, ran it under the rim of Jake's shorts and briefs, and pulled them down to below his butt. Then he pulled his own shorts and briefs down. He brought his hand up, spit on it a couple of times, and rubbed the saliva into and around Jake's asshole. He spat again into his own hand, and he rubbed that into the precum that was already bubbling out of his horse-hung cock. He placed the head of the cock at the asshole and just let it find its own way in, slowly at first, with a lot of objection and huffing and puffing from Jake.

But, as Jake shot off his own load down the mud-brick wall, he arched his back, lifting his pelvis against Mario, giving him wider entry. Mario's seven inches slid up into Jake, and, hands on the younger man's hips, he started pumping the blond deep. The ammunition clips and other gear attached to their belts clanked a tune as they swayed back and forth and clashed against each other.

The two moved together, in fluid motion. Jake's objections and pants and huffs had slowly changed into sighs and moans and dirty talk of being plowed deep and loving it.

At first Mario just saw this as a relief of the stress of the moment. But as the helmet of his cock was grabbed by Jake's sphincter and drawn in, Mario began to think this was almost as good as fucking Cindy. The head of his cock rubbed against Jake's prostate and the younger man shuddered and moaned. Mario's hands went to Jake's flat, hard belly and followed the hard line up his abs and to his chest, curved but flat, clefted but hard, nipples standing out taut, leaping to attention at Mari's touch. Mario, the bodybuilder, the worshiper of hard bodies, realized that this body of Jake's was even more of a turn on than the soft curves and flopping breasts of Cindy. His hands traveled down to Jake's small waist and hollowed hips and rounded, but solid butt cheeks. Down to those hard, heavily muscled thighs. His cock leapt with joy at the new-found excitement of the swaying of the hard, musk-smelling body under his command, responding to him as Cindy rarely did, and realized that this, in fact, was a whole lot sexier than fucking Cindy. Jake's ass was tighter than either Cindy's cunt or ass, and his strong canal muscles expanded and contracted, sending Mario into ecstasy and lengthening him as Cindy had never done.

Jake responded to the ever-deepening plowing and pumping by turning his face to Mario's and going into a deep, moan-filled kiss. Although he and Sue had engaged in dildo play many times before, nothing had gone to the center of him and filled him and stretched him and stirred his senses of desire as did this churning monster cock of Mario's. He got his hands down and behind Mario and dug them into his ravisher's butt

cheeks, holding him in, willing him to plow even deeper, wanting to feel his hot cum fountaining up into his stomach.

Through their panting and moaning, they heard voices and the sound of wood and rubble being thrown aside.

“I think they’re coming for us. I think they’ve found us,” Jake moaned. “God, I hope it’s the good guys.”

“And I think I’m coming too,” Mario muttered through clinched teeth. And he did just that, shooting off inside Jake in heavy and deep spasms of cum. This had been a whole new, rock-busting experience. He now thought he could get it up for a hottie like Jake tonight before he could for Cindy, even if she were here and minimally covered in that black lace teddy of hers.

The two pulled their shorts up and adjusted their positions as best they could. The sounds of American voices came closer, calling their names. They had been saved. It was the good guys

“We’ll not mention this to the other guys, I don’t think,” Mario whispered to Jake.

“No, for sure not,” Jake answered.

“But I won’t forget this,” Mario said.

There was a moment of silence.

“Want to go get a beer after we clean up and get back to camp?” Jake tossed out.

“Sure. And then we’ll have to go looking for someplace real private like.”

“Right.”

Roswell’s Frontier Motel

(Extraterrestrial Visitation)

Manuel held my hips steady as I shot off up into his face for a fourth rapid time, at last relieving that almost perpetual dull pain in my testicles, spent and no longer suffering, if at least for a few hours.

“Man, that’s what I love about you,” Manuel said, with a sly grin, as he licked my dick clean. “You come in buckets. It must be nice to be able to do that.”

He turned me over on the bed in his El Paso apartment, straddled me, like a cowboy on his horse, and began stroking his luscious brown cock in and out of my ass.

“And this is what I love,” I said between gasps. “But it’s not fun, coming like that. I’ve got a condition—extra heavy cum production. I’ve got to have constant relief, or my balls drive me crazy with the pain. My girl at night, you most afternoons, and I’ve still got to go to the doctor every couple of weeks to be milked. In between it’s constant pounding my own meat. I can’t wait to outgrow this.”

“Well, let me see about that,” Manuel said, pulling me up on my knees while he continued to fuck into me hard. his hand came around and wrapped itself around my cock and milked me in rhythm with the stroking of his cock. In short order, I was gushing for him again.

“Ah, I see,” he said. “You seem to be right.”

Later, as we were engaging in postcoital fondling and kissing, he leaned over, opened the drawer to his bed stand, and took out a business card.

“Here,” he said. “Try this place. Ask for the north wing.”

I turned the card over and over in my hand, focusing on what was printed on it. It was for the Frontier Motel in Roswell, New Mexico, not all that far away from where I was temporarily working, in El Paso. I could get there on a Saturday and still be back at the defense lab by Monday morning.

“What happens there that would help my problem?” I asked.

“You’ll have to go and see,” Manuel said with a grin. “I’ve had others with your problem. I guess you could say I naturally sniff them out. And I’ve heard going to this place helps.”

“Roswell, New Mexico,” I pondered out loud. “Isn’t that where they had those UFO sightings in the late 1940s that everyone talked and wrote so much about?”

“Yep,” Manuel said. “The trip is worth it just for the tourism value.”

Two weekends later, midafternoon on a Saturday, I checked into the Frontier Motel in Roswell. The guy at the desk, who looked sort of creepy, gave me a sharp look when I asked for the north wing, but he didn’t hesitate in fishing out a key and getting me registered. A studly looking black guy, all muscle and white teeth, had checked in right before I did, and when I pulled my car around to the somewhat isolated north wing, I saw that his Jeep Wrangler was parked near the door to the room I was given.

The north wing was sort of strange in appearance. There probably was only one hill of any height in Roswell, but the north wing of the Frontier Motel, a low, rambling series of wings around a swimming pool in the center court that obviously had been built in the fifties or earlier, was built right up against that hill, its back wall almost digging into the hillside.

I hit the swimming pool right after I'd checked out the room. And the black guy, who apparently was on my wavelength had done the same and was just settling on a lounger when I entered the pool area.

He said hi to me in a pleasant enough way, but he had the same pained expression on his face that I got a couple of times a day. I quickly surmised that he had the same semen buildup problem I did, and I assumed that this was the secret of the motel's north wing. It was a place where guys with the same problem could come and engage in near-constant sex, and therefore help each other out. It seemed like not much of an answer to the problem, but it also probably was better than nothing.

He could tell just by my walk and how I was delicately moving—and probably by that familiar expression on my face—that we shared this problem, and it wasn't long before we were back in my room and fucking each other furiously.

He had a beautifully built chocolate body and a big black dick to die for. His balls were rock hard and ready to explode.

But he took care of me first. I was laying back on the bed, my legs dangling off the side, and his mouth was playing my cock like it was a raspberry Popsicle. He had one hand pulling at my nipples and the fingers of the other one, heavily lubricated, were working my ass, preparing me for his own release.

He sucked me hard and relentlessly, and it wasn't long before my hands were bunching up wads of bedspread and my head was thrown back with my mouth open wide and howling at the ceiling as I came and came and came in big spoutings down his soft throat.

He swallowed me off in big gulps and then stood between my spread legs, gave me a grin and a chuckle, and just lifted my hips off the bed and pulled my ass onto his engorged cock. My torso was balanced on my shoulders and rising to meet his beefy midsection. I managed to get my legs up and running up his torso on either side of his head and held close to him by his ropy-muscled arms. He was pounding in me hard and deep, jabbering up a storm of appreciation at the tight ass I was entertaining him with and rocking my shoulders back and forth on the bed. I was talking back at him because I was equally impressed with the size and talent of his piece.

He came in floodings of cum that confirmed that he had the same problem that I did and then pushed my body completely up on the bed, turned me on my stomach, and covered me with his body close. We explored each other where our hands could reach for a bit, but within fifteen minutes, I could feel both of us getting hard again, and my balls were telling me that I, at least, had another big load to give.

The black stud thrust his cock into my ass and pumped himself to another quick ejaculation and I gave the load I had to give to the bedspread my cock was being rubbed against in the rhythm of the black buck's fucking.

He came up off me then and we set a time to meet shortly after dinner to get our rocks off again—which is obviously what we both were there to do—and then he left me and I went into the shower.

I could have sworn as I was taking a piss before turning on the shower that I could hear soft, rather eerie music and the sounds of gentle moans coming from beyond the shower stall wall. This didn't really cut through my mellow feeling from the great fuck I'd gotten from the black stud at first. This was a motel, and the walls were bound to be

thin, and there very well could just be a couple in the next room making whoopee to the radio. But the shower was against the back wall, and that's where the sounds seemed to be coming from—and the back wall was against the hillside. There couldn't be another bank of rooms on that side of this wing.

Mellow I was, though, so I didn't give it much thought as I turned on the shower. And once the shower was on, I couldn't hear the noise at all.

I was soaped up real well and was rinsing off when the strangest things began happening. The water was getting thick and oily. It wasn't unpleasant, that oily feeling, cascading down my naked body and my tensing muscles and my still half-hard piece and my once-again heavy and hard—and beginning to pain me—balls. But it wasn't water, that was for sure. And there was a sensation of motion. My first thought was that we were having an earthquake. We were having an earthquake in the wilds of New Mexico, and here I was buck naked and oily in a shower stall.

But it was the shower stall that was moving. Just the shower stall. Nothing else in the bathroom was moving. The shower stall was turning. And as it turned, an opening was revealed in the back wall.

I tensed and started screaming at what I saw beyond the opening. A large, dimly lit cavern. Moist walls, dripping water, a sense of a pulsating, dim light of changing colors, and soft music. But it was what was moving slowly around in the cavern that made me scream. Spider-like things. Living, moving spider-like things. Big ones. Each twice as tall as a man and four times as bulky. And, as my eyes adjusted to the light, I could see that there were men suspended under some of them, young, muscular naked

men, loosely held close to the bellies of the spider-like creatures with strands of webbings. That was the moaning I had heard. The men were moaning.

I shrank back into the shower stall and turned to escape. But there was no escape. When the stall had turned, the back wall had cut off access to the bathroom—to the world that made sense and wasn't terrifying. The only opening now was into the cavern. Still, I shrank back as far as I could against the wall. But I was oily now and slid down into a fetal position on the floor of the stall.

Tentacle like things—a giant spider-like being's appendages—were coming into the stall and wrapping themselves around me. I screamed again as they drew me out and brought me under the belly of one of the beings, turning me so I was stretched out and my chest was turned toward what must be the chest of the being. I looked down, between my legs, as the appendages pulled my legs up to its sides and tucked my feet and calves into some sort of pocket sack on either of its side, holding them there close and opening my legs wide, letting me feel that there was something beating away inside that spider-like thorax, a heart of some sort. When I looked down, I saw that there was a long, thick thing looking very much like an elephant-hung cock hanging between the being's last set of appendages. The cock-like thing was all nubbly and it had a mushroom cap with a whip-like device hanging out of its head. Looking up, I saw another cock-like proboscis hanging out of the being's round little head—and from its belly at the level of my navel was a smaller cock-like proboscis and at chest level two smaller appendages with small suction cup-like hands on them.

Spent from screaming and completely terrorized, I was moaning now. But it wasn't moaning like the other imprisoned men around me were doing. Their moaning was that of passion and satisfied lust.

Why were my feeling different? Why weren't they as terrified as I was?

The spider-like being was lowering his head at me. All I could focus on, though, was that black cock-like thing swinging down from where its nose should be. the tip of it was at my lips, and I compressed them, trying to keep the invader out. But it was forcing my lips open and entering me. It was swabbing the inside of my cheeks with its mushroom cap and secreting a not-unpleasant oily substance into my mouth. A substance that had a calming influence on me as it trickled down my throat. The probe was also moving around in my mouth, caressing my inner cheeks and making small rhythmic movements toward the back of my throat.

I was being face fucked by the spider's head proboscis, but increasingly I didn't care. The soft, eerie music was building and flowing into my senses, and the moaning from those other men around me—moaning punctuated occasionally with a cry of overflowing passion—was becoming more prominent and was beckoning to me.

The two suction cup-like hands were sucking on my nipples now, and I felt the bulbous mushroom cap of the spider's other cock, the long, thick, dangling one, caressing the rim of my oiled asshole.

I lurched and tried to turn from it as it slowly rotated and screwed into me, reaching a depth that no human man had explored. But the spider had a firm hold on me with its various appendages, webbing, and the sheathing of my feet and calves at its sides. Suction cup-crowned appendages I hadn't seen before applied themselves to my

balls and worked them, teasing testicles into semen production that needed no teasing. Something inside the spider enveloped my toes and began sucking them sensuously. The muscles of my feet and calves were being massaged. Appendages were massaging my butt cheeks and spreading them wider, as the spider's cock probe dug deeper up my ass channel and thickened. The cock probe's nobby sides were undulating along my tender passage walls and stroking my prostate and that whip-like device on the head giving tingles of sensations on walls not yet being discovered, stretched, and massaged.

My cock was going to full attention and I managed to cast my gaze down the length of my torso just well enough to see the spider's probe at my navel level whirring and emitting a thinnish hollow tube about a third of an inch. The probe moved around until it felt the cap of my erect and throbbing cock. Then as I watched in what should have been horror, but, thanks to the calming mouth swabbing, was more curiosity, leathery prongs sprang out from the side of the probe and attached themselves to the cap of my cock, holding it in place as more of the tube glided out of the spider's probe and into my piss slit. It widened as it ran into me and I moaned to this entirely new kind of fucking.

I held very still now, know how sensitive this invasion was, as the tube ran down a good distance into my urethra.

I could see as I looked closer that there was a line running out of the base of this probe and up toward the ceiling of the cavern, where there was a transparent container of some sort, into which whitish fluid was running in spurts from other lines running up from the bellies of the other spiders that were slowly sliding around the room.

This also was when I saw the black stud. He was under the belly of the nearest spider to me. And he was as attached as I was. And he was moaning for the spider in a way he hadn't moaned for me.

We were all being milked. It was all being collected in that container up there. For what purpose I could only surmise.

But I wasn't much interested in surmising just now. The probes invading my body were working in unison. They were gently moving in and out of me, coming close to the entrance of their assigned orifice and then invading a bit deeper with each reentry. I was being fucked three ways at once and having my nipples and testicles worked to boot. And it was like no other sensation I'd ever had before. The being had left my hands free, and I wrapped them around my cock and gently pumped myself in counter movement to the stroking of the tube running inside my tool, helping to bring myself to an orgasm like I'd never known.

I, of course, came almost immediately—and prodigiously and with a great cry of release—and I watched a stream of whitish fluid run up through the tubing coming out of my piss slit and on up the lines toward the container above.

The spider gave a little sigh, and its heart beat a bit faster as I ejaculated, and I could almost imagine that the fuck was as good for it as it had been for me. The soft music and the moaning around me increased its volume in my brain as the various appendages on the spider caressed my body, encouraging me to reload. And reload I did, and soon the sensuous moaning I heard was my own, and I was making another flooding deposit in the large jar at the ceiling.

A third time, a sixth time, a tenth time. I had never felt as pleasantly spent and thankfully drained before. More coaxing and a twelfth time. The spider was trembling with pleasure. I was a star producer.

And then I woke . . . naked . . . under the running water of the shower stall in the north wing room of the Frontier Motel in Roswell, New Mexico. It was daylight.

I didn't for a second think that this had been a dream. I felt great. My balls didn't ache. There was no semen buildup. At daylight there always had been semen buildup and jacking off had always been my first chore of the day.

I dried and dressed and went to the motel's reception desk.

"Was there something wrong with your room?" the creepy desk clerk asked. And he looked liked he was prepared for some weird song and dance.

"Not at all," I answered. "In fact, if the room's available, I want to book it for tonight too."

That afternoon, I saw the big black stud at the pool again. And although we were pleasant to each other and exchanged knowing smiles, there was no offer of a relief fuck from either of us today. We were both saving ourselves for that night.

Spaced

(The Future)

"God Dammit, what does the Ruskie want now?" Mission Control's eyes were blazing. He knew the communications officer was in his office again because of the Russian cosmonaut. Nearly all visits by the commo officer was because of the Russian cosmonaut.

"He says he can't check and repair the space shuttle, General Bendix, Sir." The commo officer was standing stiff as a rod. He knew Mission Control was at the end of his patience and that someone had to take the heat. And since the Russian cosmonaut was on the other side of the moon in the international space station, the commo officer knew that someone a bit closer to home was going to take the heat.

"Can't check out the shuttle?" Bendix quietly repeated. And then he exploded. "He's got to check the space shuttle and repair it, if it needs that. He's the only one up there qualified to do it. Our two astronauts are responsible for other things. Someone's got to make sure the panels didn't get damaged when the shuttle docked with the station; that's his job up there. Otherwise they can't come home and we can't dock another shuttle. Get back on the horn and build a fire under his ass."

"Yes, sir!"

Twenty minutes later the commo officer was back. "Umm, sir, Cosmonaut Goren says he wants to do the check and repair work, but he just can't. He says his hands aren't steady enough to do it."

"What the hell?" yelled Mission Control. "What's the problem?"

“Ummm. It’s a little embarrassing, sir. Umm—”

“Ummm what, colonel? What’s the fucker’s problem?”

“Yes, that’s what he says is the problem,” the colonel says, his voice getting very small.

“What the hell’s that supposed to mean?” Mission Control blustered.

“Cosmonaut Goren says he’s highly sexed, sir, and they’ve been up there for six weeks. He says if he doesn’t get sex, he can’t steady his hands well enough to do the repair work.”

“Hell’s bells. Tell him to take matters into his own hands,” Mission Control said.

“He says that hasn’t helped,” the colonel answered. “He says he has to fuck something or he can’t steady his nerves. And if he can’t steady his nerves, he can’t check out the shuttle’s skin.”

“Shit,” Mission Control blurted out. “There aren’t any women up there. There are just the two American men and him. He knew that when he went up there.”

“Ummm. Cosmonaut Goren says it’s not women he needs, sir.” The colonel was definitely red faced now.

“Oh.” That was all General Bendix could think of saying at the moment. “Oh.”

An hour later, General Bendix was on the horn straight to the two American astronauts, Chet and Dave. “So, that’s how things are, guys. If you want to make it home alive, it looks like you’re going to have give Andreyev Goren a choice between you. Sorry, wish there was some other way.”

The two young American astronauts voices revealed that they were distraught but resigned. There was no question they wanted to get home.

An hour later, General Bendix's office once again.

"What? Both? Is he out of his fuckin' mind?" Bendix yelled.

"He says he's wanted them both for weeks, sir," the colonel murmured. "He says he can only steady his nerves with full satisfaction."

When the time came, Bendix had the control room cleared and the feeds to all of the monitors but one in the control room shut down. But he thought someone needed to be there to monitor all the lifelines to the space station, so he and the colonel stood there in front of the one operating screen, their jaws dropped down to their Adam's apples. They wanted to look away, but the scene that unfolded in front of them in the space station was mesmerizing. The camera wasn't actually located in the zero gravity, but oxygenated space Andreyev Goren was in to steady his nerves, but the wall between that space and where the camera was placed was nearly entirely of see-through glass.

The first thing Andreyev had his fellow American astronauts do was strip down and secure their clothes in closed bins to keep them from floating around. He stripped down as well. The two Americans were young and healthy and well-muscled as they had to be to be astronauts. The blond, Chet, was a bodybuilder—solid and built low to the ground and heavily muscled. His body was hairless, including his groin, and he had a thick, but stubby cock and bulbous, low-hanging balls. At least his cock was stubby in repose. Dave, in contrast, had flaming red, curly hair that lightly matted his chest around his nipples and then trailed down to a thicket surrounding a long, long cock. He was also well muscled, but was taller and rangier than Chet, with a swimmer's build. He was covered in freckles.

Andreyev contrasted drastically with the two Americans. He wasn't fat; in fact he was all muscle. But he was a big, beefy giant of a man of Turkic ancestry, with swarthy complexion, and covered in black hair. His balls were even bigger than Chet's, and his cock was monstrously thick and long, and he obviously was in need of relief, as he was fully erect from the time they started shedding their clothes.

For the first twenty minutes after they had stripped, it was as if they were in some underwater ballet. The three of them were gliding around in the weightlessness of the capsule, with Andreyev reaching out to one of the other two and embracing him, trying to get him into the mood, with the frightened, reluctant Americans propelling themselves away from Andreyev as they could—knowing what had to happen but each hoping that the other would be pinned down first and tire Andreyev out with just one fucking.

Chet was the stronger of the two Americans, so he was more successful in keeping out of Andreyev's grasp as the three of them floated around the cabin space in weightlessness.

Bendix and the colonel let out an involuntary gasp as Andreyev finally managed to wrap his legs around Dave's, hooking at the knees, and get Dave's torso into a bear hug as the two slowly spun in space in the center of the capsule. Andreyev was much the largest and strongest of the three in the capsule. Having Dave under his control at last, Andreyev started kissing him from the neck to the nipples and undulating his pelvis against Dave's body, his cock rubbing up and down on Dave's belly. Dave struggled at first, but he eventually settled down, accepting that this all had to happen if they were to ever get away from the space station, and he just relaxed and let his arms and legs float and Andreyev build his arousal. Andreyev's mouth eventually went to Dave's and Dave

just let Andreyev's tongue invade him. At the same time, the palm of one of Andreyev's hands went to Dave's tailbone and his long, thick fingers searched downward and entered Dave's ass.

Bendix and the colonel could tell the instant that Dave began to react with an arousal of his own that had his own hips begin to move in rhythm with Andreyev's.

Satisfied that he had gained control, Andreyev slowly propelled himself and Dave over toward the window between the capsule and the control room's camera. Andreyev reached over to the wall beside the window and came up with four lash lines the astronauts used to keep themselves in place in the weightless cabin, and he turned Dave face forward against the window to the right of the camera's field of vision. Then he tied Dave's wrists off on line tie offs above the window and his ankles below the window so that Dave was spread-eagled, naked and face forward into the window.

Then Andreyev propelled himself away from the window and caught up with Chet in a far corner of the cabin and overpowered him and spun slowly in the zero gravity in a body lock as he had done with Dave, making love to and preparing and calming down Chet as he had done with Dave. When he had Chet under control—when Chet decided to give into the inevitable—Andreyev brought out four more lengths of roping and tied off Chet. In contrast to what he'd done with Dave, however, Andreyev levitated Chet horizontally in the center of the cabin, tying off his wrists and ankles at the four corners of the space capsule and leaving Chet suspended in air in the center of the cabin as if he were on his back on a mattress at waist level.

Then as Bendix and the colonel watched in fascinated horror and Chet and Dave trembled in anticipation, Andreyev propelled his body slowly to the side of the cabin, slid

open a panel, and took out a pair of heavy, lead gravity boots. When he'd put these on, he no longer was floating weightless in the cabin himself. He could walk, albeit slowly and awkwardly, around on the floor of the cabin.

He looked back and forth between his two luscious possibilities before turning his eyes toward Dave, virtually plastered against the glass wall, giving a full frontal view to the control room camera.

Dave looked wild-eyed into the camera as Andreyev clumped up behind him, just in those gravity boots. Andreyev had also taken a small packet from the compartment at the side of the window. He now tore it open and let it float off and then rolled a condom on his cock. He moved to where he covered Dave closely from behind and brought his arms around Dave and was gliding his hands all over Dave's body. At the same time, Bendix and the colonel could tell that Andreyev was moving his pelvis up and down against Dave's lower back, obviously letting his thick, engorged cock make love to the small of Dave's back and between his butt cheeks. One of Andreyev's hands went to Dave's cock, which lifted and rubbed against the glass as Andreyev stroked it.

Dave was looking straight into the control room camera, and Bendix and the colonel got a full view of the transition of Dave's facial expressions from sheer terror and apprehension, to worry and the start of something else—the start of arousal. Dave's facial muscles went from taut to slack and his eyes went from wild terror to a dreamy expression—ever so slowly, but relentlessly. His body went from stiff tenseness to trembling to jerking. The moment of invasion, of penetration, was obvious to the camera. Dave's nostrils flared, his eyes flashed, and his mouth opened in a scream of pain. His body tightened and then spasmed.

He writhed and jerked for a few moments and then slowly, ever so slowly, he began to calm, and his body relaxed, and his eyes glazed, and his mouth slackened. His pelvis moved back, away from the window and began a backward-thrust rhythm. Andreyev was holding his hand still now, cupped around Dave's engorged cock, and Dave was fucking into it as he undulated his hips back against Andreyev's pelvis. Andreyev kissed Dave deeply in the hollow of his neck, and Dave turned his face and the two worked their mouths greedily against each others when Dave jerked his face away, arched his back, opened his mouth wide and emitted a scream. As he did so the lower part of the window with clouded with his floating cum. Then Dave just collapsed like a rag doll as Andreyev continued fucking him from behind for a couple of more minutes before reaching his own climax.

After he had come, Andreyev let his hands glide over Dave's body for a few minutes and the two kissed and murmured to each other—to the utter embarrassment of the watching Mission Control and commo officer.

Andreyev moved away from Dave then and stripped off his condom and let it float free. He went back to the side of the room and came back with another packet, opened it, released it into the air, and then rolled a second condom on his still-engorged dick.

Then Andreyev was clumping over to the center of the cabin to where Chet was tethered, face up and at waist level. Andreyev went down on his knees between Chet's spread legs, and his mouth and tongue went immediately to work on Chet's asshole. Andreyev wrapped his hand around Chet's stubby cock, which began to grow immediately. Chet was trying his best to move his arms and legs. He head was flung

back in an unheard scream of frustration, his veins were popping out, and his muscles were straining mightily under the tension of trying to respond somehow to the unwanted attention Andreyev was giving his asshole. But there was nothing he could do. He couldn't get leverage and he had agreed to giving himself to Andreyev. Slowly, as with Dave, Chet began to adjust to the inevitable and, like Dave, to become aroused himself under Andreyev's expert attention. Andreyev's mouth left his asshole and applied itself to his cock, to be replaced with searching fingers inside him.

Bendix and the colonel could see that Chet slowly relaxed under Andreyev's attentions and his face went slack and his eyes went glassy so that he only lurched a bit and twitched when Andreyev stood and thrust his cock inside Chet's ass in one long, slow, deep-rooted glide. Andreyev stood there between Chet's legs, one hand stroking Chet's cock and the other on Chet's hip, pulling him back and forth in the zero gravity, on Andreyev's thick, long cock. After nearly twenty minute of stroking, Chet's body arched and his muscles tightened, and white cloudy cum floated up from his cock. Shortly after that Andreyev shuddered and pulled his amazingly still-engorged cock out of Chet, stripped off the condom, and let it float free.

Andreyev came around to Chet's side and leaned over and slowly kissed him from lips down to his navel. Then he came back over to Dave and let his ankles, but not his wrist's free. After that, it was back to the side of the window, another condom packet, and another cock crowning. He came back and twisted Dave around to where his back was against the window. The leads his wrists were tied to were long enough to allow him to twist around. Then Andreyev had his hands under Dave's thighs and was pulling them up and pushing them apart and walking between them and sinking his cock

into Dave's hole as Dave once more was arching his head back and crying to the ceiling and writhing and twisting and then calming down and getting into a fuck rhythm with Andreyev for the second breeding.

From the control room camera angle, Bendix and the colonel could see the strong, hairy thighs of Andreyev under Dave's thighs and the root of Andreyev's thick cock and his bouncing balls as he fucked strongly up into Dave, rubbing the small of Dave's back up and down along the window. Once more Dave's body collapsed like that of a rag doll before Andreyev was finished with him and had released yet another condom, trailing a film of white cum from its open end, into the zero gravity cabin.

Then he released Dave and was removing his gravity boots and floating back to Chet. He let his body float over Chet's until they were in a sixty-nine position. He swallowed Chet's cock and thrust his own into Chet's mouth and they worked each other for several minutes. After a while, the boots were put on again and the stash of condoms was raided once more and Andreyev had twisted Chet's body around until it was face down and he was fucking the American astronaut in the ass from behind.

When Andreyev was finished this time and had stripped the condom off to float with a thickening atmosphere of condoms and condom packets, he started for the condom stash and had his eyes on a trembling Dave once more. At this point Bendix and the colonel could take no more. They switched off their monitor and fell back in two chairs, overwhelmed and trembling—and not a little aroused themselves, although certainly too embarrassed to reveal that to each other.

Three weeks later, all seemed to be back to normal for Mission Control. His blood pressure was almost back to normal, and he hadn't had a wet dream in three

nights. The rest of the space station mission had gone splendidly. He'd been afraid the tension would be unbearable for the Russian and two Americans after that episode, but the Americans were being professional and calm about everything and the Russian spent most of his time humming. The inspection of the panels on the space shuttle had revealed no problems, and the three had returned to their space shuttle touchdown in Russia right on schedule.

But then the commo officer appeared at the door once again, with the familiar "bearing bad news" look on his face.

"Sorry, General. You gotta come down to the control room and see what's on the Internet."

"The Internet," General Bendix roared. "What the hell are your guys doing looking at the Internet?"

"It's the space station, sir," the colonel replied, all atremble. "You gotta see this. And the commo channels are lit up like a Christmas tree, even the line from the White House situation room."

"What the hell?" Bendix responded.

"It was what Andreyev did with the two American astronauts, General. Somehow that got recorded and got on the Internet. We've got a Russian fucking two American guys in space spread all across the Internet, General. God, I don't know how that got out . . . or how it got recorded in the first place—"

General Bendix rose out of his chair, ready to go to war. "They can't do that. They can't run that. Any one of the three can say it's a violation and we can shut them down."

“Shut something down already on the Internet, General?” the commo guy just let that slip out. He knew they couldn’t do anything; the general probably even knew they couldn’t do anything. He was in the line of fire. He felt doomed. But there was no escaping the grim truth. “I don’t think we could . . . even if we could find—”

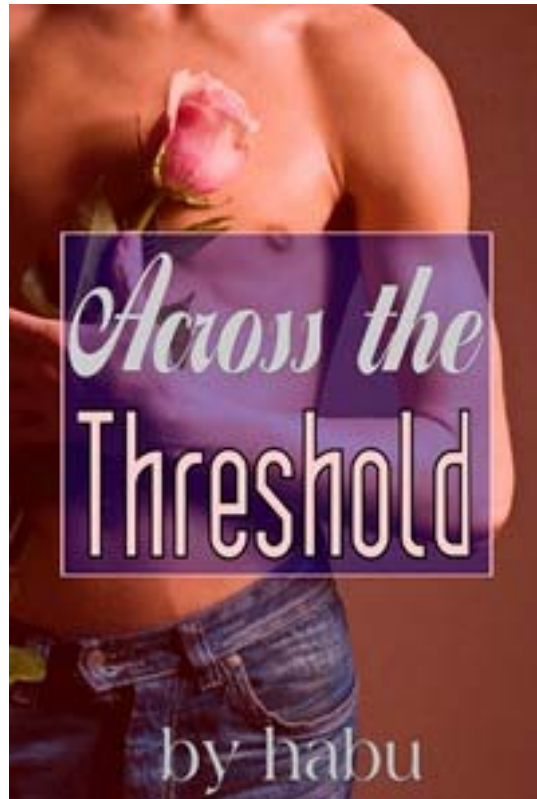
“Could find what? Could find who?” Mission Control screamed.

“Could find any one of the three of them,” the colonel said in a meek little voice. “Two days after the shuttle landed in Semipalitinsk, all three of them had taken off together and no one’s seen them since other than some hotel manager screaming something about three guys and a sex orgy and tearing one of his rooms apart.”

The End

ABOUT HABU

habu, a bisexual former supersonic spy jet pilot, intelligence agent, and diplomat, is a published mainstream novelist and short story writer under another name and in another dimension of his life.

If you enjoyed VORTEX, you might also enjoy:

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD
By habu

What gay male can ever forget his first full-blown sexual experience—a particularly memorable first time, given the conventions of society? The first time can be the culmination of long-held frustration, or completely casual and come as a complete surprise. It can be traumatic or sought; imprisoning or releasing, disappointing or far beyond the wildest dream. First times can be prearranged or ritualistic; spontaneous or unexpected by both parties. The first time could have been instigated by a predator, a new lover, or a savior, or even by the first timer himself. The situation and venue can be sordid or off-the-cuff convenient, or might involve silken sheets, candles, champagne, prolonged seduction and foreplay.

But for most men, the one thing it cannot be is forgotten.

This anthology provides a treasure trove of thirty-five short stories of separate, varied "first time" gay male experiences, from the stalked to long anticipated, from the romantic to the brutal, for the young or not so young. The one central theme of all of these stories, however, is the experiences depicted all result in the beginning of a new lifestyle, not the ending of a world.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Excerpt From ACROSS THE THRESHOLD:

"So, don't tell me you haven't thought about it, Jake. We all do, of course. Don't you?"

"No . . . Ummm, yes, I guess so now and then."

Wrong answer. The hand that wasn't using its fingers to brush my arm was now tentatively fondling my cock. And my cock was responding, not paying a bit of attention to the signals of confusion and muddleheadedness and panic that were racing around my body.

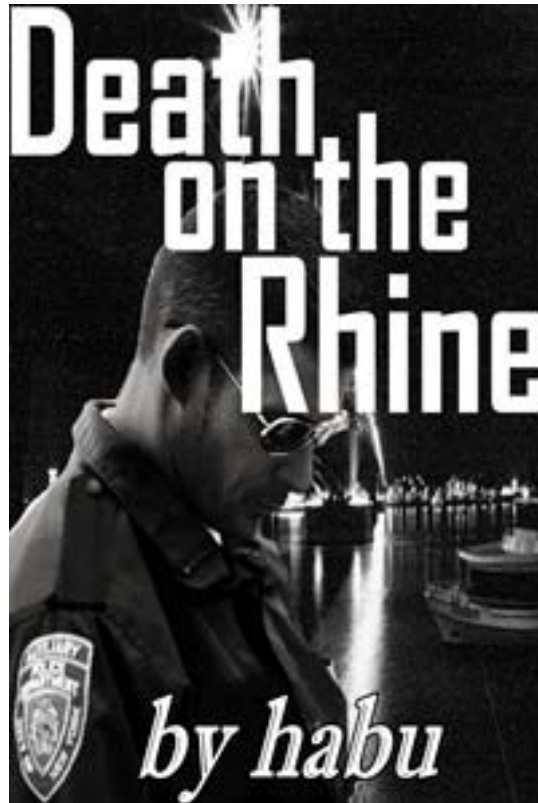
Lance was still lulling me with a nonstop soothing chant in the sing song voice of his. He was pulling me with him through the opening in the rock into the first, more confining, more private pool—the pool with the cascading waterfall that filled my ears with the sound of rushing water. I was crying out as Lance's hands raced across my body, finding curves and crevices and making me tremble and twitch and feel oh so aroused and concerned and needy and reluctant and violated all at once. The splashing of the waterfall dulled even to my own ears my cries and moans of receding protests as Lance turned me and hunched down and made a lap to accommodate the mounds of my buttocks. My own cries should have steeled my defenses against the feel of his strong, throbbing cock running under mine and his fingers pinching at my nipples and

his teeth nipping at the hollow of my neck as he pulled me closer into him and let me feel the heat and inviting hardness of him. But the noisy splashing of the waterfall covered all of that, dulled my senses of what the cries should have alerted me to.

I did clearly hear the cry of pain and invasion when Lance lifted me and settled me down on his cock head and forced his way past my virgin ring and ever so slowly and relentlessly filled me to capacity to the bottoming depth deep inside me. But it was too late then for cries. And there was no one else in this forested fastness to hear me or to come to my rescue or to witness this passing beyond a threshold that I never again could regain.

My whimpers of pain and violation slowly receded into cries of passion and urgings of filling and satisfying as Lance lifted and lowered me in that watery swirl on his powerful tool. He nuzzled my cheek with his lips and continued to whisper calming words of endearment and encouragement to me, as he lifted me up and down on his manhood with strong hands on my hips. I arched my back in the taking, first, stiff as a board, but as I realized both that I had now given up all there was to surrender and that I not only could now accommodate it but also was enjoying it, the tension flowed out of my body and I began to match the rhythm of the fuck. Sensing I had melted to him, Lance nibbled at my cheek and I turned my head to him and let him possess my mouth, making my surrender, my acquiescence, my complicity complete.

He settled me down into his lap, his dick far up into me, just holding now, as he moved a hand around to my cock and stroked me off until the water around us was cloudy with my cream.

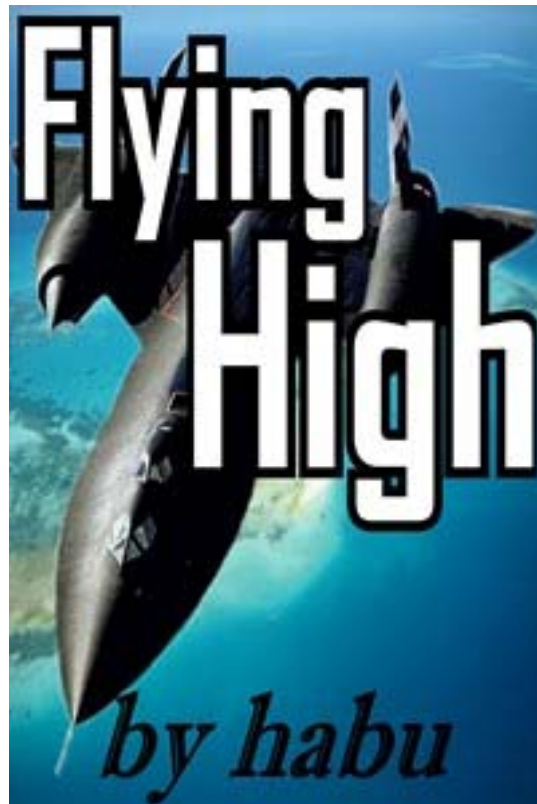
Then he raised out of his crouch and moved through the water, still buried deep inside me, back to the middle pool. He moved over to the side of the pool, near where our clothes lay. He made a cushion of sorts with my clothes on the rocky ledge dropping right at the side of the pool and, pulling me off his tool, turned me and laid me gently down on my cushioning clothes on my back. He was standing in the water between my legs then. He lifted and spread my thighs, pushing my knees up into my torso, with his strong hands, and slowly slid his cock back inside me and fucked me, fucking and fucking and fucking until I felt him give a little lurch and then pull his cock out and shoot his warm cum on my belly…

[DEATH ON THE RHINE](#)
by habu

When his partner and lover is murdered in an investigation of an international crime syndicate, New York police detective Clint Folsom takes leave from his job and flies to Europe in pursuit of the killer. Folsom finds his quarry on the Rhine River gay male-oriented cruise ship, the MS River God, murdered in the same sadomasochistic manner his partner had been killed. As the cruise glides down the Rhine toward Amsterdam, stopping at German cities along the way to add flavor and twists to the increasingly complex plot, Folsom is thwarted at every turn in his inquiries. He slowly unravels not only what is at stake but also who is involved while finding sexual release among the crew and passengers of the River God. When the German police inspector Sigmund Frist enters the scene, Folsom himself becomes the pursued in more ways than one. A traditional "who done it?" detective murder novel chockablock with intriguing gay male characters and encounters.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m sex and violence.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR DEATH ON THE RHINE BY FROST'S FANCY: 4/5

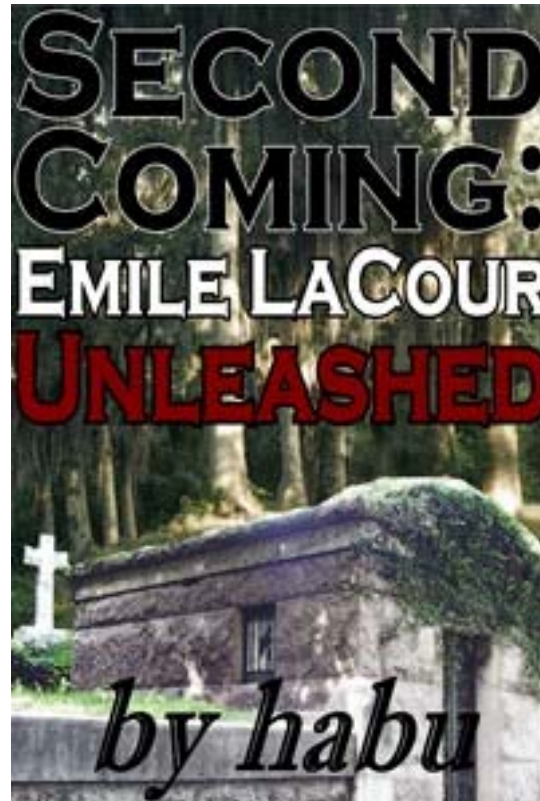
An astonishing opening rockets the reader straight into the heart of this very intense novel…Death on the Rhine is a truly nonstop rocket of a story with sexual adventures that never end and murder, sadism, and sociopathic evil determined

to carve its wedge out of society…Not for the faint of heart, Death on the Rhine is still a fascinating, explicit, suspense-laden mystery which will keep the reader flipping the pages with caught breath.

FLYING HIGH
by habu

Warning: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Flying High provides a three-decade memoir of the gay portion of a male bisexual's awakening to, nearly unfettered enjoyment of, and sometimes bittersweet reflections on the active gay lifestyle on the international scene in the latter third of the twentieth century. The author was a male model and film actor who turned to international intelligence service during the Vietnam War era, a career that started off in the stratosphere as an SR71 photo-reconnaissance jet pilot and moved on to more earth-hugging intelligence and diplomatic service in Asia and the Middle East

Although coming late in his late twenties to the gay scene, the author's sexual encounters and experience as a willing bottom blossomed quickly in the exotic, sexually free, risk taking, and pre-AIDs environment of Bangkok, Thailand. Flying High covers the high points of the author's sexual experiences in twenty-three short stories that are chronologically laid out.

These stories take the reader from the author's male-male initiation in Bangkok in the mid 70's through sexual encounters during stints in Japan and the Middle East to the concluding years of the last decade of the twentieth century as he thought his gay life activity was waning, only to be joyfully reawakened. The author provides a no-holds-barred, insightful, never shirking from bittersweet remembrances series of snapshots that move from the free, sensual, "anything goes" international gay scene through the realities of the horror of AIDs to appreciation for the deep, lasting relationships that arise from the world of men loving men.

SECOND COMING: EMILE LACOUR UNLEASHED
by habu

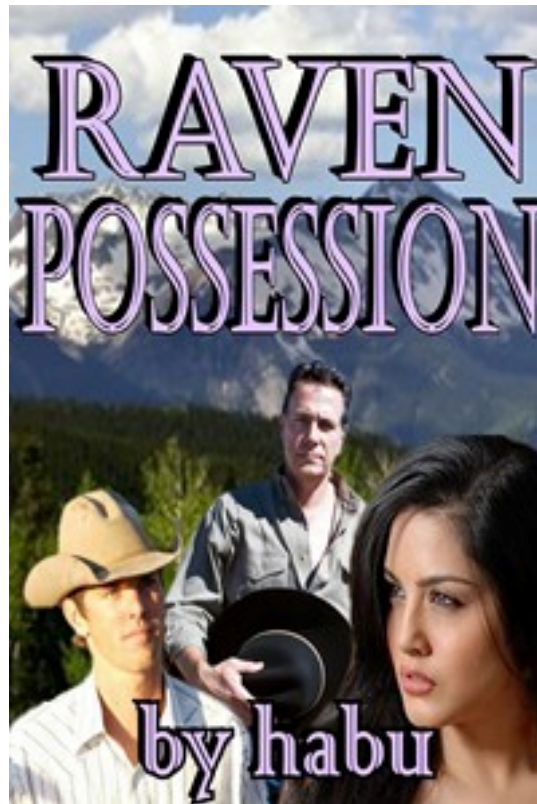
Emile LaCour, scourge of the finest young male flesh of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the plantation area of the Louisiana delta region, has been freed from his tomb to sustain himself once more by loving the young men of New Orleans to death. He does so by draining them of their blood and vitality which then rejuvenates LaCour.

Lamont Breaux, who is responsible for freeing LaCour in an effort to uncover the vast fortune LaCour's family hid before LaCour was entombed, oversteps his greed and falls victim to LaCour's wrath. Needing a new financial manager and now wanting a companion as well, LaCour seduces Gage Angle, a blond giant member of a motorcycle gang.

LaCour's experiment to find the balance between making love to Gage and loving him to death goes awry when the curse of LaCour's never-ending life and the extreme requirements to sustain that lifestyle are transferred to Angle. Angle, however, is not the self-possessed moral decadent LaCour is, and his struggle with what LaCour is and what he himself has become leads to a fiery conclusion.

Review for Second Coming by Frost's Fancy, Rainbow Reviews:

Emile LaCour is a tantalizingly subtle novel of the paranormal and a neat interweaving of historical and contemporary settings. Settle back in your favorite armchair and curl up for an enjoyable read of characters, plotting, and vivid imagery… Prepare to be tantalized and scintillated by Emile's upfront eroticism…he is like a force of nature. Caution: kicker ending!

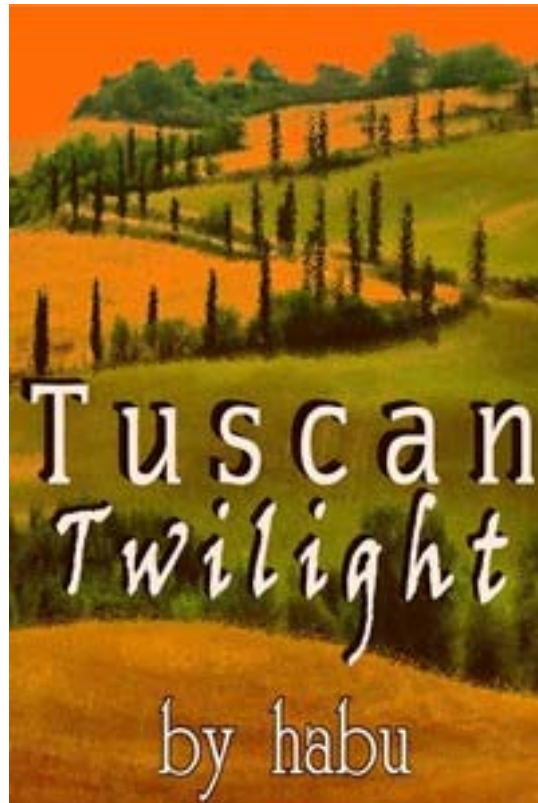
Warnings: This title contains graphic language m/m sex.

RAVEN POSSESSION
by habu

Raven Possession is the saga of six decades of a remarkable woman's life and of a strong man's vendetta of possession and control over that woman's family. Ada Raven, born in poverty and religious fundamentalism, wanted "it all" out of life and strove successfully to get it, but at a high cost, torn between an acclaimed

novelist of enormous ego and determination and the man who patiently waited in the wings for decades to provide her refuge. J. H. Kincaid, a larger-than-life novelist of men's adventure stories and of "bonding" and sweeping appetites wanted not only Ada but her sons to the third generation as well. Ada wanted to experience and escape the world at the same time. And she wanted to be loved by men, powerful men, and her ravenous beauty guaranteed that she was. This saga of the Raven family takes the reader on a journey through the highlights of six decades of American history from the homesteading of the West to the false interlude of peace in the 1960s. It follows Ada from the small town Midwest, the St. Louis World's, Fair, and the Spanish flu epidemic to a celebrity dude ranch in Colorado and ultimately to the halls of government in Washington, D.C., and the exotic Southeast Asia. But everywhere she turns, there is the brooding presence of J. H. Kincaid, manipulating and subjugating her family, until it all ends in smoke and explosion.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and f/m/m threesome sex.

DARK ANGEL REVIEW FOR RAVEN POSSESSION BY FROST

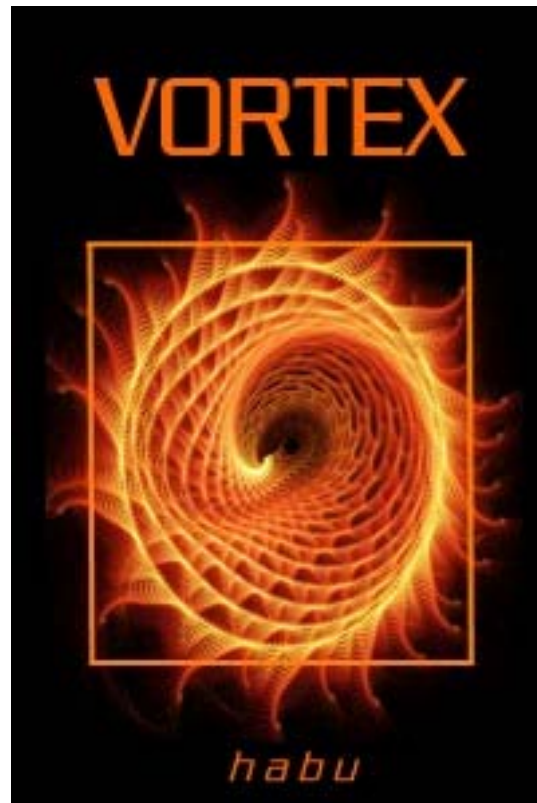
habu demonstrates a particular gift for winning the reader's attention immediately while weaving a complicated plot with numerous main and secondary characters swimming in a sea of erotic stimulation and suspense buildup… Caution, reader: once you open the first page, you're hooked!

TUSCAN TWILIGHT
By habu

The aging Conte, Luciano, in an autumn glow of romance, takes the stranger, Dakota, as his long-lost lover, whom Luciano had foresaken to take up his traditional role as the head of the family. Dakota quickly begins to act as a catalyst throughout the moldering Italian noble family, already too overly burdened by a quickly disappearing traditional order of society in the vineyard-clad hills of Tuscany.

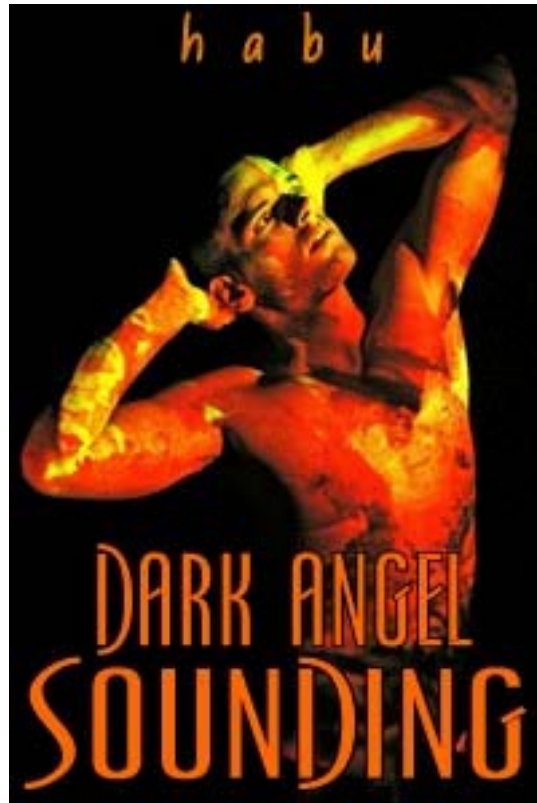
The Conte's grandson, Paulo, training by family tradition for the priesthood, latches onto the American stranger as his deliverance into another lifestyle altogether, while the Conte's granddaughter, Gabriella, thoroughly disgusted with the paternalistic order she is bound to, seeks any avenue of escape. Rosella the maid—and Conte's mistress—a woman society designated to serve the noble family, and the local villager portraitist, Giovanni, besmitten with Gabriella but unable to break the barriers of social status to claim her, are both also caught up in the winds of change unleashed by the appearance of the American stranger.

This is the story of five men and women, all thrown toward disintegration and release by the appearance of one young, blonde American stranger, the fiery spark who sets the sun on an ancient Tuscan order.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR TUSCAN TWILIGHT BY FROST'S FANCY: 5/5

Author habu once again captivates with his winning lyrical prose style, and immediately catapults the willing reader into entrancement… Even when setting his fiction in an exotic locale ~ in this case Tuscany ~ habu is a wizard of enchantment and entices readers into his cave of magic with a few well-chosen phrases, then introduces us to characters who come to seem as close as our family, friends, and neighbors…Again habu serves up a don't miss, steaming, character-driven story that deserves reading and rereading. Tuscan Twilight is very special.

VORTEX
By habu

Young, naïve and enticing, Kevin is driven by curiosity in alternate lifestyles and finds himself smitten by hunky Doug—and more, is willing to be taken by him. But what Kevin doesn't know is Doug has only seduced Kevin to provide a virgin for the satanic "rejuvenation" ritual of a coven mastered by the rich and hugely endowed Donatien. Still driven by his attraction to Doug, Kevin schemes time and again, in a spiraling vortex down toward despair, to pull Doug from the clutches of the coven and to escape Donatien's obsession with possessing him. Will both Kevin and Doug be sucked into hell on earth, or will they eventually find a way out of the whirlpool together?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, nonconsent, m/m and anal sex.

[DARK ANGEL SOUNDING]
By habu

A young man's personal experience cautionary tale of falling ever deeper under the sway of a practitioner of one the most dangerous and invasive and least discussed and written of male sexual practices—sounding—in his pursuit of being totally and fully dominated and possessed. How fully can he be taken? Will he succumb to the satanic magician or escape the wand of control invading his very being?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, elements of bdsm, fetish, sex toys as well as m/m, anal and group sex.

HARD KNOCKS U
By habu

Ron might be a hunk, but he's incredibly naïve, and now that he's transferred to a college far away from home, he quickly becomes the prey of both male professors and students alike. His logic professor manages to seduce him by—what else?—using logic, and when he goes to the dean-slash-wrestling-coach to complain, he's taken in once again. When the wrestling team starts handing him around like popcorn, Ron decides the only way to escape his predicament is to recruit a replacement—and sexy, young Ben is just the sort of naïve student he's got in mind…

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, mmf, anal, group and nonconsensual sex as well as bondage and sex toys.